

# Set It Off (feat. T.I. & Problem)

## Bad Lucc

Pussy nigga try me if you wanna  
We open fire on your corner  
Beef, you know you don't want it  
Better go on with all that bologna  
Boy you flaw and you phoney  
I'm as real as it gets  
Your homie soft and he pussy  
I'd rather chill with his bitch  
Finna set it off in this bitch, set it off in this bitch  
Double breasted Smith n' Wesson to set it off in this bitch  
Set it off in this bitch, set it off in this bitch  
Double breasted Smith n' Wesson to set it off in this bitch Shout of them niggas  
On the frontlines with them yoppas  
AOP my nigga, play me on a 1  
I call them knockas  
Money by the bag and fuck your jug  
I get it mando  
Daddy never sleeping when I'm creeping  
It's extendo  
Hanging out the roof I yell my city  
Then I flex up  
Me and Problem gonna check up  
Everything from the neck-up  
My dealer Stony, and he next up  
Skinny nigga hold that tec up  
Beef with me, that shit messed up  
Put 50 shots where you rest up  
Down ass nigga go ape shit  
30 inch on that space shit  
Big boy don't say shit  
Got Little niggas don't play shit  
Hundred k on your people  
To make you niggas look see-through  
Bad Lucc is the preview  
Tear shit down what we do Pussy nigga try me if you wanna  
We open fire on your corner  
Beef, you know you don't want it  
Better go on with all that bologna  
Boy you flaw and you phoney

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I'd rather chill with his bitch  
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Double breasted Smith n' Wesson to set it off in this bitch  
Set it off in this bitch, set it off in this bitch  
Double breasted Smith n' Wesson to set it off in this bitch While I took over the city  
Niggas wonderin' how we did it  
Married to the grind, you only shine if you committed  
Overlook your kind  
I don't got time for nothing kiddy  
Got soldiers like lieutenants  
That knock logos off of fitted's  
Be that guy, go 'head be that guy  
Fire in that eye, soldier fly  
Bla bla bla, say hi to Allah  
Fuck these marks, nigga fuck these marks  
I decide your fate  
Young nigga acting like a G, old drug dealers hate  
That ain't real nigga  
That ain't real nigga  
And your squad ain't one real nigga, ain't one real nigga  
On my mom, 'cause if it was  
They woulda told your ass about fuckin' with me though  
Don't ever mention Mike with Tito  
He ain't on my level boy

Songwriters

Harden, Terence / Harris, Clifford / Martin, Jason Published by

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