What Set You Claim

JR Writer

[Chorus]
I've been doing this consistant,I ain't neva changed,every studio I visit it was set in flames (FIRE)
If you respect the game, get your money, F the fame, twist up your your fingers nigga let em know what set you claim, hey
I'm from the back blocks of harlem , where they mack and revolve em if he ask for a problem, walk up in the building clack
up and rob em, harlem nigga, the men in black couldn't guard em

[Verse1:]
(hey) I'm in the rover grining wit a couple older women, and all the windows down just so you can know I'm winning
(yea thats me) but if the doja trippin' trust there wont be no avenges(why)
I'll put you all in trunks, like you niggas going swimming (blaat)
Get you off quick, for the slow dough I'm spinnin (what's dat?)
You'll see a row of henchmen(when?)
soon as I throw a lincoln, not to overmention nigga you was cheap(why
If you cripple me, I'd still be on my feet, lyircally I'm heat, turn these creeps into dirt garbage(basura) I got that hunger that you had when you first started, hood to the burbs(suburbs)hardest truly a G(who?) JR writer that nigga you
salute when you see , cuz

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[Verse2:]
I'm a diplomat OC, yous a midget scrap stop, for this fifth or mack pop, sit you in a black box, got my fitted cap twisted back, in the lac drop, theres some chick i mack, in the back givin that top, I'm a smooth mothafucka, with
killa rap props, the kid is trash not, I am skipping past hot, you ain't spittin crack rock, new airs with the see-through fronts,chump(why?) so you can see me diplomat socks ha, you ain't heard of who? i skip by in convertibles,
at summer jam i was performing for 50,000 thousand, where were you?
fuck what they said, you forever a biter, and ain't got enough swag to be better then writer, cuz

[Chorus:]

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Lyrics submitted by lontae.

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