

# Set It Off

## Static-X (start a war)

Real nigga shit, now I'm 'bout to show you how the West coast rock

Real nigga shit, now I'm 'bout to show you how the West coast rock

Real nigga shit

Here come The Villain again, grab your hoe and get the fuck outta town

This nigga shit make the world go round

It's that black nigga Ren, duck when I bust

Make Jada get on these nuts, make Will, love to cuss

You wanna fuck with us? Man, I wouldn't do it

Ask this nigga here, his ass, we ran right through it

You out actin' like yo' shit be tight

Get some shit, fuck it off like Tamika Wrigh

Get the fuck out my site, I Ren-incarnate

Droppin' West coast shit in every motherfuckin' state

Motherfuckin' legend, y'll niggaz be knowin'

You can leave yo' bitch and keep on goin'

I am Doggy Dogg bitch, beitch, love to hit a switch

Never hit a bitch, beitch, love that gangsta shit

Can I hear your flow? Can I fuck yo' hoe?

Boy you hard on 'em, nigga you ain't know?

When you testify, you got to keep it fly

A lot of niggaz lie, shit we do or die

E'ryday we high, it's like a nine to five

I got my nina my fo'-heata beata by my side

I keep it tucked close when I'm on the West coast, West coast

I keep it on post when I'm with my East coast folks locs, East coast

Y'all know what's crack-a-lackin'

I'm from the hood of the drivebys and kidnappin's and car-jackin's

Me and Snoop Dogg on the hog

On our way to the mall, fuck all a y'll

We gon' ball 'til we fall, watch the chrome crawl

Intercept these fine bitches 'cause we want 'em all

Droppin' drawers, poppin' coochie and lickin' balls

Only gangsta ass nigga follow nigga laws

Only gangsta ass bitches get to run the hogs

Only real ass niggaz get to set it off

Now, the way I gets off in that ass it's a sin to not assassin

Grab a microphone have flashbacks and start flashin', ahh

I'm bound to toast ya

String you up like you was on the Ponderosa

Sip on Mimosa do it that way 'cause I'm supposed ta  
Now most of ya, don't measure up  
I'll make it hot and turn the pressure up  
Steamin', regular, nah supreme and I ain't gassed  
I blow an MC away like Fox when I pass  
Ain't nuttin' shitty about this here fuck around and that's that ass  
Just like, grass I, I want more Green than the Goblin

Matter of fact I want more Bank than that chick that be modelin', uhh

My uzi weighs more than a single ton  
I leave you single son, who wanna mingle not a single one  
Hah, now tell me what you figure, nigga  
Rob load up the show slow flow spitter  
The hard hitter, uhh, the R nigga, roll  
I break it down sweet then I bring it back slow  
Me and Snoop Dogg on the hog  
On our way to the mall, fuck all a y'll  
We gon' ball 'til we fall, watch the chrome crawl  
Intercept these fine bitches 'cause we want 'em all  
Droppin' drawers, poppin' coochie and lickin' balls  
Only gangsta ass nigga follow nigga laws  
Only gangsta ass bitches get to run the hogs  
Only real ass niggaz get to set it off  
Nigga that was dumb diggy diggy dumb dumb  
Here them niggaz come kiddy kiddy come come  
I think a nigga sprung spriggy spriggy sprung sprung  
Probably why he done diggy diggy done done  
Yo' lady think I'm cute, I be knockin' her boots  
When she's away from home, she be swallowin' juice  
You thinkin' that's yo' son but he ain't lookin' like you  
See the barrel of a gun, nigga whatcha gon' do? Set it off  
Niggaz pop mo' shit while we drop mo' shit  
Continously, nigga nigga please  
Slang yo' ki's, birdies and trees  
You can catch me and my niggaz, overseas  
Shootin' the breeze with a cute Vietnamese  
Or was she Lebanese? I think she Chinese  
It really don't matter 'cause they all on they knees  
It's somethin' 'bout these motherfuckin' West coast G's  
Make that cheese when the cops come you bet' not freeze  
Blast on 'em like the Genovese, they yo' enemies  
Lock you up and fuck you up  
Talk shit to you beat you down then cuff you up  
And leave you in a cell stuffed, damn  
I ain't got no money for bail that's real as fuck, f'real

Tryin' to get a meal ticket and kick it  
Chill, catch a plane to Spain or maybe Brazil  
On the real can you feel me?  
Yeah, yeah, set it off, it's Kurupt Young Gotti  
Doin' it big for all y'all suckers  
We set it off, Snoop Dogg, it's 'Tha Last Meal'  
Last time y'll suckers gon' eat off my big homeboy  
We set it off, we set it off, West coast

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