

## Set It Off

Deuce

They know, I came to set it off.  
God let me know I can let it off.  
You see my cross yeah' it never falls.  
You know it's on 'till the break of dawn.

Yeah! I make the green grow like I'm hard shit  
and I'm one of a kind like Picasso's portrait.  
I'm killin' rat boys 'till I'm goin' psycho.  
Prying through the night like my name is Michael.  
It's all gravy like I'm sittin' on mesh,  
I'm spendin' money like I'm swimming in cash,  
gramps to ash, zits to quarters,  
Guidin' the verse like I'm fuckin' Larry Starters.  
I'm on the front, 'aint you glad?  
Got a pump up if only ho's get mad.  
The train, 5-7 don't let it catch you slip,  
Billy the Kid, boy want some cowboy shit?  
I'm a grown man, the whippin' got rims,  
I'm from LA homie I don't rock tens.  
Pop' said to go, so I grew up quick.  
Life is a bitch let's get back on this shit.

The truth mother fucker, is this is my summer.  
Watch me talk dirty like a 9 on her number.  
Fuck your girlfriend then throw away the rubber.  
This is yo' job, take a hole, lover.  
Bitch, open yo' mouth, I'm wet, still, in all.  
Your man 'aint ballin' that weapon's a rental.  
I'm a born felon, I don't obey the law.  
I run this shit, missed paper in all.  
They on my dawg, these fuckin' kids.  
Like a new born on their mama's tits.  
Valet' after keys when I pull up with her.  
Hitchin' for ya' chain if I catch ya' slip-up.  
Though I can't 'stop like an ongoing hic-  
up these fake mother fuckers, I'm so sick of.  
They can try to run, but they can't hide.  
They say raging waters, I roll in and slide

I speed right, when I'm blind-folded, tounge tied.  
They say I'm number one, and the both've no tries.  
I say I'm having fun cause my shit's got nine tiles.  
Crack em in the morn'yeah and dad's got nine lives.  
City after city and my crew get's air time.  
Witty he's so witty but he's right at the same time  
He want's to roll with me like a seven dream fitty.  
God I know you're with me, when I'm gone I know you'll miss me.  
Grab the mic, I'm like a hero from the afterlife, now it's time to show thes  
e people what my skills are like,  
you know what's been on my mind. Grab that loot and take what's mine.  
Tryin' intervei w me like "yo what's ya life like" you see me on K-  
Rock yo' that shit's tight.  
Heard it on the pages "Yo thats Deuce right?"  
a million fuckin' plays now it's on like game-time.

We ride, we roll and everybody here knows  
that I kill these flo's they keep say'n no-no.

They know me fo' real and that's fo sho' when I grab the wheel,  
Truth's got the dough.

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