Set It Off (feat. Lil Wayne, Baby & Turk)

Juvenile

Kick ass
(Mmm hmm)
C'mon
(Uh huh, mm hmm)
Y'all boys don't know nuttin' 'bout me
(Mm hmm, uh huh)
Ya heard? Ladies and gentlemenI'ma T.C. soldier, New Orleans stunna
If a bitch leave me, I'ma take everything from her
Leave while ya can, or ya mom will pick ya rum up
I'ma find me some new pussy and buy a Four-Runner
I walk with a limp, 'cause my nuts heavy
And I like it from the back so hold your butt steady
I know I got some big lips, but I ain't trippin'
And momma I love pussy, but I ain't lickin'
Now prepare yourself for a smooth dickin'
You don't want it girl? You don't know, what you missin'I'm the baddest boss nigga walkin', you ain't heard?
I got a team of head busters waitin' to give 'em the word
I gotta few in the East Coast, a few in the West
Down-South to Mid-W, whattup to the rest
Can't forget about the ghetto where they strugglin' in debt
No matter what I do dawg, I love my set, ladies and gentlemenWodie, wassup, Wodette, wassup, Wodie, wassup
Set it off in this motherfucker
Wodie, wassup, Wodette, wassup, Wodie, wassup
Set it off in this motherfucker
Wodie, wassup, Wodette, wassup, Wodie, wassup
Set it off in this motherfucker
Wodie, wassup, Wodette, wassup, Wodie, wassup
Set it off in this motherfuckerThe niggidy, niggidy Nile's in this bitch, get right
Fuck what you heard on the street it's CMR for life
Still ridin' on dubs, sippin' brown and white
Jump stupid if you want bitch we gon' clown toniteWe got twenty-five choppers in the V.I.P.
Cristal and 40 yack and a pound of weed
I know you wait for me to get drunk and follow me home
Picture what I'ma give you though, a shot to yo' domeFuck it if your boys gon' be talkin' they gon' get hit too
I'm really not givin' a fuck, long as I get you
Jamie, Fresh, Joe, Bubba
Ya gotta admit ha, Juvie a motherfuckerI'ma general, executin' the plan
Got a vision of the 3rd Ward, rulinn the land
Runnin' up on hoes, tellin' them to jump in the van

Mommy please come break off just me and my manWodie, wassup, Wodette, wassup, Wodie, wassup
Set it off in this motherfucker
Wodie, wassup, Wodette, wassup, Wodie, wassup
Set it off in this motherfuckerWodie, wassup, Wodette, wassup, Wodie, wassup
Set it off in this motherfucker
Wodie, wassup, Wodette, wassup, Wodie, wassup
Set it off in this motherfucker55 percent of these niggaz is fake
The other 45 percent be handlin' they weight
55 percent of these women is hoes
The other 45 percent be playin' they roleMr. Officer, Mr. Officer
Take these motherfuckin' cuffs off of us
We ain't kill nobody in this car, for us
And ridin' on 20's is the law for usI ain't from France but excuse my French
Fuck ya if ya hatin', nigga save that then
I been dealin' wit you bitches from way back then
Plus I kept a fire duck off the lay back inYou say my momma played me and J be tight
'Cause Juvie takin' care, so everything alright
Bitches see the sliver seraph wit them phat ass pipes
Bein' followed by some niggaz on some bad ass bikesWodie, wassup, Wodette, wassup, Wodie, wassup
Set it off in this motherfucker
Wodie, wassup, Wodette, wassup, Wodie, wassup
Set it off in this motherfuckerWodie, wassup, Wodette, wassup, Wodie, wassup
Set it off in this motherfucker
Wodie, wassup, Wodette, wassup, Wodie, wassup
Set it off in this motherfucker
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/