

Nas F/ Havoc**"The Set Up"**

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ff7

[Nas]

Uhh.. (yeah, yeah, yeah)

Q.B. since 1933 (know dat)

To nine-six (nine-six motherfucker)

Check the shit

[Havoc]

Nine-six

Escobar 600

[Nas]

Check the shit

My mindset, son got wet, I'm vexed really

They snatched off his Rolex, smacked his bitch silly

Why niggaz actin illy word to Will he bout to feel it

I feel it, he shoulda been dealt wit it

Them niggaz sour, they put to much flour in they coke

And got the nerve to wonder WHY THEY BROKE

While we was gleamin, niggaz was scheamin

Seen the ill Beamers beamin

Triple-beam and doublin cream, had em feenin

to get they fingers on the dosa, I called Sosa

Sosa, these niggaz hit the God, bring the toaster

Meet me in the 'Bridge I'm bout to go loca

Left my 'rat beggin me to stay and stroke her

He came through with two fly bitches, Venus and

Vicious

wit two macs inside the Volvo, what up God, I'm still
sober

I need some Henn' to bend me over

My nigga Hav got a soldier

It's gettin down it's goin down kid (I got this, I got this)

I heard he might not live, I'm holdin back tears

Told these broads, to put it in gear

with two females that don't smile diggin they style yo

Whattup son, these niggaz done started somethin wild

You know the clique well, Ramel with the gold in his grill

Tried to get a name holdin the steel, I paid attention to
the females

Maintain bitches when it get real

Sos' pulled me close and told me the deal
He said both hoes'll peel, spray shots and reload
and still handle the wheel, point em out smoke a Phil'
then chill
I layed back Escobar status, knowin The Firm got it
cornered
We on it, shit we was born wit

Chorus: Havoc

Spark the lye, Q.B.C. yo it's do or die
In this, business and trifeness
I finesse this, for R.D., we chef shit
Perfect shit, Albert Einstein minds connect wit
dangerous sons, step back let the tech lift
Lift you up, bless you wit a shorty then we set you up
Spark the lye, Q.B.C. yo it's do or die
In this, business and trifeness
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[Nas]

Hold it right there pull over
That nigga right there inside the Rover
I knew he'd be right here, I told ya
Let's get him now, look at him smile, ice Bulova
Polo pullover, big links and rockin boulders
He's stuntin, after he left my man like that
without a fair chance to fight back, BUT I'LL BE RIGHT
BACK
He never seen us, Sos' gave the mac to Venus
and Vicious, lookin delicious, handle yo' bidness
and step to him, shake yo' ass try to screw him
Do what ya gotta do to get to him
A tight parasuco, with young faces
can turn niggaz Buttafuco, of all ages, they was
amused
by the way they walked, way they talked
Only if they knew these girls'd spray New York
if they had to, heard him ask Venus, "Could I have
you?"
He jumped out a Jeep, heard her tell him, "Don't grab
Boo"
They started chattin, was only bout a minute, flat when
they jumped in the back of the Jeep laughin
We followed them pollyin, he thought the hoes were
Somalian
Probably wanted to hit the Holiday Inn
I grabbed the phone and called the Mobb and them

We layed low about a hour or so, these bitches movin
too slow
We both holdin, what if them wild hoes started foldin?
Sosa, said say no more, we started rollin
Before we got in they must have shot him, security
wildin
There the girls go, hurry up we out in
the 940, me Sosa and two shorties
The punk niggaz got murdered in the orgy

Chorus 1/2

[unknown lady - not credited]
Q.B.C.
QueensBridge motherfucker
Ropin niggaz up
Cause our click is thick
Another day another dollar
More money, more murder
Fuck this shit, Q.B. up in the house

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