The Set Up

Nas

Q.B. since 1933 to 9 6
Check the shit, 9 6
Escobar 600, check the shitMy mindset, son got wet, I'm vexed really
They snatched off his Rolex, smacked his bitch silly
Why niggaz actin' illy? Word to Will, he 'bout to feel it
I feel it, he shoulda been dealt wit itThem niggaz sour, they put to much flour in they coke
An' got the nerve to wonder why they broke
While we was gleamin', niggaz was schemin'
Seen the ill Beamers beamin'
Triple beam an' doublin' cream, had 'em feignin'To get they fingers on the dosa, I called Sosa
Sosa, these niggaz hit the God, bring the toaster
Meet me in the 'Bridge, I'm 'bout to go loca
Left my 'rat beggin' me to stay an' stroke herHe came through with two fly bitches, Venus an' Vicious
Wit two macs inside the Volvo, what up, God?
I'm still sober, I need some Henn' to bend me over
My nigga Hav, got a soldier
It's gettin' down, it's goin' down, kidI heard he might not live, I'm holdin' back tears
Told these broads, to put it in gear
With two females that don't smile, diggin' they style
Yo, what up, son?
These niggaz done started somethin' wildYou know the clique well, Ramel with the gold in his grill
Tried to get a name holdin' the steel
I paid attention to the females
Maintain bitches when it get real
Sos' pulled me close an' told me the dealHe said both hoes'll peel, spray shots an' reload
An' still handle the wheel, point 'em out
Smoke a Phil' then chill, I layed back
Escobar status, knowin' The Firm got it cornered
We on it, shit, we was born witSpark the lye, Q.B.C., yo, it's do or die
In this business an' trifeness
I finesse this for R.D., we chef shit
Perfect shit, Albert Einstein minds connect wit
Dangerous sons, step back let the tech lift
Lift you up, bless you wit a shorty then we set you upSpark the lye, Q.B.C., yo, it's do or die
In this business an' trifeness
I finesse this for R.D., we chef shit
Perfect shit, Albert Einstein minds connect wit
Dangerous sons, step back let the tech lift
Lift you up, bless you wit a shorty then we set you upHold it right there, pull over

That nigga right there, inside the Rover
I knew he'd be right here, I told ya
Let's get him now, look at him smile, ice Bulova
Polo pullover, big links an' rockin boulders He's stuntin', after he left my man like that
Without a fair chance to fight back, but I'll be right back
He never seen us, Sos' gave the mac to Venus an' Vicious
Lookin' delicious, handle yo' bidness An' step to him, shake yo' ass, try to screw him
Do what ya gotta do to get to him
A tight parasuco with young faces
Can turn niggaz Buttafuco, of all ages, they was amused By the way they walked, way they talked
Only if they knew these girls'd spray New York
If they had to, heard him ask Venus, "Could I have you?"
He jumped out a Jeep, heard her tell him, "Don't grab Boo" They started chattin', was only 'bout a minute, flat when
They jumped in the back of the Jeep laughin'
We followed them pollyin', he thought the hoes were Somalian
Probably wanted to hit the Holiday Inn I grabbed the phone an' called the Mobb an' 'em
We layed low about a hour or so
These bitches movin' too slow
We both holdin', what if them wild hoes started foldin'?
Sosa said, Say no more, we started rollin' Before we got in they must have shot him, security wildin'
There the girls go, hurry up, we out in
The 940, me, Sosa an' two shorties
The punk niggaz got murdered in the orgy Spark the lye, Q.B.C., yo, it's do or die
In this business an' trifeness
I finesse this for R.D., we chef shit
Perfect shit, Albert Einstein minds connect wit
Dangerous sons, step back let the tech lift
Lift you up, bless you wit a shorty then we set you up Q.B.C., Queensbridge, motherfucker
Ropin' niggaz up 'cause our click is thick
Another day, another dollar
More money, more murder
Fuck this shit, Q.B. up in the house

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