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Juvenile "Sets Go Up"

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(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

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

Yeah, a nigga did some shit back in the days with the

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

'Cuz 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

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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, 'cuz 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 'cuz 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

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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, 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

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