## Rampage, The Set Up

I seen many mc's getten laid to rest Under stress, shot through they're bullet proof vest Now you wanna be hardcore You were never an outlaw Until you just came off tour Yo you talk a good game, brothers around your way knows your name They wanna burn you in the flame The other day you told me that you bout some new steel You was like " Yo Ramp, yo I'm keepin it real" The only type of real puttin down your steel Pick up your pen and show me you in it for real Before the next man put you to the test He's a killer, he's from a town called brownsvilla Him and his whole click be movin out of town When they get back your six feet underground You didn't listen You didn't play your position They shot your baby bombs and she turned up missing Some where in Whitehovas Your ass is to blame That's what happens when you enter the game

Chorus:

No matter who you are, you still catch a bullet scar if you a rap star you won't go far They wanna skin you alive, they know the type of jeep that you drive You'll be dead by the end of night No matter who you are, you still catch a bullet scar if you rap star you won't go far

Now you on a run you can't see them son You livin by the sword plus you packin a gun Now you on the S train talkin about you going home The brothers is in front of your door with the chrome You sneak in through the back way To that's nervous They wanna get your moms before Sunday service They wanna get your Pops before he goes to work Even though he's a doctor or world expert Yo they ripped your baby sister and threw her in the ditch with your brother Mitch He's an inside snitch He told brothers where you rest and where you be Now you upset You wanna flea the country and lay low in the East with this girl named Mes Yo she works for the beach you and her in peace She's a snake, all she do is hustle weight Take the money and break Sell it back up state You can't sleep So you keep your hand on your steel Watch your back before a brother gets killed

Chorus