

Too \$hort "Set Up"

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One, two, one, two, three, four

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 '80s
Right before the crack they was smokin' fat
They called it 'Freebase' an' rich folks did that

It's all good but nobody in the hood
Put powder in water an' cooked it, they never would
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
Niggaz used to kiss her, now the bitch smell like throw
up

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
You bought you some gats for niggaz who jack
Put a 50 in the crib, motherfucker, bag that

Somebody died, you're goin' to war
You got a lot of straps an' you want some more
You in the little leagues, AKs from the Middle East
Guns an' 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 an' 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 yayo

Don't look in his eyes, use your automatic weapons
Shoot in the crowd an' keep steppin'
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 an' say, "You want some?"
Now you get shot, makin' all that loud noise
Have your pistol on your side like the cowboys

'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, 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 an' I'm still amazed
You shoulda opened up a biz an' bought some real
estate

I'm havin' money, niggaz strapped like the military
Know how to cook it, package it an' get it there
You get paid? You coulda been a CPA
When you weigh that yay, tell the DEA

It ain't mine, I don't wanna do no time
They got the new laws havin' niggaz snitchin' an' 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

I got a felony, I was caught in a bust
Got probation, they can't stop us
I got two gat cases an' I still ain't been to jail
They caught my little homey on the hill an' made him
tell

He told about the murders an' the whole operation
I feel like the slave on a plantation
Now I'm stuck in here an' don't wanna stay

I wish I was a kid so I could go out an' play

They set me up, man, it was a set up

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