

Set It Off

Juvenile

KICK ASS!

(Mmm-hmm) C'mon

(Uh-huh, mm-hmm)

Y'all boys don't know NUTTIN bout me (mm-hmm, uh-huh)

Ya heard? .. "Ladies and gentlemen!"

I'ma T.C. soldier, New Orleans stunna

If a bitch leave me, I'ma take everything from her

Leave while ya can, or ya mom will pick ya rum up

I'ma find me some new pussy, and buy a Four-Runner

I walk with a limp, cause my nuts heavy

And I like it from the back so hold your butt steady

I know I got some big lips, but I ain't trippin

And momma I love pussy, but I ain't lickin

Now prepare yourself for a smooth dickin

You don't want it girl? You don't know, what you missin

I'm the baddest boss nigga walkin, you ain't heard?

I got a team of head busters waitin to give 'em the word

I gotta few in the East Coast, a few in the West

Down-South to Mid-W, whattup to the rest

Can't forget about the ghetto where they strugglin in debt

No matter what I do dawg, I love my set - "Ladies and gentlemen!"

Wodie, Wassup, Wodette, Wassup, Wodie, Wassup

Set it off in this motherfucker

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Wodie, Wassup, Wodette, Wassup, Wodie, Wassup

Set it off in this motherfucker

The niggidy niggidy Nile's in this bitch, get right

Fuck what you heard on the street it's CMR for life

Still ridin on dubs, sippin brown and white

Jump stupid if you want bitch we gon' clown tonite

We got twenty-five choppers in the V.I.P.

Cristal and 40 yack and a pound of weed

I know you wait for me to get drunk, and follow me home

Picture what I'ma give you though - a shot to yo' dome

Fuck it if your boys gon' be talkin they gon' get hit too

I'm really not givin a fuck, long as I get you

Jamie, Fresh, Joe, Bubba

Ya gotta admit ha, Juvie a motherfucker

I'ma general, executin the plan

Got a vision of the 3rd Ward, rulinn the land

Runnin up on hoes, tellin them to jump in the van

Mommy please come break off just me and my man

55% of these niggaz is fake

The other 45% be handlin they weight

55% of these women is hoes

The other 45% be playin they role

Mr. Officer, Mr. Officer

Take these motherfuckin cuffs off of us

We ain't kill nobody in this car, for us

And ridin on 20's is the law for us

I ain't from France, but excuse my french
Fuck ya if ya hatin, nigga save that then
I been dealin wit you bitches from way back then
Plus I kept a fire duck off the lay back in
You say my momma played me and J be tight
Cause Juvie takin care, so everything alright
Bitches see the sliver seraph wit them phat ass pipes
Bein followed by some niggaz on some bad ass bikes