Nas, The Setup

Featuring Havoc

Verse One:

My minds set son got wet Im vexed really Snatched of his rolex smacked his bitch silly Why niggas actin illy word to willy bout to feel it I feel it he should of been dealt wit it Dem niggas sour they put to much flour in they coke (Hav and Nas: and got the nerve to wonder why they broke) While we were gleamin niggas was schemin seen the ill beamers Beamin triple beam double in cream had em feenin To get they fingers on the dosa I called Sossa Sossa these niggas hit the god bring the toasta Meet me in the Bridge Im about to go loca He came thru wit two fly bitches, Venus and Vicious Wit two macs inside the Volvo, what up god I'm still sober, I need some Hen to bend me over My nigga Hav got soldier. It's goin down it's goin down kid I heard he might not live, I'm holdin back tears I told these broads to put it in gear Wit two females that dont sound in they style son What up son, these niggas 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 gets real Soss pulled me close and told me the deal He said both hoes sprayed shots and still handle the wheel Point em out smoke a phill and chill I layed back Escobar status, me and the Firm got it cornered We on it shit we was born wit...

Chorus: Havoc

Spark the Lai, QBC yo its do or die
We in this the business and trifeness
I finesse this for we chef shit, perfect shit
Aba asta minds connect wit dangerous sons pull back let the tech lift
Lift you up bless you wit a shorty then I set you up...

(Repeat one more time -- sub " | " with " we ")

Verse Two:

Hold it right there pull over, dat nigga right there Inside the Rover, I knew he be right here I told ya Let's get him now, look at him smile Ice blew over Pull o pull over big links and rockin boulders He stunting after he left my man like that Without a fair chance to fight back, (Hav and Nas: but I be right back) He never seen us Soss gave the mac to Venus and Vicious Lookin delicious handle yo business and step to em Shake yo ass try to screw em do What ya got to do to get to em A tight parasucco with young faces can turn niggas Buttafuco Of all ages, they was amused with the way they walked way They talked, only if they knew these girls had sprayed New York If they had too, heard him ask Venus " Can I have you? " He jumped out the jeep heard her tell him "Dont grab boo" They started chattin was only about a minute Flat line they jumped in the back of the jeep laughin We followed them polian They probably thought the hoes were Somalian Probably when they 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? Sossa said say no more we started rollin Before we got in they must had shot em, security wildin There the girls go hurry up we outin The 940 me, Sossa and two shortys The punk niggas got murdered in the orgy...

Chorus