

## What Set U Claim

Waka Flocka Flame

MGM and Brick... MG-MGM and Brick Squad  
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Brick Squad, Brick Squad, MGM and Brick Squad

What set you claim? What set you bang?  
Well, rep your gang  
I'ma rep until I die, throw it to the sky  
MGM, Brick Squad, we go so hard, so hard  
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Thirty-six ounces and I gotta pull a twenty-eight  
Dumping at the 12, it's Cartel off a robbery  
Big boy time 'cause I fuck with big boy weight  
Put it on the triple beam, weight it, bag it, do this trap shit every day  
Moving bales, busting bricks, so I stay strapped up  
Southside slum nigga, shoot you from your shoulders up  
So don't set trip  
Psycho hanging out the window, emptying the whole clip  
Mexican Goon Mafia is what I stand for  
Can't stop now 'cause the streets, they demand more  
Always been a real nigga, never been a pussy  
Backdoor trapping and the finger on my Uzi

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Lord know a nigga tired of struggling  
Lord know a nigga tired of hustling  
I got my swag for the trap, daddy dead, brother dead  
Momma working overtime, trying to make some extra bread  
Money over everything till y'all niggas bury me  
Clayton County, Riverdale, since seventh grade, been on my shit  
A bike, a scale, and some weed, that's all a nigga fucking need  
Flocka, I'm a real nigga  
Catch me in the trap hanging with your local drug dealer  
Trying to get a mill or two  
Rolling off a pill or two

Nigga, what set you claim?  
My flag lime green, red, I'm with the burgundy gang  
Hit Squad, Brick Squad, that's the same thing

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