

# Set It Off

## Juvenile

Kick ass  
(Mmm hmm)  
C'mon  
(Uh huh, mm hmm)  
Y'all boys don't know nuttin' 'bout me  
(Mm hmm, uh huh)  
Ya heard? Ladies and gentlemen I'ma T.C. soldier, New Orleans stunna  
If a bitch leave me, I'ma take everything from her  
Leave while ya can, or ya mom will pick ya rum up  
I'ma find me some new pussy and buy a Four-Runner I walk with a limp, 'cause my nuts heavy  
And I like it from the back so hold your butt steady  
I know I got some big lips, but I ain't trippin'  
And momma I love pussy, but I ain't lickin'  
Now prepare yourself for a smooth dickin'  
You don't want it girl? You don't know, what you missin' I'm the baddest boss nigga walkin', you ain't heard?  
I got a team of head busters waitin' to give 'em the word  
I gotta few in the East Coast, a few in the West  
Down-South to Mid-W, whattup to the rest  
Can't forget about the ghetto where they strugglin' in debt  
No matter what I do dawg, I love my set, ladies and gentlemen Wodie, wassup, Wodette, wassup, Wodie, wassup  
Set it off in this motherfucker  
Wodie, wassup, Wodette, wassup, Wodie, wassup  
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Wodie, wassup, Wodette, wassup, Wodie, wassup  
Set it off in this motherfucker The niggidy, niggidy Nile's in this bitch, get right  
Fuck what you heard on the street it's CMR for life  
Still ridin' on dubs, sippin' brown and white  
Jump stupid if you want bitch we gon' clown tonite We got twenty-five choppers in the V.I.P.  
Cristal and 40 yack and a pound of weed  
I know you wait for me to get drunk and follow me home  
Picture what I'ma give you though, a shot to yo' dome Fuck it if your boys gon' be talkin' they gon' get hit too  
I'm really not givin' a fuck, long as I get you  
Jamie, Fresh, Joe, Bubba  
Ya gotta admit ha, Juvie a motherfucker I'ma general, executin' the plan  
Got a vision of the 3rd Ward, rulinn the land  
Runnin' up on hoes, tellin' them to jump in the van  
Mommy please come break off just me and my man Wodie, wassup, Wodette, wassup, Wodie, wassup  
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Wodie, wassup, Wodette, wassup, Wodie, wassup  
Set it off in this motherfucker55 percent of these niggaz is fake  
The other 45 percent be handlin' they weight  
55 percent of these women is hoes  
The other 45 percent be playin' they roleMr. Officer, Mr. Officer  
Take these motherfuckin' cuffs off of us  
We ain't kill nobody in this car, for us  
And ridin' on 20's is the law for usI ain't from France but excuse my French  
Fuck ya if ya hatin', nigga save that then  
I been dealin' wit you bitches from way back then  
Plus I kept a fire duck off the lay back inYou say my momma played me and J be tight  
'Cause Juvie takin' care, so everything alright  
Bitches see the sliver seraph wit them phat ass pipes  
Bein' followed by some niggaz on some bad ass bikesWodie, wassup, Wodette, wassup, Wodie, wassup  
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