The Set Up

Nas

Q.B. since 1933
To nine-six nine-six motherfucker
Check the shitNine-six, Escobar 600Check the shit
My mindset, son got wet
I'm vexed really
They snatched off his Rolex, smacked his bitch silly
Why niggas acting illy word to Will he bout to feel it
I feel it, he shoulda been dealt with it
Them niggas sour they put to much flour in their coke
And got the nerve to wonder why they're broke
While we was gleaming, niggas was scheming
Seen the ill Beamers beaming
Triple-beam and doubling cream, had em fiending
To get they fingers on the dosa, I called Sosa
Sosa these niggas hit the God bring the toaster
Meet me in the Bridge I'm bout to go loca
Left my rat beggin me to stay and stroke her
He came through with two fly bitches, Venus and Vicious
With two macs inside the Volvo, what up God, I'm still sober
I need some Henn to bend me over
My nigga Hav gotta soldier
It's getting down, it's going down kid
I heard he might not live, I'm holding back tears
Told these broads to put it in gear
With two females that don't smile digging they style yo
Whattup son, these niggas done started something wild
You know the clique well, Ramel with the gold in his grill
Tried to get a name holding the steel
I paid attention to the females
Maintained bitches when it get real
Sos' pulled me close and told me the deal
He said both hoes'll peel
Spray shots and reload and still handle the wheel
Point em out smoke a Phil' then chill
I layed back Escobar status, knowing The Firm got it cornered
We on it, shit we was born withSpark the lye, QBC yo it's do or die
In this, business and trifeness
I finesse this, for R.D., we chef shit
Perfect shit, Albert Einstein minds connect wit

Dangerous sons, step back let the tech lift
Lift you up, bless you with a shorty then we set you up
Spark the lye, QBC yo it's do or die
In this, business and trifeness
We finesse this, for RD, we chef shit
Perfect shit, Albert Einstein minds connect with
Dangerous sons, step back let the tech lift
Lift you up, bless you wit a shorty then we set you upHold it right there pull over
That nigga right there inside the Rover
I knew he'd be right here, I told you
Let's get him now, look at him smile, ice Bulova
Polo pullover, big links and rocking boulders
He's stunting, after he left my man like that
Without a fair chance to fight back, but I'll be right back
He never seen us, Sos' gave the mac to Venus
And Vicious, lookin delicious, handle yo' bidness
And step to him, shake your ass try to screw him
Do what ya gotta do to get to him
A tight parasuco, with young faces
Can turn niggas Buttafuco, of all ages, they was amused
By the way they walked, way they talked
Only if they knew these girls'd spray New York
If they had to, heard him ask Venus, could I have you
He jumped out a Jeep, heard her tell him don't grab boo
They started chatting, was only bout a minute, flat when
They jumped in the back of the Jeep laughing
We followed them pollying, he thought the hoes were Somalian
Probably wanted to hit the Holiday Inn
I grabbed the phone and called the Mobb and them
We layed low about a hour or so these bitches movin too slow
We both holding, what if them wild hoes started folding
Sosa, said say no more, we started rolling
Before we got in they must have shot him, security wildin
There the girls go, hurry up we out in
The 940, me Sosa and two shorties
The punk niggas got murdered in the orgySpark the lye, QBC yo it's do or die
In this, business and trifeness
I finesse this, for R.D., we chef shit
Perfect shit, Albert Einstein minds connect wit
Dangerous sons, step back let the tech lift
Lift you up, bless you with a shorty then we set you upQBC, QueensBridge motherfucker
Roping niggas up
Cause our clique is thick
Another day another dollar
More money, more murder

Fuck this shit, Q.B. up in the house

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