Set Set

Freddie Gibbs

Cook cocaine, put numbers on the set, well who you fuck with? I just cut four pills up in the deal up in the dope mix Just fucked up my smoke 'cause ain't my smoker got my dope kicked Bitch it ain't no snitching, play cutthroat you get your throat slit Bust down to Phillipe, I cop a Tec, I got my Rolls blinged Got expensive taste, won't even take head from a broke bitch Smoke that kush and pop them perkies, drank and snort that blow bitch Back when I was broke, wouldn't even take head from a broke bitch, bitchOr a slut bag or a thot thot I was seventeen with a knot knot Never chopped rocks in the slot box Shout out to my niggas on the lot lot We gon' shut it down when the narcs out Hurt a fuck nigga feelings when you go and fuck up a check at the car lot God damn Strap on my lap, hop out Hit 'em with the Mac, pop pop Holes in his chest, Fruit Loops Pull up on the set, doo dooStrap on my lap, hop out Hit 'em with the Mac, pop pop Holes in his chest, Fruit Loops Pull up on the set, doo dooA hunnid karats on my neck, I put it on the set set And my wrist is dripping wet, I put it in the set set Copping foreigns off the lot, I brought it to the set set Nigga pop and drop a opp I did it for the set set Whip it, whip it Whip it, whip it, whip it hard Ain't no witness, no weapon, my nigga I beat the charge Gotta ice a nigga so i'mma swipe a nigga put the brand new choppers on the Visa card Told that pussy nigga that this ain't no motherfucking movie but you gotta play your part Get you cut for it, snap and put it on the what boy All these rappers got humungous choppers but I swear they got some baby nuts boyIf you ever bought a chain back from a robber nigga you a fuck boy Putting duct tape on the whole fam, flexing for the Gram get you touched boy Who you trust boy? God damnStrap on my lap, hop out Hit 'em with the Mac, pop pop Holes in his chest, Fruit Loops Pull up on the set, doo dooStrap on my lap, hop out

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