

# Set Good

Young T & Bugsey

Azeeno

I'm in the paper, I can fuck the money yeah  
I misdemeanour but I drink the [?]  
I'm eating Michelin give me the Sauvi' yeah  
Tryna beat the box and meet the body yeah  
You know your body set good always  
I'm in your neck of the woods shawty  
Callin' me [?] rough day  
Roc-a-fella so she wanna just blaze

I pop a bottle then I pop a [?]  
In California walk thru the Malibu  
A pocket rocket when it hit that afternoon  
And if you thick then she can see my avenue  
Niggas hate and I can see it, it's true  
Throwing up the white flag, they want truce  
Tryna play me, gotta give her that deuce  
Married to the money baby I do  
Shawty on my hip like glue  
Selector haffi wheel up that tune  
Come on jiggle to the groove  
Where you friend, bring her, make her ring too  
Realest to the bone, to the root  
She rate me cah know I'm on my zoot  
I want sex [?]  
Shawty double up on the trouble yeah she rude

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She love tequila, had her sucking on a lime  
She rockin' Prada but the devil was alive  
Got her Chanaynay but a Birkin more her vibe  
Where I was meant to be, I told her circle back  
Because I'm making that convict music  
Block just poppin' off, bumbin' music  
Leave you there on the concrete [?]  
You screw your face too much, it's intrusive  
She wanna get a body, then I feel included  
I wanna go all day all driving, go stupid  
Then imma go to booby trap or play cupid  
I think she know my old hoe, I play clueless  
I think they got my old flow, I lay bloopers  
Got them in a chokehold, they wan' loosen  
But I'm making boatloads, your ship sinkin'  
Countin' money in my sleep, I keep blinkin'

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