

What Set U Claim

Waka Flocka Flame

MGM and Brick... MG-MGM and Brick Squad
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Brick Squad, Brick Squad, MGM and Brick Squad

What set you claim? What set you bang?
Well, rep your gang
I'ma rep until I die, throw it to the sky
MGM, Brick Squad, we go so hard, so hard
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Thirty-six ounces and I gotta pull a twenty-eight
Dumping at the 12, it's Cartel off a robbery
Big boy time 'cause I fuck with big boy weight
Put it on the triple beam, weight it, bag it, do this trap shit every day
Moving bales, busting bricks, so I stay strapped up
Southside slum nigga, shoot you from your shoulders up
So don't set trip
Psycho hanging out the window, emptying the whole clip
Mexican Goon Mafia is what I stand for
Can't stop now 'cause the streets, they demand more
Always been a real nigga, never been a pussy
Backdoor trapping and the finger on my Uzi

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Lord know a nigga tired of struggling
Lord know a nigga tired of hustling
I got my swag for the trap, daddy dead, brother dead
Momma working overtime, trying to make some extra bread
Money over everything till y'all niggas bury me
Clayton County, Riverdale, since seventh grade, been on my shit
A bike, a scale, and some weed, that's all a nigga fucking need
Flocka, I'm a real nigga
Catch me in the trap hanging with your local drug dealer
Trying to get a mill or two
Rolling off a pill or two

Nigga, what set you claim?
My flag lime green, red, I'm with the burgundy gang
Hit Squad, Brick Squad, that's the same thing

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