

Nipsey Hussle

"The Planes"

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7 days a week, 7 different freaks
But I got tired of fucking hoes so I just smoke and
count my cheese
Watching Godfather, leather couches, flat screens
I say I'm on this marathon, she ask me "what does that
mean? "
Ain't no puff and pass please, roll your own I do the
same
Girl, get on that Marlon Brando and stop tryin' to pick
my brain
Yo boyfirend is a lame that's why you're not used to
this game
And if you looking for me, I'll be first class on a plane
Ex named my landing gear cause I don't need no
runway
My final destination is some clouds and a oneway
Fucking with them streets, ain't no stranger to this gun
play
But I now I eat these beats and I don't ever take this
lunch break
Back to back swisha sweets, never grown no sober shit
Post traumatic stress, I feel like that's what I'm coping
with
So I smoke the best, impossible not to notice this
30 thousand feet up, I cross the atlantic ocean with a
pack of Swisha's
[?] and I ain't even open yet
I'm tryin' to live my life so when it's over I got no
regrets
Keys to success, multiply what you approach it with
Got to roll a dice but the first time that you can go legit,
Seize the opportunity, believe and take control of it
Than get on your marathon and grind it till it's over with
Napa Valley Dolce, my cup runneth over with
My trunk is in my roof eh, you know who you rollin' with

O know a place we can go
Where you can be yourself
You ain't gotta worry
And we ain't gotta rush, cause we ain't in no hurry
You can't be afraid to let go

You gotta let go of yourself
But you ain't gotta worry, cause this gon take some
time
But we not in no hurry

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