

## Juvenile f/ Wacko

### "Sets Go Up"

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[Chorus]

(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 (\*17X\*)

[Juvenile]

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' 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

[Chorus]

(One) Never gonna stop tryin' to get it  
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(Four) I'ma never stop hollerin' at the bitches

And the sets go up (\*9X\*)

[Juvenile]

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

[Chorus]

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And the sets go up (\*9X\*)

[Wacko]

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 \*clap-clap\*, 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

[Chorus]

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