

## Set It Off (Radio Remix)

Juvenile

(Okay) Uh-huh (uh-huh) okay (mmhmm) uh-huh  
(Mmhmm) Street mix (street mix)  
(Uh-huh) Listen, listen, listen..

Okay I'm Weezy Wee the man and I reps it well  
And it's gon' be Cash Money whether death or jail  
Catch me flossin in the hood, tryin to get at ya girl  
Or in a Porsche like a bat out of hell - vrrrrooom  
Now I'ma tell ya how it is and no matter the cost  
Respect me or get a shot to where you gather your thoughts  
Got a Escalade wavin on them deep dish rims  
And got ya girl sayin "We just friends" - I ain't trippin  
I'ma do it for my city so ya gotta get with it  
Blue-eyed Bentley, knew I'd get it, uh-huh  
From the streets of the dirty, it's humid and muddy  
We get money or it get bloody, ya hoid me?  
I got some freaks on my side that you'll like  
And somethin on my wrist colder than a Coors Light  
It's SQ-7 CMB it's life  
It's Hot Boy forever Weezy Wee get right, uh-huh  
(Ladies and gentleman!)

A wodie, whassup? Wodette, whassup?  
A wodie, whassup? Set it off in this mother whassup?  
A wodie, whassup? A wodette, whassup?  
A wodie, whassup? Set it off in this mother whassup?

I'm the #1 stunna Baby, B, Bryan and Bubba  
Got that Crist' in my hand, a pistol in the other  
Olde English and Hot Boy bout to get in some trouble  
Plus I'm leanin off the liquor, bout to get at your woman  
I'm runnin with them HPG's, them Uptown thugs  
I ain't buyin the bar homey I'm buyin the club  
So momma look, get chea, show me whassup  
Put some straightenin on them dubs, and show me some love  
Like Hennessy, (?), clean, G  
You gotta admit it that's the way it's supposed to be  
I'm the bird man homey and I'm sellin them cheaps  
Put hits on bustaz while I'm brushin my teefs  
Can't quit this now cause you done played it too strong  
Stunna call you on it 'til I'm dead and gone  
One love to them Hot Boys, sellin that wrong  
And my homies in the pen, from usin they phones

Look, forget what ya heard dawg, Turk still thuggin  
You got me messed up, bout to make me start bustin  
Trust me, I don't miss cousin  
And the last thing you see is fire and blood gushin  
I'm a lil' thug, always strapped with that thang  
You get killed thug, when you're messin with me main  
I run with real soldiers called the B.G.F.  
Ready for anything you could believe dat dere  
I guess it's in us to be the way that we be  
We all from Uptown, from the 3 'til the 13th  
We tote choppers, with a hundred in 'em  
And you see them dome shots we bout, runnin in 'em  
We play it raw, give a know what about the law

They get stole too when they, messin with us  
My team still strong, we all from the hood  
CMR for life, come between? Wish you would