

Lord Finesse, Soul Plan

(feat. Roy Ayers)

God bless the child that can hold his own
Against the man with the plan who got the whole spot sewn
The type that's known to set the tone
Just pass the microphone, I have the whole spot blown [x2]

Check it, it's the player to examine
My thought patterns are deep like canyons
A tough companion that women won't abandon
That's my steelo, lyrics conquer the street like Nino
Lay incognito, because life's a gamble like ceelo
That's what we know, forget what they know, or say yo
I gotta do my thing, I can't be caught hanging like a halo
Time to hustle, or get caught up in the shuffle
Use brains over muscle, I'm seeing more chips than Ruffles

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I'm gigantic, coming hard like granite
Forget where you're from, I represent the whole planet
Not the sort lagging (sort lagging) never fought bragging (fought bragging)
The way I make moves and mess up your whole thought pattern
Opponents I check 'em, got skills out the rectum
Display many styles like colors in a spectrum
You can't escape the inconcealable
Niggas is so wack, even people reading braille ain't feeling you (Right)
I fell off? Come on, imagine it
It's the sharp elaborate
Type of nigga that's not having it
On some new shit, some extra cool shit
The type to lounge in the crib all day
Peeping pay-per-view shit
Word, it's bugged, hops, I love props
When I come to town, I'm under surveillance like drug spots
'96, coming from the rear quick
I'm on some ol' "hit the lotto & disappear" shit

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I use poetic psychiatric types of tactics
Man, this rap shit got me seeing more green than St. Patrick's
The tight player (tight player) with the right flavor (right flavor)
That comes off like a life saver and slides like an ice skater
Catch me shining from a mile away
The kid with the stylish braids, doing my thing, sipping Alize
You see me sinning with the money and the women
You think I'm winning? Shit, I'm barely living
Forget those goals, we got higher tasks to try and pass
Brothers be fronting but I see through them clowns like fiberglass
I roll with bomb squads, beyond hard, about making money, kid
Fuck chasing chickens in the barnyard
Word up, while you're still clowning
I'm in the hills lounging, catching vibes off of Will Downing
Living the life of a grown man
Me and Dink, and Roy Ayers, we got the Soul Plan

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[Roy Ayers solos on the keys til fade]