

Set It Off

Lil Durk

You know I love my niggas man, to death
Free Nine
I can't change for no bitch, no money, no nothing, you hear me?
My loyalty's to my brothers, to these streets, you dig?
Gang, woah What you know 'bout trigger hands with dummy
What you know 'bout warrin' over money? yeah baby
365, tryna make it through the summer
What you know 'bout lawyers bein' for the public?
I just told my niggas I can't go broke no more
I just told my jeweler I need an Audemar
I hit the lot and cop a foreign car
Like I can't believe it
Fake hoes, say no, ay
Fly shit, better clothes, ay
Choppers and dracos, ay
I remember late shows, ay
Crack 'til the bank close, ay
Fuckin' one of Drake's hoes, ay
Stashin' in the straight A, ay
One from you A\$AP, ay
One time pop out, slide
Get killed, you go outside
Not unless the mob's outside
Never read, keep my mouth quiet
Shoes cost to feed your boy, ay
Free the guys till they outside
Four hundred bands, that's why y'all mad
Signed hyp, that's why y'all mad
Let it off
In the roof and the hood like set it off
Front me a brick, I'ma get it off
Since I was five I been a boss
Swag OC, I'm a [?]
He run and got out but I ain't seen the boy
Yeah, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
What you know 'bout trigger hands with dummy
What you know 'bout warrin' over money? yeah baby
365, tryna make it through the summer
What you know 'bout lawyers bein' for the public?

I just told my niggas I can't go broke no more
I just told my jeweler I need an Audemar
I hit the lot and cop a foreign car
Like I can't believe it Nowhere to stay
Always shots, nowhere to play
My life so crazy now
Spent eight on the section, said fuck Section 8
I bought my mom a new crib
No more rent being late
I told my great she get to roll and that's my ride ok?
Bar money, brick money
Car money, stick money
Give a bitch nine dollars
A ho can't get shit from me
I used to sell soap
Gino ran out of coke
I hit 16, I had to tote
Because those killers ain't a joke
And I was tired of being broke
And I was tired of being poor
Kick door, kick door
I take it all and get gone
72 hours in a room
I never rat, so get owned
You had to rat to get on
Yeah yeah What you know 'bout trigger hands with dummy
What you know 'bout warrin' over money? yeah baby
365, tryna make it through the summer
What you know 'bout lawyers bein' for the public?
I just told my niggas I can't go broke no more
I just told my jeweler I need an Audemar
I hit the lot and cop a foreign car
Like I can't believe it

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>