

Set It Off (feat. Lil Wayne, Baby & Turk)

Juvenile

I'm a T.C. solja, New Orleans stunna
If a b**** leave me, I'm a take every thing from her
Leave while ya can, or ya mom will pick ya rum up
I'm a find me some new p****, and buy me a Four-Runner
I walk wit a limp, 'cause my nuts heavy
And I like it from tha back so hold your butt steady
I know I got some big lips, but I ain't trippin'
Lil Momma I love p****, but I ain't lickin'
Now prepare yourself for some new dick'n
You don't want it girl?, you don't know what you missin'
I'm the baddest boss n**** walkin'
You ain't heard I got a team of head busters waitin' to give me the work
I gotta few in the East Coast, a few in the West
Down-South to Mid-W, wa**up to the rest
Can't forget about tha ghetto, where they strugglin' in debt
No matter what I do dawg, I love my set
Wodie, Wa**up, Wodie, Wa**up
Set It Off in this muthaf****a
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Wodie, Wa**up, Wodie, Wa**up
Set It Off in this muthaf****a
That Nig-gidty Nig-gidty Nile's in this b****, get right
F*** what you heard on the streets, it's CMR for life
Still ridin' on dubs, sippin' brown and white
Jump stupid if you want, b**** we gone clown tonight
We got 25 choppers in the V.I.P.
Fresh stylin' (?) and a pound of weed
And I know you waitin' for me to get drunk, and follow me home
Picture what I'm gone give to you, a shot to yo dome
F***in wit yo boys and all that talkin', they gone get hit too
I'm really not givin' a f***, as long as I get you
Jamie, Fresh, Joe, Bubba
Ya gotta admit ha, Juvie a muthaf****a
I'm a jelly roll, ask that killa Lil Bland
Got a vision of that 3rd Ward rule'n the land
Commin' up on hoes, tellin' them to jump in the van
Mommy please come break off just me and my man
Wodie, Wa**up, Wodie, Wa**up
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55% of these n****s 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 muthaf***in cuffs off of us
We kill nobody in this car, but us
And ridin' on 20's is the law for us
I ain't from France, but excuse my french
F*** ya if ya hatin', n**** save that there
I been dealin' it you b****es from why way back then
Plus I kept a fire ducked off to lay back in

You say my momma played me and J be tight
Juvie takin' care, so everything alright
B****es see the sliver (?) wit the phat a** pipes
Bein' followed by some n****s on some bad a** bikes
Wodie, Wa**up, Wodie, Wa**up
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