

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
Beam in 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 "I" 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 Buttafucio
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