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 bitchesAnd the sets go up
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And the sets go upHey 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' heatYeah, 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)
Never gonna stop tryin' to get it
(Two)
Never turn my back on my city

(Three)
Never let the money fuck with me
(Four)
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And the sets go upFrom 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 meTo 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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And the sets go upNow 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 lowI know you heard of, I'm gettin' doe
Let me check my palm pilot, I'm gettin' hoes

Let me check my squad' wallets, 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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Songwriters
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