

Nas Featuring Havoc

"The Set Up"

Visit "[The Set Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Nas]

Uhh.. (yeah, yeah, yeah)

Q.B. since 1933 (know dat)

To nine-six (nine-six motherfucker)

Check the shit

[Havoc]

Nine-six

Escobar 600

[Nas]

Check the shit

My mindset, son got wet, I'm vexed really

They snatched off his Rolex, smacked his bitch silly

Why niggaz actin illy word to Will he bout to feel it

I feel it, he shoulda been dealt wit it

Them niggaz sour, they put to much flour in they coke

And got the nerve to wonder WHY THEY BROKE

While we was gleamin, niggaz was scheamin

Seen the ill Beamers beamin

Triple-beam and doublin cream, had em feenin

to get they fingers on the dosa, I called Sosa

Sosa, these niggaz hit the God, bring the toaster

Meet me in the 'Bridge I'm bout to go loca

Left my 'rat beggin me to stay and stroke her

He came through with two fly bitches, Venus and
Vicious

wit two macs inside the Volvo, what up God, I'm still
sober

I need some Henn' to bend me over

My nigga Hav got a soldier

It's gettin down it's goin down kid (I got this, I got this)

I heard he might not live, I'm holdin back tears

Told these broads, to put it in gear

with two females that don't smile diggin they style yo

Whattup son, these niggaz done started somethin wild

You know the clique well, Ramel with the gold in his grill

Tried to get a name holdin the steel, I paid attention to
the females

Maintain bitches when it get real

Sos' pulled me close and told me the deal

He said both hoes'll peel, spray shots and reload

and still handle the wheel, point em out smoke a Phil'
then chill

I layed back Escobar status, knowin The Firm got it
cornered

We on it, shit we was born wit

Chorus: Havoc

Spark the lye, Q.B.C. yo it's do or die

In this, business and trifeness

I finesse this, for R.D., we chef shit

Perfect shit, Albert Einstein minds connect wit
dangerous sons, step back let the tech lift
Lift you up, bless you wit a shorty then we set you up
Spark the lye, Q.B.C. yo it's do or die
In this, business and trifeness
We finesse this, for R.D., we chef shit
Perfect shit, Albert Einstein minds connect wit
dangerous sons, step back let the tech lift
Lift you up, bless you wit a shorty then we set you up

[Nas]

Hold it right there pull over
That nigga right there inside the Rover
I knew he'd be right here, I told ya
Let's get him now, look at him smile, ice Bulova
Polo pullover, big links and rockin boulders
He's stuntin, after he left my man like that
without a fair chance to fight back, BUT I'LL BE RIGHT
BACK
He never seen us, Sos' gave the mac to Venus
and Vicious, lookin delicious, handle yo' bidness
and step to him, shake yo' ass try to screw him
Do what ya gotta do to get to him
A tight parasuco, with young faces
can turn niggaz Buttafuco, of all ages, they was
amused
by the way they walked, way they talked

Only if they knew these girls'd spray New York

if they had to, heard him ask Venus, "Could I have you?"

He jumped out a Jeep, heard her tell him, "Don't grab Boo"

They started chattin, was only bout a minute, flat when they jumped in the back of the Jeep laughin

We followed them pollyin, he thought the hoes were Somalian

Probably wanted to hit the Holiday Inn

I grabbed the phone and called the Mobb and them

We layed low about a hour or so, these bitches movin too slow

We both holdin, what if them wild hoes started foldin?

Sosa, said say no more, we started rollin

Before we got in they must have shot him, security wildin

There the girls go, hurry up we out in

the 940, me Sosa and two shorties

The punk niggaz got murdered in the orgy

Chorus 1/2

[unknown lady - not credited]

Q.B.C.

QueensBridge motherfucker

Ropin niggaz up

Cause our click is thick

Another day another dollar

More money, more murder

Fuck this shit, Q.B. up in the house

Visit [Nas Featuring Havoc](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.