

## First Love

### "Set Trippin'"

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Geah  
Ain't nothin but killers in this bitch  
Ugh  
Check it out  
In the muthafuckin house  
Nigga  
For the 9 to the 6  
Ain't nothin but the VIII Hype Thugs  
Ugh  
It ain't nothin but the VIII Hype Thugs  
It ain't nothin but the VIII Hype Thugs  
Geah, nigga  
Check it out

[ VERSE 1: MC Eiht ]

Err, as I hit you up  
Not givin a fuck  
Geah, I know you hate it  
Gang affiliated  
For niggas trippin, they wanna hang  
Punk bitches talk shit, I'm down to bang-bang  
The thugs roll too thick  
Bangin before hair start to grow on my dick  
Fool, you best not be slippin by your lonely  
Collectin my stripes, cause b.g. Eiht was hungry  
Done trapped, Eiht spit speedy  
In the M.C. we hit your block lookin too greedy  
Innocent by-standers in they driveways  
Yellow tape, here it comes, no better days  
Stripe number one, you bitches ain't feelin me  
Bust caps every day, ain't no killin me  
So you better run  
Cause I'ma let my shit spit, dum-diddy-dum

[ CHORUS ]

Set trippin  
Them niggas are flippin  
Got a gang of guns  
So you gots to run (2x)

[ VERSE 2: MC Eiht ]

Straight thuggin it up, and I'm not givin a fuck  
Anybody gets bucked (I said buck-buck-buck)  
Geah, that's how we do it, straight clownin  
9 mill gat I'm packin, keep frownin  
Fool, cause it ain't no thang  
Fresh Chuck T's with the fat-ass strings  
You gets my point, khakis saggin  
Cause of the gat full of fuckin hollow points  
(Watch out now) That ass gon' get shot up bad  
(That's right) That ass gon' get a shot-up pad  
I hope your mama ain't home, I hope your kids ain't  
'sleep  
Ain't no shame in this muthafuckin damn game  
Catch my gang affiliation  
And you gon' get hit, sent on a long vacation  
Fool, so you better run  
Cause I'ma let my shit spit, dum-diddy-dum

[ CHORUS ]

Nigga  
MC Eiht in the house  
Take 2 to your mouth  
Boom Bam in the house  
Take 2 to your mouth  
Nigga

[ VERSE 3: Boom Bam ]

It's just a handfull of niggas can hang with me  
I'm a clean example how this nigga became a gee  
At the age of 15 I got tatted up  
That's when my punk-ass enemies got gatted up  
With the 9mm hittin, spittin in the darkness  
So pass me a light, so I can spark this  
Blunt, punk, or get slapped upside yo black head  
Don't smoke lley, but I crack heads  
And for the niggas that don't believe, I gots to show em  
That I don't trust a muthafucka far as I can throw him  
VIII Hype Thugs, and we love pumpin em slugs  
Up in muthafuckas heads, leavin em for dead  
Cause shit is gettin drastic  
I had my gat, so I blasted  
Now you're wrapped in plastic  
And labelled with the toe tag  
I bet your bitch-ass won't be comin with no mo' drag  
(See ya) So you're best to run  
Cause I'ma let my shit spit, dum-diddy-dum

Word  
What the fuck  
Geah

The notorious, victorious VIII Hype Thugsters  
59

Comtpon all day  
We don't play

(Try to deal with it)

[ CHORUS ]

And we out

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