Part of the Plan

Swizz Beatz

Tryin hard to speak and
Fightin with my weak hand
Driven to distraction
So part of the planWhen somethin is broken
And you try to fix it
Tryin to repair it
Anyway you canThe time was the late 80's
Every block had a stray dog with rabies
Fiends threw away their crack babies
Arguin with my brother to see who pick the mouse up
Walk by, open up the oven door to heat the house upEveryday, police would swarm
Comin home from school, your brains on your uniform
I wish I could fly away on a unicorn
I'm from the ghetto and everyday a humans bornSo who cares if I'm stretched out on the scene?
Surrounded by homicide forensic team
Yellow tape, haters glad that I'm dead
Pedestrians walkin by and they just shakin their heads sayingTryin hard to speak and
Fightin with my weak hand
Driven to distraction
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And you try to fix it
Tryin to repair it
Anyway you canWhat's hot, what's not, what should, what shouldn't be
Come on y'all who to say what couldn't be?
Look at me, I'm nicest not the iciest
Sometimes I wake up and ask God, who life this is?I look at these eyes, I'm only in this body
If you only could understand the vision that I carry
White actors will be like Puff Daddy when he interned
Men play with fire, men get burnedTo talk about this, the only thing I earned
I can rap, Im talkin about killin you like this
Or puttin a hole in your head the size of that
But that would be cheatin myself and I can't do that, manTryin hard to speak and
Fightin with my weak hand
Driven to distraction
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And you try to fix it
Tryin to repair it
Anyway you canMan, it all ends up on a back street
In abandoned buildings where the crack heads meet

All you hear is and lighters flicking
Busy smoking, baby dead, rat poison in the kitchenThey so high, walkin by, thinkin she asleep
Don't even put her in the crib, just cover her with a sheet
This is me in the building 17 with the bundles and a gun up on me
And I shoot any nigga run up on meAnd for 2 years my momma lookin for me
Cryin, runnin up on other kids thinkin it's me
By now I aint got no heart
Nigga, I'm a gang member, suited up and Im ready to startTryin hard to speak and
Fightin with my weak hand
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