

## Same Set

Young M.A

It's lit  
It's lit

Uh, red cup and the wood tip  
I'm just tryna clear my mind from the bullshit  
I got ninety-nine problems, money ain't one  
They be talkin' bad bitches but I date one  
Money stackin', pistol packin', what that talk 'bout?  
Bitch I'm gettin' forty bands on the walk out  
Yeah I blew a little money but my bills paid  
I woke up the next day and I'm still paid  
I remember when I barely had a dollar on me  
I remember ducking cops 'cause I got it on me  
Went from plain gold chains, now I'm watered down  
Now I drink to my success and that water brown

We them niggas  
Always see me with the same set  
We make money, we don't make threats  
While they pay attention we get pay checks  
When they throwing shade we just play catch

Getting money with my set now  
When I'm praying is the only time my head down  
Popping bottles, I'm all wet now  
Told my city I won't let up, I won't let down (Brooklyn)  
Chain is ocky, wrist is rocky, what that talk 'bout?  
I just bagged twenty bitches on the walk out  
Honestly, knowing me, I won't hit them up  
And if they try to hit me up I ain't picking up  
Life was a living hell, now we living well  
And we drink champagne like it's ginger ale  
And we stand on the couch while my song playin'  
Up in VIP like we ain't got no home training

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Bob Marleys and Gorilla Glue  
Out in Cali, getting cloudy with my hitter Blue  
Uh, you aight ma? yeah we good  
And if I had to make a wish, I wish you niggas would  
Put my Cartiers on for the shade throwers  
At first they was fucking with us then they changed on us  
And we right back popping and they back again  
And these hoes back thotting and they back again  
In the Yams with some Jordans, on our scooter bikes  
They was claiming that they do it but don't do it right  
It's not about what you got, it's 'bout who you are  
'Cause we don't need foreign cars to get foreign broads

'Cause we them niggas  
Always see me with the same set  
We make money, we don't make threats

While they pay attention we get pay checks  
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But nah for real  
We really be in the Yams on them scooter bikes bro  
We got the Jordans on the back of them  
And all that  
Then we see these niggas comin' down the strip in foreign cars  
And we be laughin' 'cause  
When you look inside of them  
It's just niggas, no girls, niggas  
Fuck outta here  
We them niggas