

Sets Go Up (Featuring Wacko) [Explicit Version]

Juvenile

(One)

Never gonna stop tryin' to get it

(Two)

Never turn my back on my city

(Three)

Never let the money fuck with me

(Four)

I'ma never stop hollerin' at the bitches And the sets go up

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And the sets go up Hey homie, you don't wanna get familiar with us

Fuckin' over you would give me and my niggaz a rush

I'm sick of all you and the fortune and supposed to be thugs

Tellin' stories 'bout your life when that was not how it was

Yeah, a nigga did some shit back in the days with the pack

Like in your hood, when you was out there gettin' paid with the crack

You get the fuck when you hear shots and it's not yo' peep

But if a ricochet hit you, you better pop yo' heat Yeah, you know I'm from the 'Nolia but you do not know me

Quit eyeballin' a nigga down 'fore you get shot homie

You don't wanna know what I've been thinkin' up

You better go 'head on and find you another spot to chill

'cause I've been drinkin'

'cause we see a light and everything ain't great

It's like everybody mind is in the same old state, ya know

I'll throw a nigga fucked up with his revenues

I'ma tell you four fuckin' things I'ma never do (One)

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(Two)

Never turn my back on my city

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And the sets go up From the 3 to the 17, ey yo, we doin' it big

If you're ghetto you know who Wacko and Juvenile is

New Orleans, see I'ma rep that, 'cause these my peeps

You could pick up some bad habits hangin' in these streets

Have you talkin' to this and that nigga and showin' your teeth

Walkin' 'round you like you took care and you handled your beef

Pissed off 'cause your hoe wanna come talk to me To show me the little gift that she done bought for me

I take it back to when the big timers was pushin' the size

When niggaz wore Dickies suits like it was regular jobs

We cop Adidas, ghost town and Anita's used to be packed

And rumors started poppin' and it started to crack

We used to drink Crazy Horse and shoot dice in the back

We had four rules in life and I can promise you that (One)

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(Two)

Never turn my back on my city

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And the sets go up Now why you muggin' a nigga? Let that bitch go

Let her bounce with a gangsta out six coat

Let her wil' out and flick it off a disco

Let me gas up, dick her down and get ghost

Ain't trickin' for the vagina, I like to get throat

Yo' stupid ass tryin' to stay in here and lick toes

Good girls love G's, that's how the shit go

That's why niggaz need to tighten up and get low I know you heard of, I'm gettin' doe

Let me check my palm pilot, I'm gettin' hoes

Let me check my squad' wallies, we gettin' close
My squad up in the crowd wilin', they spittin' more
Drive by in the '5-5, forget a '4
Five, five and another five, we get a show
Fifteen and another five, you'll get some blow
You hustlin' your block, pop and you get some more(One)
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(Two)
Never turn my back on my city
(Three)
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Songwriters

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