

Set It Up

Kamaiyah

You ain't finna have me sittin' around stressin, bitch
Run up all his cards, Run up all his credit
Ima spend a rack for every bitch that he been textin' (x2)
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Run up all his cards, run up all his credit
Ima spend a rack for every bitch that he been textin'
You ain't finna have me sittin' around stressin'
Bitch who the fuck you disrespecting
Niggas ain't shit his cards Ima spend those
Ima slash his tires and Ima bust out all his windows
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Ay, that lil bitch that you've been with
Is the one you that's setting you up and letting me know just what yo pin is
And since it's yo card that I'm spending
Ima run it up nigga these cards ain't got no limit
Bought a bracelet tennis, VVS's in it
Since I got yo shit Ima keep running up those digits
You think it's a game and you can fuck wit other bitches
Yet aite nigga yo windows get to fixing
My momma told me neva let a nigga make you fold
Not a lie what's told, all yo games exposed
Boy you think you can play me like I'm one of these lil hoes
I'm a big ass boss standin tall upon 10 toes

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We got four or five hoes taken bitches out
Gotta buy them new clothes
Valet park and open up the suicide doors
Private mansions ducked off up in the polkaknows
Shut I'm blowing up the Rolls
I'm mad
Cause I ain't the bitch to share no bag
And I ain't the kinda bitch you could drag
And I put that on my flag
You fuck ass nigga
I piss in your mouth you lil fuck boy
You disrespect a bad bitch you get checked boy
And don't you ever play games with my check boy
Cause I'm the queen of the board I checkmate boy
Trina

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