

## **Ghostface Killah "Set It Off"**

Visit "[Set It Off](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(featuring Trife)

[Big Daddy Kane sample]

In control and effect

So what the heck, rock the discoteque

[Ghostface Killah]

Bring all the hammers and the buchanans

My click ran in and acted as blazin' as though we still  
standin'

Spot raid of Rich Gannon, I play the bench standin'

Front of them snitch cameras, blow up your bitch

Hannon

Give her a quick chance to kiss glance

In the mix, I saw the bitch sniffin', just dance

Slept on a peel, then broke her wrist, and burnt her  
quick

And stopped her wish, one of my wig pushed in

Ghostface is local, slick murder shit with a new rhyme  
hustle

Still bust you, fuck you, head bust you, respect my  
muscle

Like a mean hooker, I'm not gonna tussle, I'll cut you

And that goes for any nigga who think that they better  
than me

Punch in his face, fuck him up mentally

Real robe and pop my throne

Pop a cop if he show signs of any kinda stop my flow

This is real life lyricist, never a witness

See me clappin' the tools, improve my wrist

The dude is, the ruger is super steel

Fall back, take a look at my face, for real

My attempts to kill, sent a gate to chills

When his brain hit the windshields, brake ill

[Chorus: sample]

Burn it it, aw, burn it

And you know, got to have them set it

Burn it, aw, burn it

What a life, not a life, ha, ha, ha, hahahaha

[Trife]

Yo, get hooked like syringe with dope in it  
And you a dummy like crack bags with soap in it  
See, well I'mma got a scope with it, drama don't  
approach with it  
Blow you off the coast, now your momma got a coat  
with it  
Young nigga, smokin' marijuana with the coke in it  
Sellin' CD's, VCR's and the remote with it  
Easy, duke, man I need this loot  
Look at my face, all hairy like some kiwi fruit  
Dead serious, showin' no teeth, holdin' my heat  
Put his eyes in the back of his head, he goin' to sleep  
For fuckin' with a top boss, niggaz get knocked off  
I always drop shit for the streets like a cop's horse  
Nigga you cock soft, scared to pop off  
And I spit fire, my tongue's dipped in hot sauce  
It'll burn you, toss and turn you  
Have you bleed internal, get popped like kernels

[Chorus]

Visit [Ghostface Killah](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

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