

Set It

Necro

[Chorus]

Kicking that thug shit, set it, you could get it
Your whole clique deaded, wet up, infrareded
Head up in the street, whatever the weather whatever lets get it in
It aint nothing
Kicking that thug shit, set it, you could get it
Your whole clique deaded, wet up, infrareded
Homie you bugging, you aint thugging, what drug you on?
You must be sniffing that bullshit

[Verse 1]

Youre rocking faggot ice, youre a maggot commercial pretty boy
Bitch ass nukka, Ill bodybag you, slice
Steal your female through emails
Fight ten of you and prevail, get real gully, you will get killed
I get ill, peel your grill, flesh back revealed
The white meat, fights in the street
Ill brawl, dont test next
Smash a bottle, pieces of glass slash your model face
Plastic surgery, lacerate your goggles
Mush you, I wish you would give me a reason to bruise your facial tissue over a racial issue
Dish you out the most brutal physical beating for being stereotypical, now youre internally bleeding
My trife rep gets your wife wet, my butcher knife will prep you for the afterlife so get set to repent
I transform like a deceptacon and wild out on you tampon rejects then Im gone

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Your gear games weak so you a no-name geek
You front Ill make your veins leak you fake ass cheese, my chains unique
Nike pimpingzilla, my psyche flipping
Michael Vicking you right for gripping sniping clipping you bicycle dipping
Gripping the ox, Ill thug it out box rugged
You little bug, your Glock in the cupboard, rubber grip pops is stubborn
Make a face when you peep me homie
Break your face on GP you dont know me, make a mistake and sleep on me
Im pulling dime bitches, my mind itches to relinquish nine bullets
In a snitchs spine, I do crime distinguished
You fronting homeboy Im stunting with a chrome toy
Hunting you like its Rome Troy, your dome destroyed
You dont rep hip hop, you wont step if shit pops off
Youre soft rocking flip-flops and? get you props

Ill make your chick cheat then fuck her with my prick meat
To a sick beat I click street like brick concrete
A nick of weed, lick heat at you, you need quick feet
You look sweet, you lick feet, you watch chickflicks dickweed
Time elapsed, cant rewind it back, kicked too many rhymes on the track
Garbage your lines lack, you define whack
Son Ill jailhouse you, got a razor mouth full
Its doubtful youll evade, Im too powerful
My blades bout it fool, scalpel sharp, I got kicked out of school kid I could show you how to be cool
[Chorus]

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