It's A Set Up

Kurupt

Let's do it doggs ring ding dong
Bitch (aha aha) bitch (yeah what what what what what?)
Beeitch (set up set up set up) beeitch (it's a set up)
What they're doing? They're trying to...They're trying to set me up they're trying to set me up
They want to set me up they want to set me up
They're trying to set me up they're trying to set me up
They're trying to set me up but check it outThis is it call it how you want to call it
Brawling, call in the headhunter, start headhunting
How do you want it? I said we could spread arms
Bust and stare, you want to snatch a life, is that right?
Want to-get-rich ass nigga, snitch ass nigga
Fake switch bitch ass nigga, up-in-to-get-lynched ass nigga
Ain't nothing to it, raw doggs doing the lynching, master assassins
Henchmen, the whole world's against me (fuck 'em)
It's a million to one, Kurupt with one gun
And a whole backyard of ammo
Dump these lumps in nigga's backs like a camel
Get torn and worn just like sandals, now his Willy came to an end
You see that nigga he ride with, do him in
This nigga's so sweet, he got my girl to set me
Got her with the tech to tack me and disconnect me
There's no (?) when you're playing Russian roulette
They're trying to catch me, lay me down and sketch me
Young Gotti, (???)Bringing the whole fucking entourage of murderous mindsI don't know who rides with a mental dome, who will and who won'tTrust me, they all want to bust me, it's a set upChorus:I don't give a fuck who you bring to the tableAnd I don't give a fuck who you got with youYou played me, you're Kane and I'm AbelNow the ammo drops, watch 'fore the glock hits you (it's a set up)Don't you know? You fuck around with death sentinelIf you didn't learn you'd better start learning (it's a set up nigga)Aiming, bust and hit your left and you're coldThat's how motherfuckers get murderedHit the (???), fuck a sun roof, this car is dirtyDirty dirty buster, dirty motherfuckersHoller at the big homie Slop (what up Slop? what's up y'all?)Hit me on the hip, hit it quick on the dickGet this rap slapped in the clipYou see this black nigga, you'd better duck himThorough, in every neighborhood and borough, like motherfuck 'emYeah you know me, oh you want to show me a thang or twohow y'all do, nigga show me, creep through slowlyFriction, I can feel it all around me, my intuitionLA gangbang mentality got me on a violent spree, violentlyBusting, dusting niggaz off silentlyI ain't even trying to be what I can be or could handleBut niggaz trying to make me an exampleGo over to the West (to the West), niggaz want to feudGo back to the East (to the East), niggaz want to feudI'm 'bout to go to the North and South to see, what,are y'all niggaz on that same fucking bullshit, 'cause? (I don't know)ChorusIt's a set up motherfucker, what, it's a set upI'm tired of these bitch ass niggaz, it's a set up niggaCan't help it, hoes come throughMe set, I know 'em, they're out to set meThey want to get me, get the homiesThe rainstorm's coming

and every motherfucker's trying to wet meYo it's unforgettable, no you can't touch meClutch me like a mic, and do just what you like?Hell no nigga, even though you dislike meYou want to be just like me, niggaz they despite meSee all the homies, I make loot like Spike LeeDozens, rolling through with me, my homies and my cousinsI give a fuck nigga, I could stay bustingAnd still rock it right, and hit the spotlightShine bright, these fake ass niggaz, snake ass niggazEarthquake ass niggaz, I shake these niggazShake ass niggaz, thinking you can come through all the timewant to fuck with Kurupt, I just sit, prepare the rhymeNow I'm all about the cash niggaThinking you could come throughYou got your heater cocking on busts you just flashed niggaChorus (2x)Murdered...What? Attack assassins, huhJust ask the homie D, he rides with meJust ask the homie Snoop, S-N-double O-P, he rides with meJust ask my big homeboy, my big homie, he rides with meHuh, ask 'em all, they ride with meTop doggs, D-O-double G's, they ride with meAsk my homie Big (???), he rides with meAsk the big homeboy be, he rides with meAnd the homie D, Slop, what? they ride with meBig see, he rides with meBig Tray D rides with meBig Sean D rides with meBig Breez, he rides with meK-you-are-you-P-T, beeitch!

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