

Set It Off

Insane Clown Posse

Aight, ay 2 Dope, turn up the echo, and I know I'm good for one of them old-ass, funky mojo beats

Violent J with the pull to the ghetto
Said another clique, suck a dick 'cause you're fucking soft
And don't say Violent J ain't with it
When you was rollin' with your dad, your mom let me suck a titty
Fools always talk shit get beat
And if I'm out-numbered, there's a .9 in the back seat
'Cause when I'm feelin like a mack daddy
In the trunk when I ride, I got weapons I'da never had
And I just start gunnin 'em down
I blast in the crowd now everybody's runnin' around
And there's always them bitches that are screamin'
Some fool's on his back, wishing he were dreaming
If anybody's listenin' down south
I'll talk shit about the city with my nuts in your wife's mouth
Keep stringin' on your banjo
'Cause we don't like that shit where I come from, bro
N.W.A without the boy Ice Cube, yo
You kinda sound like Barry motherfuckin' Manilow
Why do you call yourself a nigga, I ask you
That's the only kind of bullshit that you can lay tracks too
Short nappy head motherfuckers, the same
Sound like you got your beat from a Nintendo game

Hit it! Hit it! Hit it!

Yo, when I posse'd up in Volare
I got bitches on my dick like I'm grippin' a Ferrari
Well I guess it's cause I'm sorta famous
I'm sending out dope shit, how the fuck can you blame us?
When the fucking bitches come and drive by
Lifting up their shirts and lettin' titties fly
Like I really wanna see this shit
A drunk-ass slut and her fucking titty
And when it comes down to the sex part
They say love shit and try to soften my heart
But a bitch will always give more head
With a cold double barrel pressed against their forehead
That's the way to get it done around here
In my neck of the woods, I'd have never met fear
Me and the boys get to rumblin'
We always drop the hoes, though I might be fumbling
You know Violent J won't slip
Yo, G, the haters on Q-tip
Cause his punk ass went ahead and sold out
Now his family's at the funeral, and he's gettin' rolled out
And everybody's fake cryin'
Cause nobody really gives a fuck of him dyin'

Hit it! Hit it! Hit it!

They're rollin' HP's, it'll never end
Cause I saw Johnny buttfuckin' one of his friends
So they're on my case about it
Because I told everyone he likes to suck a good dick

Now we're out grippin' in a '68 bucket
Seen a fine bitch, but I said fuck it
'Cause I know how that story goes
First she buys me dinner, then I fuck that ho
But I was in a hurry to get downtown, ay yo
Mexican festival, you don't wanna miss the show
With brews and Faygo, we was chillin'
Too Much, [?], and my homie, Kid Villain
Those motherfuckers starin' at me all night
Givin' me a look like I was fuckin' his wife
I didn't know the bitch he was with, so I told him
Keep starin' at me, you catch a bullet in your scrotum
And everything went cool
We'd have caught him once more, I'd take his ass to school

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