

Juvenile

"Set It Off (feat. Baby, Lil Wayne, Turk)"

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[Lil Wayne]

(Okay) Uh-huh (uh-huh) okay (mmhmm) uh-huh

(Mmhmm) Street mix (street mix)

(Uh-huh) Listen, listen, listen..

(Ladies and gentleman!)

Okay I'm Weezy Wee the man and I reps it well

And it's gon' be Cash Money whether death or jail

Catch me flossin in the hood, tryin to get at ya girl

Or in a Porsche like a bat out of hell - vrrrrrooom

Now I'ma tell ya how it is and no matter the cost

Respect me or get a shot to where you gather your thoughts

Got a Escalade wavin on them deep dish rims

And got ya girl sayin "We just friends" - I ain't trippin

I'ma do it for my city so ya gotta get with it

Blue-eyed Bentley, knew I'd get it, uh-huh

From the streets of the dirty, it's humid and muddy

We get money or it get bloody, ya hoid me?

I got some freaks on my side that you'll like

And somethin on my wrist colder than a Coors Light

It's SQ-7 CMB it's life

It's Hot Boy forever Weezy Wee get right, uh-huh

(Ladies and gentleman!)

[Chorus 2X: Juvenile]

A wodie, whassup? Wodette, whassup?

A wodie, whassup? Set it off in this mother whassup?

A wodie, whassup? A wodette, whassup?

A wodie, whassup? Set it off in this mother whassup?

[Baby]

I'm the #1 stunna Baby, B, Bryan and Bubba

Got that Crist' in my hand, a pistol in the other

Olde English and Hot Boy bout to get in some trouble

Plus I'm leanin off the liquor, bout to get at your woman

I'm runnin with them HPG's, them Uptown thugs

I ain't buyin the bar homey I'm buyin the club

So mamma look, get chea, show me whassup

Put some straightenin on them dubs, and show me

some love

Like Hennessy, (?), clean, G
You gotta admit it that's the way it's supposed to be
I'm the bird man homey and I'm sellin them cheaps
Put hits on bustaz while I'm brushin my teefs
Can't quit this now cause you done played it too strong
Stunna call you on it 'til I'm dead and gone
One love to them Hot Boys, sellin that wrong
And my homies in the pen, from usin they phones

[Chorus]

[Turk]

Look, forget what ya heard dawg, Turk still thuggin
You got me messed up, bout to make me start bustin
Trust me, I don't miss cousin
And the last thing you see is fire and blood gushin
I'm a lil' thug, always strapped with that thang
You get killed thug, when you're messin with me main
I run with real soldiers called the B.G.F.
Ready for anything you could believe dat dere
I guess it's in us to be the way that we be
We all from Uptown, from the 3 'til the 13th
We tote choppers, with a hundred in 'em
And you see them dome shots we bout, runnin in 'em
We play it raw, give a know what about the law
They get stole too when they, messin with us
My team still strong, we all from the hood
CMR for life, come between? Wish you would

[Chorus]

[Juvenile ad libs to fade]

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