

**Nas****"Set Up"**Visit "[Set Up](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://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 schemin  
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 Buttafucio, 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](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.