

Calamaro Andres

"The Master Plan"

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You want bigger and better and higher and larger and
more shit
Peaches and cream
To each man his dream
Harvest crops and props
Teaches teens how to throw dice and pick locks
I wish you knew the issue
It's all wallet, politics
Done it, done it
Seen it, seen it
We seen it done
No opposition to none
Cause they remember that story
Bout him puttin some fools hand in a blender
Cause first things first
Gotta hold his down like (?) purse
And school his team like Vince Lomardi
No noble cause
From sea to street
Entrepreneur genius
They try to take him under federal conspiracy laws
Probable cause
Damn, that's Rick the man
With the master plan

CHORUS: (2x) [Kandu]
Somebody told me to deliver this message (pass it on,
pass it on)

It was the 7th of July
7 years have moved, like out of place
So we rushed it
Watched us run straight to the front door
Took 4 steps, then he took 1 more
He rocked timbos from his ankles to his big toes
Wouldn't get caught without the flyest of apparel
He knew the scoop on everybody from me
To Geraldine Ferraro
First love was a Ferrari
He played more games than your average Atari
He said call me Big, but really I ain't the (?)

Dips call me often
And pops call me Junior
Lo-co, at times
I am the cream of crops
Ripped clean of props
Had the school imperials
On his materials
Everybody jackin so you know the scenario
Cause if he heard word
Well, not a word he'd utter
If he spoke fast not a word he'd - stutter
He never slipped into the pit of a gutter
Cause cousin's butter
You know there ain't another brother - similar
He got into the scene with open hands
And his love goochie
Got him the booty
But no (master plan)

CHORUS (2x)

Lookin at the sin, advance spin
Reminds him of memories
Of when he can't rest til he buries these
So he remains alone in his room
When his head hits the bed
He sees visions of being dipped
I guess you know a good thing til you lost it
Tossed it
The limelight of paparazzi
Get a grip, don't trip
Then cause if you trip
You slip and pinstripes wasn't his shit
So I guess he got a reason
So he grabbed the number 9
To define gettin even
His definition was this
A death wish, kiss Tish
And told Cha-Che to hold the mayo
Payo, payo was the sound of the oddo
But little did he know another brick would be his motto
(ha, ha, ha)
In the wall, stretch limos
And rose of eyes, in disguise
Like stain glass windows
With more flowers than I've ever seen
Got the Visine for this thing
You know, easy come, easy go
You may think it kinda strange
Since the beginning God's been giving in to angels
But take back

CHORUS (2x)

Pass it on

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