

Set It

Necro

Kicking that thug shit, set it, you could get it
Your whole clique deaded, wet up, infrareded
Head up in the street, whatever the weather whatever
let's get it in
It ain't nothing

Kicking that thug shit, set it, you could get it
Your whole clique deaded, wet up, infrareded
Homie you bugging, you ain't thugging, what drug you
on?
You must be sniffing that bullshit

You're rocking faggot ice, you're a maggot commercial
pretty boy
Bitch ass nukka, I'll bodybag you, slice
Steal your female through emails
Fight ten of you and prevail, get real gully, you will
get killed
I get ill, peel your grill, flesh back revealed
The white meat, fights in the street
I'll brawl, don't test next
Smash a bottle, pieces of glass slash your model face
Plastic surgery, lacerate your goggles
Mush you, I wish you would give me a reason to bruise
your facial tissue over a racial issue
Dish you out the most brutal physical beating for being
stereotypical, now you're internally bleeding
My trife rep gets your wife wet, my butcher knife will
prep you for the afterlife so get set to repent
I transform like a deceptacon and wild out on you
tampon rejects then I'm gone

Your gear game's weak so you a no-name geek
You front I'll make your veins leak you fake ass
cheese, my chain's unique
Nike pimpingzilla, my psyche flipping
Michael Vicking you right for gripping sniping clipping
you bicycle dipping
Gripping the ox, I'll thug it out box rugged
You little bug, your Glock in the cupboard, rubber grip
pops is stubborn
Make a face when you peep me homie
Break your face on GP you don't know me, make a mistake
and sleep on me
I'm pulling dime bitches, my mind itches to relinquish
nine bullets
In a snitch's spine, I do crime distinguished
You fronting homeboy I'm stunting with a chrome toy
Hunting you like it's Rome Troy, your dome destroyed
You don't rep hip hop, you won't step if shit pops off
You're soft rocking flip-flops and ? get you props
I'll make your chick cheat then fuck her with my prick
meat
To a sick beat I click street like brick concrete
A nick of weed, lick heat at you, you need quick feet
You look sweet, you lick feet, you watch chickflicks
dickweed

Time elapsed, can't rewind it back, kicked too many
rhymes on the track
Garbage your lines lack, you define whack
Son I'll jailhouse you, got a razor mouth full
It's doubtful you'll evade, I'm too powerful
My blade's bout it fool, scalpel sharp, I got kicked
out of school kid I could show you how to be cool

[Chorus]