

Final Truth

"Set Trippin'"

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Geah
Ain't nothin but killers in this bitch
Ugh
Check it out
In the muthafuckin house
Nigga
For the 9 to the 6
Ain't nothin but the VIII Hype Thugs
Ugh
It ain't nothin but the VIII Hype Thugs
It ain't nothin but the VIII Hype Thugs
Geah, nigga
Check it out

[VERSE 1: MC Eiht]

Err, as I hit you up
Not givin a fuck
Geah, I know you hate it
Gang affiliated
For niggas trippin, they wanna hang
Punk bitches talk shit, I'm down to bang-bang
The thugs roll too thick
Bangin before hair start to grow on my dick
Fool, you best not be slippin by your lonely
Collectin my stripes, cause b.g. Eiht was hungry
Done trapped, Eiht spit speedy
In the M.C. we hit your block lookin too greedy
Innocent by-standers in they driveways
Yellow tape, here it comes, no better days
Stripe number one, you bitches ain't feelin me
Bust caps every day, ain't no killin me
So you better run
Cause I'ma let my shit spit, dum-diddy-dum

[CHORUS]

Set trippin
Them niggas are flippin
Got a gang of guns
So you gots to run (2x)

[VERSE 2: MC Eiht]

Straight thuggin it up, and I'm not givin a fuck
Anybody gets bucked (I said buck-buck-buck)
Geah, that's how we do it, straight clownin
9 mill gat I'm packin, keep frownin
Fool, cause it ain't no thang
Fresh Chuck T's with the fat-ass strings
You gets my point, khakis saggin
Cause of the gat full of fuckin hollow points
(Watch out now) That ass gon' get shot up bad
(That's right) That ass gon' get a shot-up pad
I hope your mama ain't home, I hope your kids ain't
'sleep
Ain't no shame in this muthafuckin damn game
Catch my gang affiliation
And you gon' get hit, sent on a long vacation
Fool, so you better run
Cause I'ma let my shit spit, dum-diddy-dum

[CHORUS]

Nigga
MC Eiht in the house
Take 2 to your mouth
Boom Bam in the house
Take 2 to your mouth
Nigga

[VERSE 3: Boom Bam]

It's just a handfull of niggas can hang with me
I'm a clean example how this nigga became a gee
At the age of 15 I got tatted up
That's when my punk-ass enemies got gatted up
With the 9mm hittin, spittin in the darkness
So pass me a light, so I can spark this
Blunt, punk, or get slapped upside yo black head
Don't smoke lley, but I crack heads
And for the niggas that don't believe, I gots to show em
That I don't trust a muthafucka far as I can throw him
VIII Hype Thugs, and we love pumpin em slugs
Up in muthafuckas heads, leavin em for dead
Cause shit is gettin drastic
I had my gat, so I blasted
Now you're wrapped in plastic
And labelled with the toe tag
I bet your bitch-ass won't be comin with no mo' drag
(See ya) So you're best to run
Cause I'ma let my shit spit, dum-diddy-dum

Word
What the fuck
Geah

The notorious, victorious VIII Hype Thugsters
59

Comtpon all day
We don't play

(Try to deal with it)

[CHORUS]

And we out

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