

Bootleg "It's A Setup"

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[bootleg] (talkin)

What tha fuk goin on.....damn.....

what tha fuk imma do now?...its fucked up

chorus: [tommy gun&big;] (repeat 2X)

Its a setup its a jack its a lick

these niggaz tryin to stick me fa my shyt its a setup.

a setup betta notify tha click

some dicks bout ta run up in they shyt.

verse1

[bootleg]

The police had my house surrounded

the body that i hid them bitches musta found it...fuck,

I grabbed my bottled said a prayer i broke the cap and
downed it

I had a vision my decision was to load my heat

lif I here dey feet i'm holdin court right here on dayton
street

The copas gatherin they chatterin one lady said

"The only way you gettin him out that house is if he
come out dead"

Ya fuckin right tha shyt is tight when you tha trigga
man

Before i goto prison bitch i'm goin to the promise land

Don't show yo badge

Whip ya postioles before you get my dough

2cops shot him 2cops its time for me to buc some mo
(gun shots)

They got me pacin, facin natural for murder 1

The only charges i'mma face are charges from this
gun.

Antispatin all this waitin made me grab tha plate

I'm thinkin to myself i shoulda dumped that bitch in
devils lake

Police negotiater tellin me to come out slowly

I cocked my shyt looked out my window and them hoes
is steppin.

I opened fire threw my dough and made them bitches
flea

One of them fell and i could tell i bust him in his knee

Nothin to do put hit purea cuz i'mma die no doubt.

My first thought was nigga don't get sniped
Turn all these house lights out.
Layin on the floo high on blow my eyes big and buckey.
The sounds of semi-automatics rifles kept me duckin.
Let me go i crawled and got my uzzie
I came out tha house they got me

chorus

[bootleg]

They caught a mothafuka slippin
Some niggaz tryin to jack this rap capones mission.
Tupac always said "Neva leave out with out that steel"
I shoulda listened
I left it in the kitchen like a dumby
To busy cookin dope and checkin my bitch from stealin
money from me
"Bitch where my money at"
I was on my way to drop some money and some yay
[some bitch] "ay that mothafuka got dope on ya'll"
[bootleg]
And that was clear as day.
I'm bein followed by threee niggaz in a cutty
I'm nervous I got 18 ounces on me and stacks of
money.
Damn,they in prusuit.fa my loot,
Shyt I left my gun at home
Fuck that let me get my brotha on his mobile phone
I make tha call he wasn't home
Now i'm crummy
I worked to hard to let these bitches take it from me.
I had a thought shyt put the pedal to tha floo,
Oh no cuz if tha law come i'll be taken a loss fa sho
Picked up the phone called shoestring
"Ay some niggaz followin me can i come by ya house"
[shoestring] "come on"
And I'm gonna kill these bitches with this mac i'm
holdin
I bust a left and then i right now i'm jus 3 blocks away
Commin up tha block
Theres hella gangstas standin out in his drive way
Some sistahs with no resisitances started blastin
I'm damn near ran into a pole
I can see tha cutlass is crashin
I bust U and threw my goodies to my homies
Told em let me see that mac eleven
Let me see who tha fuck is creepin on me
Open tha door "bitches get out"
I got no responce
Cuz the driver hit his head on the wheel
And he was knocked un-concious.

The other two they came slowly from the vehicle,
My stanky bitches brotha this is str8 setup material

chorus 4x

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