

# Sets Go Up

## Juvenile

(One)

Never gonna stop tryin' to get it

(Two)

Never turn my back on my city

(Three)

Never let the money fuck with me

(Four)

I'ma never stop hollerin' at the bitches

And the sets go up

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Hey homie, you don't wanna get familiar with us

Fuckin' over you would give me and my niggaz a rush

I'm sick of all you and the fortune and supposed to be thugs

Tellin' stories 'bout your life when that was not how it was

Yeah, a nigga did some shit back in the days with the pack

Like in your hood, when you was out there gettin' paid with the crack

You get the fuck when you hear shots and it's not yo' peep

But if a ricochet hit you, you better pop yo' heat

Yeah, you know I'm from the 'Nolia but you do not know me

Quit eyeballin' a nigga down 'fore you get shot homie

You don't wanna know what I've been thinkin' up

You better go 'head on and find you another spot to chill

'Cuz I've been drinkin'

'Cuz we see a light and everything ain't great

It's like everybody mind is in the same old state, ya know

I'll throw a nigga fucked up with his revenues

I'ma tell you four fuckin' things I'ma never do

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From the 3 to the 17, ey yo, we doin' it big

If you're ghetto you know who Wacko and Juvenile is

New Orleans, see I'ma rep that, 'cuz these my peeps

You could pick up some bad habits hangin' in these streets

Have you talkin' to this and that nigga and showin' your teeth

Walkin' 'round you like you took care and you handled your beef

Pissed off 'cuz your hoe wanna come talk to me

To show me the little gift that she done bought for me

I take it back to when the big timers was pushin' the size

When niggaz wore Dickies suits like it was regular jobs

We cop Adidas, ghost town and Anita's used to be packed

And rumors started poppin' and it started to crack

We used to drink Crazy Horse and shoot dice in the back

We had four rules in life and I can promise you that

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