

# The Set Up

## Obie Trice

Bitch I see you  
'Cause you know I know you  
Yeah, I know you Last time I saw you, you was brewed up, booed up  
Ready for a new fuck, last time you saw me  
I was P I to the motherfucking M P, what  
And lately I heard you's a broke bitch  
Livin' in the lower class suburb  
And lately the word is I live in a suburb  
And I don't fuck with birds  
She used to pump on the block  
Sell a nigga' rocks, bail a nigga' out but  
She tried to plot on a nigga'  
Vacant lot, one shot, bitch died, go figure  
He used to pay this bitch, gave her lots of shit  
Fuck's wrong with this nigga' man?  
He used to bring through the hood  
Treat the bitch to fuckin' good, my opinion  
We used to blaze with the bitch  
Faded off the lick, she x-rayed the clip  
This nigga bought braids for the bitch  
Louis Vuitton kicks and tricked on suck shit  
Meanwhile in the hood, she drivin' around good  
This bitch thinks she in Hollywood  
Meantime she settin' the nigga' up  
Tellin' us, what his stuff  
She's ready to get him stuck, what Thick thighs but she full of surprises  
I swear this bitch is Shady  
(That's what I know)  
Sex on her mind, all the time  
And you think that that's your baby  
(You don't know) You a good guy that's livin' a lie  
But she dove and played your safety  
(It's what I know)  
If you cool and she satisfied  
How come that bitch just paged me?  
(You don't know) We had to ride on a nigga'  
Watch him for the right time to get richer  
We decided when the hit was  
Run up on him, forty-five in the ribs, what

This nigga' screamed like a bitch  
Showed us what his shit hit her  
Hell of a lick but the bitch  
Who told us 'bout the bricks  
Exposed us to the nigga'  
He knew that we'd come  
But meanwhile in his hood  
His niggaz is suitin' up  
And Timbed, looted up  
Rims and new trucks your man, 'Livin' It Up'  
Then a van with no hubs  
Suddenly pulled up and erupt  
Shot a nigga', the fuck up  
Just my luck, the bitch got us both touched  
It's like a rush, the bitch who blushed  
And smoked blunts wit us  
Turned out to be nuts, switched up  
Mixed up wit the wrong slut  
Got my friend zipped up in the bag, it's all bad  
My niggaz got my back, in fact they caught  
On her Ave, flossin' in another nigga' cab  
Thick thighs but she full of surprises  
I swear this bitch is Shady  
(That's what I know)  
Sex on her mind, all the time  
And you think that that's your baby  
(You don't know) You a good guy that's livin' a lie  
But she dove and played your safety  
(It's what I know)  
If you cool and she satisfied  
How come that bitch just paged me?  
(You don't know)

Songwriters

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