Set It

Slum Village

[T3:]
I'ma set it, get it, got it, good*
I rep for my niggas in the D in the hood
On that ass like the Fuzz, come and wack down on us
They wanna see a player down, that's what it was
All my ppl in the [ ], put your hands in the air
And bop wit your nigga to the sound of the snare
It's the [ ] to the [ ] with the S to the V
The most killer most, 2 of the best on the beats
[Chorus:]
They don't want it? Ey! They don't want it? Nah!
Can they get it? Yup! They can they get it? Yeah!
Can I set it. Up, bout to set it, yeah!
Can we set it. Yup bout to set it, yeah!
They don't want it? Ey! They don't want it? Nah!
Can they get it? Yup! They can they get it? Yeah!
Bout to set it. Yup bout to set it, yeah!
Fitna set it. Yup bout to set it, yeah!
[Elzhi:]
All my G's throw you triggers up
By the hammer my hand on the biggest nutts
No bamma, I blow gands when they split the blunt
This is for my niggas stuck, up in the ghetto
Pumping the metal, where they feel a fluff and they'll kill you
They quick to buck
Chicks trickin, chicken cluck
Switching up to your whip that your sister bumped
You'll be suckin' on tits and now your dick is sucked
Steady counting figures up
Benjamin's bend up to ten to twenty bucks
Figured up on the Benz of any trendy truck
I wedded and sticking up
Innocent independent citizens
Not givin' a cent of dividends, it could slit and cut
I'm blowed and I'm liquored up, I've been told I'm cold as a winter month
And showed I can explode when it sickens up, Bloaw
Back on the style, let me pick it up
Did you predict that what I spit on this hit is ridiculous
I should tip my Pimping cup

Just for pitching up percent of a pigeons rent
Given for living expense at the stripping club
[Chorus:]
They don't want it? Ey! They don't want it? Nah!
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Can we set it. Yup bout to set it, yeah!
They don't want it? Ey! They don't want it? Nah!
Can they get it? Yup! They can they get it? Yeah!
Bout to set it. Yup bout to set it, yeah!
Fitna set it. Yup bout to set it, yeah!
[Elzhi:]
Don't let me catch you slipping up your numbers up
Give and duck, or run a muck
Attempt a jump like double jump, the clips'll bust
Your clique is just sick of us
Bringing the heat steaming me swinging defeat
You street, dreaming on sleep, idiots?
El, the sickest you ever heard
And predicting a set of words
That he stick in the head of nerds
Or just gifted with lady curve and positions written to say something
Gotta stay buzzing coming of the line like a fadeaway Dr. J jumping
[Bridge: ~T3~]
Cu-zin, we got the streets Buz-zin
Villa blowing, bubb-ling
Those who ain't caught on, fill em'...in
We in this grizzie now and we playing to win
[Chorus:]
They don't want it? Ey! They don't want it? Nah!
Can they get it? Yup! They can they get it? Yeah!
Can I set it. Up, bout to set it, yeah!
Can we set it. Yup bout to set it, yeah!
They don't want it? Ey! They don't want it? Nah!
Can they get it? Yup! They can they get it? Yeah!
Bout to set it. Yup bout to set it, yeah!
Fitna set it. Yup bout to set it, yeah!
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