

Slum Village

"Set It"

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[T3 verse]

I'ma set it, get it, got it, good/
I rep for my niggas in the D in the hood/
On that ass like the Fuzz, come and wack down on us/
They wanna see a player down, that's what it was/
All my ppl in the [], put your hands in the air/
And bop wit your nigga to the sound of the snare/
It's the [] to the [] with the S to the V/
The most killer most, 2 of the best on the beats/

[Chorus]

They don't want it? Ey! They don't want it? Nah!
Can they get it? Yup! They can they get it? Yeah!
Can I set it. Up, bout to set it, yeah!
Can we set it. Yup bout to set it, yeah!
They don't want it? Ey! They don't want it? Nah!
Can they get it? Yup! They can they get it? Yeah!
Bout to set it. Yup bout to set it, yeah!
Fitna set it. Yup bout to set it, yeah!

[Elzhi verse]

All my G's throw you triggers up/
By the hammer my hand on the biggest nutts/
No bamma, I blow gands when they split the blunt/
This is for my niggas stuck, up in the ghetto/
Pumping the metal, where they feel a fluff and they'll
kill you/
They quick to buck/
Chicks trickin, chicken cluck/
Switching up to your whip that your sister bumped/
You'll be succulent tits and now your dick is sucked/
Steady counting figures up/
Benjamins bend up to ten to twenty bucks/
Figured up on the Benz of any trendy truck/
I wedded and sticking up/
Innocent independent citizens/
Not givin' a cent of dividends, it could slit and cut/
I'm blowed and I'm liquored up, I've been told I'm cold
as a winter month/
And showed I can explode when it sickens up, Bloaw/
Back on the style, let me pick it up/

Did you predict that what I spit on this hit is ridiculous/
I should tip my Pimping cup/
Just for pitching up percent of a pigeons rent given for
living expense at the stripping club/

[Chorus]

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[Elzhi verse 2]

Don't let me catch you slipping up your numbers up/
Give and duck, or run a muck/
Attempt a jump like double jump, the clips'll bust/
Your clique is just sick of us/
Bringing the heat steaming me swinging defeat/
You street, dreaming on sleep, idiots?/
El, the sickest you ever heard/
And predicting a set of words/
That he stick in the head of nerds/
Or just gifted with lady curve and postions written to
say something/
Gotta stay buzzing coming of the line like a fadaway
Dr. J jumping/

[T3 bridge]

Cu-zin, we got the streets Buz-zin/
Villa blowing, bubb-ling/
Those who ain't caught on, fill em'...in/
We in this grizzie now and we playing to win/

[Chorus]

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