

Set Up

Too \$hort

One.. two.. one, two, three, four

First we got the crack
Then we got the gats
Then they changed all the laws
It was a set up
Lockin all the young homies up
Gettin 'em all shot dead in the streets
Straight set up

I remember when the world went crazy
Crack cocaine, hit the streets in the 80's
Right before the crack they was smokin fat
They called it freebase and rich folks did that (that's right)
It's all good, but nobody in the hood
Put powder in water and cooked it, they never would (naw)
A white boy did it, showed niggaz how to get it
The rich man's high got the ghetto addicted
It used to be expensive, fuck that ten shit
Turnin out cute little bitches that was innocent
Five years later, she to' up from the flo' up (be-itch)
Niggaz used to kiss her, now the bitch smell like throw-up
(hoe) What? I'm tellin the truth
The man had a plan that was killin the youth
You can smoke it, or sell it, if you choose you lose
It was a set up, got everybody singin the blues
They gave you the crack to start flippin your sack
You makin your money, it's sittin in stacks (yeah)
You bought you some gats, for niggaz who jack
Put a 50 in the crib, motherfucker bag that (nigga what?)
Somebody died, you're goin to war
You got a lot of straps and you want some more
You in the little leagues, AK's from the Middle East
Guns and coke, you wanna get a piece?
It was a set up, that's what the O.G.'s say
I heard Rick got his dope from the CIA
A new kind of baller out in sunny Los Angeles
Benzes, houses, young niggaz havin this
Oakland got a taste and all over the place
Detroit to Miami they was rollin case
Down to I-75, whatchu need in Atlanta
White Christmas, a bag full of dope like Santa

(Whatchu need homey whatchu need?) It was a set up
(I got whatchu need baby, I got whatever you need)
(You got the money? I got the llello)

Don't look in his eyes, use your automatic weapons
Shoot in the crowd and keep steppin (that's yo' ass)
Read about it later, wrong nigga got hit
Shot a gangster in the leg, but you killed a little kid
Now where in the fuck did the guns come from?
They used to put 'em up and say you want some?
Now you get shot, makin all that loud noise (nigga)
Have your pistol on your side like the cowboys (beotch)
Cause you can make a lot of money when you sellin dope
Sell your soul to the devil, say to hell with the Pope

At the Benz dealer (yea I want that one) spend a hundred thousand cash
You feelin like a hoe, money comin out your ass
In a way, it's not your fault
You stupid as fuck, that's why you got caught
You never get out, and I'm still amazed
You shoulda opened up a biz and bought some real estate
(I'm havin money) Niggaz strapped like the military
Know how to cook it, package it and get it there
You get paid? You coulda been a CPA
When you weigh that yay, tell the DEA
It ain't mine (it ain't mine) I don't wanna do no time
They got the new laws havin niggaz snitchin and lyin
Cause what we do y'all we gotta get our own hustle
I'm cool on the coke, I don't want no trouble (fuck that)
I got a felony (one strike) I was caught in a bust
Got probation, they can't stop us (unstoppable)
I got two gat cases and I still ain't been to jail
They caught my little homey on the hill and made him tell
He told about the murders and the whole operation (shit)
I feel like the slave, on a plantation
Now I'm stuck in here, and don't wanna stay
I wish I was a kid so I could go out and play

(They set me up man) It was a set up...