

Juvenile, Set It Off (Remix)

Mannie Fresh: Era-era.. (Scratching)

Juvenile: Okay..

Lil' Wayne: Ah-hanh..

MF: Mmm-hmm.. Mmm-hmm...

LW: Okay, Ah-hanh, Ah-hanh..

J: Mmm-hmm.. Mmm-hmm...

LW: Remix, remix.. Who you be? Who you be?

(Listen, Listen, Listen...)

MF: Ladies and Gentlemen!

Lil' Wayne:

Oh and I'm Weezy-Wee the man and I rep's it well.

And it's gon' be Cash Money resident to jail.

Catch me flossin' in the hood, tryin'a get at ya gal.

In a Porsche, like a bat outta hell, (Eeerrrn...)

I'ma tell it how it is, ain't no matter the cost.

Respect me or get a shot to where you gather ya thoughts.

Drive a Escalade wavin' on them deep dish rims.

And got ya girl sayin, "We just friends!" I ain't trippin..

I'ma do it fa my city, So ya gotta get with me.

Blue-eyed Bentley, knew I'd get it.. Ah-hanh...

From the streets of the dirty, it's humid and muddy.

We get money or it get bloody, ya heard me?

I got some freaks on my side that you'll like.

And somethin' on my wrist colder than a Coors Light.

It's S-Q-7, C-M-B, it's life.

It's hot boy, forever, Weezy-Wee... Get right! Ah-hanh..

MF: Ladies and Gentlemen!

(Chorus 2x)

J: WHHOODDI! Whassup?

J: WHODI! Whassup?

MF: Uh-hunh...

J: WHHOODDI! Whassup?

MF: Mm-Hmmm...

J: Set it off in this mutha! Wha'sup?

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Baby (of Big Tymers):

I'm the #1 Stunna, Baby, B, Brian, and Bubba.

Got that Chrissy in my hand, a pistol in the other.

Ol' ignorant hot boy bout to get in some trouble.

Plus a million off the liquor, bout to get at ya woman.

I'm runnin with them H-B-G's, them Uptown thugs.

I ain't buyin' the bar, homie, I'm buyin' the club.

Told mama, "Look, get chea.. Show me whassup..

Put some straightn'n on them dubs, and show me some love!"

Now, 'k, sell all dem key to G...

Ya gotta admit it, that's the way it supposed to be.

I'm the bird man, homie, and I'm sellin' em cheap.

Puttin' hits on busta's while I'm brushin' my teeths.

Can't quit this nah, cause you done played it too strong.

Stunna, Caoulionay, till I'm dead and gone.

One love to them hot boys sellin that "Rome"

And my home is in the pen, from usin' they phones.

(Chorus 2x)
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Young Turk:
(C'mon... C'mon... C'mon...)
Forget what ya heard, dogg. Turk still thuggin.
Ya got me messed up, bout to make me start bustin.
Trust me.. I don't miss, cousin.
And the last thing you see is fire'n blood gushin.
I'ma lil' thug, always strapped with that thing,
You get killed thug, when you messin' with me man.
I run with real soldiers, called the B-G-F.
Ready fa anything, you can believe that there..
I guess it's in us, to be the way that we be.
We all from Uptown from the 3 to the 13th.
We tote choppa's with a hundred in em.
And ya see them dope shots? We bout runnin' in em.
We play it raw, givin' a "whut" about the law.
They get stole too when they messin with us.
My team still strong, we all from the hood.
C-M-R fa life, come between.. whut's ya wood?

(Chorus 2x)

(Softly in the background)
MF: Mmm-hmmm... Uhh-hunhh... Mmm-hmmm...
J: Now, bounce with me, bounce bounce bounce.
Now, bounce with me, bounce bounce bounce.
MF: Mmm-hmmm... Uhh-hunhh... Mmm-hmmm...
J: Now, bounce with me, bounce bounce bounce.
Now, bounce with me, bounce bounce bounce.
J: WHOODDII! Playa? WHOODDII! Playa?
WHOODDII! Set It! Set It!
MF: Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!
J: WHOODDII! C'mon! WHOODDII! C'mon!
WHOODDII! C'mon! Set it off in this mutha!
MF: Set it on in here, ya heard's me???
J: Whussup? Whussup?
MF: Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya heard's me???