

# The Plot

## Young Roddy

and if it dont obtain no money then holla clown  
im rich im fly you know my style  
everytime i blink i swear i see dolla signs  
ima self made nigga you know my kind  
hope my girl keep it treal and stay real when im not around  
cus we all we got so hold it down uh  
and its tre 1st till i die mane  
and its still mothafuck that other side mane  
and i still got my eyes on that prize and that money on my mind  
with a bad bitch in my ride mane  
and im still train smokin on that loud mane  
and i wrote this in my section 8 housin  
from a spot with drug cops & robbers  
from could say ahundred to a thousands  
and im steady brainstormin plotin uh  
hopped off the porche like whats poppin nigga  
from sun down to sun up  
im plotin on my come up  
you know you know  
from sun down to sun up  
im plotin on my come up  
you know  
from sun down to sun up  
im plotin on my come up  
you know you know  
from sun down to sun up  
im plotin on my  
Cough up a lung were the fuck i come from  
no ludda make a nigga go nuts  
its a doggy-dog world get pussy or get fucked  
makin money in a rush definetly give me a rush nigga  
ive bein grindin since dealin was main puff nigga  
im just a lil nigga who doin shit deluxe  
now that i give afuck but weres that love nigga  
and these tasty ass bitches on the hunt  
but still aint nothin whateva us nigga  
momma want a winner not no runna-up  
so fuck up and comin im comin up nigga  
and i be selfish not give em what they want

uh, shit but still i cant front fuck cus i aint done mutch  
but travel the real no not talk bustin two months  
im just a young nigga who tryin to come the fuck up  
whatthefuuuuuck  
from sun down to sun up  
im plotin on my come up  
you know you know  
from sun down to sun up  
im plotin on my come up  
you know  
from sun down to sun up  
im plotin on my come up  
you know you know  
from sun down to sun up  
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