

## **Junior M.A.F.I.A. F/ Lil Caesar, Lil' Kim**

### **"Set Up"**

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One.. two.. one, two, three, four

[Too \$hort]

First we got the crack

Then we got the gats

Then they changed all the laws

It was a set up

Lockin all the young homies up

Gettin 'em all shot dead in the streets

Straight set up

I remember when the world went crazy

Crack cocaine, hit the streets in the 80's

Right before the crack they was smokin fat

They called it freebase and rich folks did that (that's right)

It's all good, but nobody in the hood

put powder in water and cooked it, they never would (naw)

A white boy did it, showed niggaz how to get it

The rich man's high got the ghetto addicted

It used to be expensive, fuck that ten shit

Turnin out cute little bitches that was innocent

Five years later, she to' up from the flo' up (be-itch)

Niggaz used to kiss her, now the bitch smell like throw-up

(hoe) What? I'm tellin the truth

The man had a plan that was killin the youth

You can smoke it, or sell it, if you choose you lose

It was a set up, got everybody singin the blues

They gave you the crack to start flippin your sack

You makin your money, it's sittin in stacks (yeah)

You bought you some gats, for niggaz who jack

Put a 50 in the crib, motherfucker bag that (nigga what?)

Somebody died, you're goin to war

You got a lot of straps and you want some more

You in the little leagues, AK's from the Middle East

Guns and coke, you wanna get a piece?

It was a set up, that's what the O.G.'s say

I heard Rick got his dope from the CIA

A new kind of baller out in sunny Los Angeles  
Benzes, houses, young niggaz havin this  
Oakland got a taste and all over the place  
Detroit to Miami they was rollin case  
Down to I-75, whatchu need in Atlanta  
White Christmas, a bag full of dope like Santa

(Whatchu need homey whatchu need?) It was a set up  
(I got whatchu need baby, I got whatever you need)  
(You got the money? I got the llello)

Don't look in his eyes, use your automatic weapons  
Shoot in the crowd and keep steppin (that's yo' ass)  
Read about it later, wrong nigga got hit  
Shot a gangster in the leg, but you killed a little kid  
Now where in the fuck did the guns come from?  
They used to put 'em up and say you want some?  
Now you get shot, makin all that loud noise (nigga)  
Have your pistol on your side like the cowboys (beotch)  
Cause you can make a lot of money when you sellin  
dope  
Sell your soul to the devil, say to hell with the Pope  
At the Benz dealer (yea I want that one) spend a  
hundred thousand cash  
You feelin like a hoe, money comin out your ass  
In a way, it's not your fault  
You stupid as fuck, that's why you got caught  
You never get out, and I'm still amazed  
You shoulda opened up a biz and bought some real  
estate  
(I'm havin money) Niggaz strapped like the military  
Know how to cook it, package it and get it there  
You get paid? You coulda been a CPA  
When you weigh that yay, tell the DEA  
It ain't mine (it ain't mine) I don't wanna do no time  
They got the new laws havin niggaz snitchin and lyin  
Cause what we do y'all we gotta get our own hustle  
I'm cool on the coke, I don't want no trouble (fuck that)  
I got a felony (one strike) I was caught in a bust  
Got probation, they can't stop us (unstoppable)  
I got two gat cases and I still ain't been to jail  
They caught my little homey on the hill and made him  
tell  
He told about the murders and the whole operation  
(shit)  
I feel like the slave, on a plantation  
Now I'm stuck in here, and don't wanna stay  
I wish I was a kid so I could go out and play

(They set me up man) It was a set up...

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