

## Set It Off

Kardinal Offishall

I'm trying not to wear 3 exes no more. It's ok, Kardinal stand 6'4. You can hear the insecurity in my voice right? I don't take my chain off on the mic, it's my security piece. It gives me security. I'm waitin' 4 the ghetto to secure me. I just put away 30% for my taxes, 20 for the feds the rest unda my mattress. I gave my wallet a botox injection. A bunch rudeboys inna ya section. Tryna give my tax bracket an erection. 70's entity girl look at my complexion. If you can smell my cologne you too close, You small time, I net what you make gross. Saturday's everyday when you from around my way, I'm married to the life girl catch the bouquet.

Set it off, fire me up x4  
Hold it down, yeah dats it x4

Pusha, yeah  
Trend setter, who better than I, come thru in the slim leathers, that's followed by the fives. Me and my niggas call da coupe Jekkyll and hide, coz the roof's on and off like they in and outta there minds. Eggshell pale tee-da-totta on the scale. The 09's is out and I aint waitin on da deal. The same time the motherfuckers bargaining and lawyering and coke money just keep pouring in and pouring. Quarter milli bling bling. That's the price of fame, lame. I should have a title and a deed on the chain man. Re-up gang pyrex over a pie roll. Stir it til it's hard, pop it out, let it dry slow. Recipe for greatness, me and Kardi now, Nigga taste this u fuckin' wit the A-list. Face it nigga dis da swag. 485 hangin' off my ass, we call dat frivolous cash.

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Hold it down, yeah dats it x4.

Malice, superstar like lupe, see me in the coupe, hot damn it's a new day. I remove the roof as if it's a toupe. To shed light on the jewels, glue on blue ray. High definition, I get cash, two twenty on the dash and a self start ignition. Told her don't love me but she keep on persisting, brain so good its hard to keep my distance, Red carpet entrance play clothes fashion, nose in the air I smell Chanel platinum. Re-up is the gang I rep wit it a passion. Til the wheels fall off and it all come crashin'. Malice wit mister Kardi now. Behind dark tint like we on da pr owl. Nothing like money make a bitch lose her blouse, well done homey we rich, take a bow.

Set it off, fire me up x4  
Hold it down, yeah dat's it x4.