

The Set Up (feat. Nate Dogg)

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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