

## **Plan B**

### **"End In The Streets"**

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#### **"End In The Streets"**

Who the fuck you think you're tryna test,  
This could get mess, best get your bullet proof vest,  
Blud who you think your tryna push,  
Like I'm gonna keep shush, you must think I'm a puss,  
Come now who ya tryna be, tryna go on like you're  
heavy, tryna go on like you're deep  
Nah fuck it this is beef, it started in the ends and it will  
end in the streets

There's a bad boy out on the street that roles deep,  
His best friend is his bucky that's unlucky for some,  
Especially when he's out on the prowl for fresh meat,  
Fresh peeps to run up to with his gun,  
And say "Wagwan my son what's going on here?  
Who in the hell does that bre think he is over there?  
Dropping off a choon ting in his passenger chair,  
I'll pull him round with his arrogant stare,  
That can't run, not while I breathe air  
And he'll find that out before I let him leave here, leave  
here,  
Come 'round my manor beware, beware  
Cause I'm bound to be around there somewhere,  
somewhere  
The shoots loose, and so is troops dudes,  
With screws loose that'll do anything for the loot,  
Like get a bigger man moved, Or pull the trigger round  
you thinking".

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A car window gets smashed and this man gets bashed,  
For acting flash, the man are on him like a rash, for the  
cash

Out to take every ting but his gash, when the match  
goes off and his leg makes blood splash  
On the dashboard, that's raw, they left him with a  
smashed jaw,  
On top of braking up his ride and popping guy, crash  
course  
Dummy's what he's left like, shadow on his left eye,  
All because he flexed like, he could fuck with next  
guys,  
Vexed guys that hex guys if they disrespect guys,  
If you ever want a man browned bred, check guys, set  
alight,  
Burn chichy man, get right, get right,  
Like when a crew get their set tight  
These fucking bubbles should've known that trouble  
get's hype,  
On the double, there's a struggle then you get life, get  
life,  
If you're lucky then the buckey don't take life, take life  
Make you just another dead Trife

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Time to splert, desert the crime scene,  
One's got the man's wallet the other is time piece,  
But the white geez, the one with the piece,  
He almost left it on the street to get found by police,  
He's slipping blud, he just left a guy dripping blood,  
It's lucky that he had his mitts and gloves else trust  
they'll get him on his prints,  
And well you know what then, good job he thought to  
think,  
Before he acted, backed it mact it,  
Revel out and jacked it, smacked it, smashed it,  
Left the guy's ride looking like someone crashed it  
Show the mother fucker what'll happen if you flash it  
Cause these streets are infested with rude bois, rude  
bois,  
The type to run around and kill boys and do boys  
Straight up, cut the fuck up, and shoot boys,  
Tryna act like they're true boys.

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