

Grafeffruits

"The Set Up"

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[Intro - Obie Trice]

Bitch I see you, cause you know I know you
Yeah I know you.

[Verse - Obie Trice]

Last time I saw you
You was brewed up, booed up, ready for a new fuck
Last time you saw me
I was P-I to the motherfucking M-P WHAT!
And lately I heard you's a broke bitch livin in the lower
class suburb
And lately the word is I live in a suburb and I don't fuck
with birds
She used to pump on the block
Sell a nigga rocks, bail a nigga out BUT!
She tried to plot on a nigga, vacan't lot one shot bitch
died go figure
He used to pay this bitch, gave her lots of shit
Fuck's wrong with this nigga man?
He used to bring her through the hood
Treat the bitch to fuckin good, my opinion
We used to blaze with the bitch, faded off the lick she
x-rays the clip
This nigga bought braids for the bitch
Louis Vuitton kicks and tricked on some sucka shit
Meanwhile in the hood she drivin around good
This bitch thinks she's in Hollywood
Meantime she settin the nigga up
Telling us what his stuff she's ready to get him stuck
WHAT!

[Chorus - Nate Dogg] (Obie Trice)

Thick thighs but she full of surprises
I swear this bitch is Shady (that's what I know)
Sex on her mind all the time
And you think that that's your baby (you don't know)
You a good guy that's living a lie
But she dove and played your safety (it's what I know)
If you cool and she satisfied
How come that bitch just paged me? (you don't know)

[Verse - Obie Trice]

We had to ride on a nigga
WATCH HIM! for the right time to get richer
We decided when the hit was, run up on him, .45 in the
ribs WHAT!
This nigga screamed like a bitch
Showed us what his shit hit her, hell of a lick BUT!
The bitch, who told us bout the bricks exposed us to the
nigga
He knew that we'd come BUT! {*gun shot*}
Meanwhile in his hood, his niggaz is suiting up and
Timbed, looted up
Rims and new trucks your man 'Livin It Up'
Then a van with no hubs suddenly pulled up and erupt
Shot a nigga the fuck up
Just my luck, the bitch got us both touched, it's like a
rush
The bitch who blushed and smoked blunts wit us
Turned out to be nuts, switched up
Mixed up wit the wrong slut
Got my friend zipped up in the bag, it's all bad
My niggaz got my back, in fact
They caught on her Ave, flossin in another nigga cab

[Chorus]

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