

## Set It Off

M Row

(Day after day, seems like I push against the clouds  
They just keep blocking out the sun  
It seems since I was born  
I've waken every blessed morning  
Down on my luck and on my own)  
(Nas just does it better)  
(Messiah)

M Row

Oh, who that?  
He a goner  
Flick, ain't even know who was on him  
Lil' bro just started his thirty day training  
It's day five and he did what I taught him  
If I go broke, I'm robbin' them niggas right  
There where they trap at, right on that corner  
B-Bye, bye opp dot, mad I ain't warn him  
He dick ridin' my dick so I might gotta off him  
Trap with this G for safety precaution  
Come short for the white, we gon' give him some boxes  
It's niggas that's down from the duck that be showin'  
Them love on they dick 'cause they got no options  
Like, stay in y'all hood  
I don't want y'all to be in the way when we comin' through flockin'  
There was times I was totin' my knocker, but I  
Hit the box 'cause niggas not really worth it  
Why when they spin they be harmin' the civs?  
But when we on court, we just go for the basket  
Rico a bitch  
Uh, bro tried rippin' him, feathers just came out his jacket  
That's hot, he was runnin' away when it happened  
Why the fuck he gon' trap on that back block lackin'?'  
Candy Capone, he rather go punch than to bitch  
And get back from when you got your ass whooped  
Nesty, flock, get off my cock  
Your mans caught a pack just to rat on the stand  
You flashin' a hundred, that D-thang passin'  
To you showin' bread that belong to your mans  
I don't understand  
And we can go bar for the bar, and also go band for the band  
Don't listen to Fever, his BM a eater  
He came to my block with a...  
That was jammed  
Audrey, Sav, Jay, Zay, Uzi, all of them niggas is vicked  
Bro, BM was eatin' my...  
She was hot, I just hit it and quit  
Lil' Jay, ran, Rick, tried to sneak out  
The building, he thought he was slick  
Where you goin'?'  
Chase that, ran with a stick  
He another one mad I was...  
Hold on, hold on  
Cab9, oh my God  
How the fuck did you feel with that bike on your head?  
Jay Hound mad I was sittin' with Alle  
He text her phone and she left him on read  
Word to my dead, we was in Jay5Lobby tryna clap off one of his dreads

But really got tapped  
His mans got...  
That's led, tryna help him get up like, hold on  
Let me address  
Yay hit in the stomach, I'm mad that it wasn't his neck  
Ted victim  
You saw EK, why you ain't do shit?  
That's what Pete is your friend  
Before he got put up, I was pushin' him good  
Right up on the train, every hit was connected  
So be my guest  
I will box you and I will flock you and I got points to press