

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
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Double breasted Smith n' Wesson to set it off in this bitchWhile 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

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