## Sets Go Up

## 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 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 'Cuz I've been drinkin' 'Cuz 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) I'ma never stop hollerin' at the bitches 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, 'cuz 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 'cuz 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) 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 And the sets go up And the sets go up

And the sets go up And the sets go up And the sets go up And the sets go up And the sets go up 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' 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) 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 these bitches And the sets go up And the sets go up

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