

We And Maad Circle

"Put on tha set"

Visit "[Put on tha set](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I got put on the set, smokin Jimmy Jacks in a shack

with my nigga Coolio, got me to' the fuck back

High as a UFO, standin in my drawers

in the hall, talkin to the walls

Now a nigga's spooked, umm

Snagglepuss voice Heavens to merkatroids, I'm looped!

I'm tripping! *normal voice* Nigga what do I see?

It's me, that nigga Dub C on the TV

Now I know I'm buzzed

cause I'm on the TV but the TV's unplugged

Damn, this shit is like the Twilight Zone

sings theme Na-na-na-na, na-na-na-na; I'm blowed!

Cause now I'm havin illusions, illusions

of me on channel eleven on a black and white tube and

Mack and the Gene are one of mine show

Hangin with Sinead and they sippin on the four-oh

Now I know I'm trippin *Martin Lawrence voice* Oh my goodness!

Let me change the TV and

Dizamn! Once again there I go

But this time it's channel thirteen on Arsenio

I'm smokin a wet one on the couch

Givin up a fat middle finger to the crowd

I'm faded, but not in a way in which you ever seen

peep the side effects, yeah, I'm on the set

Chorus: *singers*

Asshole naked standin in front of the set; I'm wet

Ain't no escapin when yo' ass is wet; I'm wet

Look, look, way up in the sky everybody just

look, look, and you'll find me flyin high

So there I was, standin in front of the set mesmerized

Kickin off the scenery right before me eyes

High as a motherfucker what was I to do?

Cause now the yerm has got me thinkin I'm on channel
two

Peep it -- bip-bip-bip like the bi-on-ic man I'm out of
control

and now I see myself on Highway Patrol

Runnin from the Feds tryin to make my get away

but there's *singin* nowhere to run, ba-bay

And now exhausted from this drama I needed a rest

So I went on channel four so I can catch my breath

Now who's this after five minutes of bein there

I met this motherfucker named the Fresh Prince of Bel
Air

Yeah this nigga was funny I must admit it

but his Uncle and his cousin Carlton was straight
bitches

Them niggaz was cock blockin, talkin bout killin me

cause I told em I wanted to fuck the shit out of Hillary,
ooh

Now what's a realer trip to fantasy, all I know

is she was lookin good sportin them t-shirt and panties,
huh

I can't believe this shit, nigga I'm wet

Fuck tricks, my mind is playin with dipsticks, I'm on the
set

Chorus

Still blowed from the chemicals I'm askin was it worth it

Cause like Slick Rick now Dub C is scared and I'm
nervous

Cause now the TV's changin by itself, uh-oh danger

Cause now I see myself on channel nine on the
Gladiators

I'm swingin on a rope with a gauge

Boom, bang bang, you niggaz can't hang

Fuck a obstacle fool, I had them buff bitches runnin

Mass confusion now I hear one-time comin

So I swing to the exit, jumped off and jetted

Thank God mama kept the baby gat ready

I left all them bitches behind, til I got to channel fifty-
two

and there I found myself on Good Times

Here was me and this nigga named J.J.

Out on a double date, just sippin on Kool-Aid

Now umm, ain't no need for me to pretend a

like my date was all that like J.J.'s boo-boo Belinda

yo, but she had a ass like Thelma, titties like Walona
Drunk off the Mad Dog I fucked around and boned her
Like J.J. the pussy was dy-no-mite though
I must admit the hoe had a mug as ugly as Flo'
I'm on tha set

Visit [Wc And Maad Circle](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.