

Set The Pick

G-Unit

How many licks do a nigga gotta hit just to come up on a brick
Like Craig hit Deebo with
Take team work to ball man, someone set the pick
I come around shootin' like swish, quote this
If I can't make nothin', I'm gon' take somethin'
Feds comin', one of y'all niggas done said somethin'
Long as I remain here I'm gon' stay thuggin'
Rap don't pay the bills then I'm gon' stay hustlin'
6 million ways to die, choose one
A lot of niggas afraid to die, you won
You got all them guns inside, shoot one
As the last nigga fall for they life, who won?

Yo fuck your interview
That lil buzz you got is political
I knock your pride out, I'm dumbin' down still, too lyrical
You photobombin', awful timin', don't know nobody
Hard to keep up with kings, I show a body
How it's guided from a shattered stage
Bout to make me a money barricade
Usually rapping cane, gorgeous bougie bitch that Paris made
My jewelry ain't the average grade
Tool in my movie got you woozy from my acid phase
Wealthy spillin' glasses raised, hold up niggas have to pay
Shotty rip your leg away
Sumo when I flat the track
Assume I'm comin' back to stack
Vroomin' somethin' black on black
Room to let my Mac attack
Vroomin' out my acrobat
Zoomin' in my habitat
Two's in my accomplishments
Comments full of nonsense
But them fools don't want the consequence
Bruisin' once my crimes commence
[?] trips in my defense
Sharp as the razor that I use to rip your confidence
Your losin' is obvious

Fuck your radio host, fuck your rap blog
Fuck your favorite rapper and his big body guard
Fuck the industry man the streets gon' remember me
As T-O-N-Y Yayo, I been a G
Pull up and these haters gettin' finicky
Music loud, rollin' loud, potency can hardly see
Splendid, extravagant relaxation
I guess that's why these bitch niggas hatin'
Got the persona of drug lords
Versace slippers, Versace robe
Hit Rio in Brazil
My life real
I got a lot of cliental
I'm on that Pusha T shit, goin' diamond on my cell

I'm supposed to chill? Man shit is real
That was my only destination out here in the field
The drama cookin' and my partner caught raw deal

The people lookin' tryna make it out on four wheels

I ain't got no bail, shit is really real

Now it's hots on one cot in the jail

Prosecutor tryna kill a nigga for a cell

Talkin' football numbers man, shit is really real