

# Big L "Put It On"

Visit "[Put It On](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[big l]

Aiyyo, you betta flee hobbes, or get your head flown  
three blocks  
L keep rapper's hearts pumpin like reeboks  
And every year I gain clout and my name sprouts  
Some brothers'd still be large if the crack never came  
out  
I got the wild style, always been a foul child  
My guns go poom-poom, and yo' guns go pow-pow  
I'm known to have a hottie open, I keep the shottie  
smokin  
Front and get half the bones in your body broken  
And when it comes to gettin nookie I'm not a rookie  
I got girls that make that chick toni braxton look like  
whoopie  
I run with sturdy clicks I'm never hittin dirty chicks  
Got thirty-five bodies, buddy don't make it thirty-six  
Step to this you're good as gone, word is bond  
I leave mics torn when I put it on

[kid capri]

So put it on big l, put it on  
C'mon put it onnn, and onnn, and onnn  
C'mon put it on big l, put it on  
C'mon put it on represent put it on, c'mon!

[big l]

Nobody can take nuttin from big l but a loss chief  
The last punk who fronted got a mouth full of false  
teeth  
I'm known to gas a hottie and blast the shottie  
Got more cash than gotti (you don't know? ) you betta  
ask somebody  
Big l is a crazy brother, and I'm a lady lover  
A smooth kid that'll run up in your baby mother  
I push a slick benz, I'm known to hit skinz  
And get endz and commit sins with sick friends  
Cause I'm a money getter, also a honey hitter  
You think you nice as me? ha ha, youse a funny nigga  
I flows, so one of my shoes, wouldn't be clever to miss  
I'm leavin competitors pissed  
To tell you the truth, it gets no better than this

I'm catchin wreck to the break of dawn  
And it's on, yo it's a must that I put it on

[kid capri]

Yeah, so put it on big I, put it on  
C'mon put it on, big fella put it on and on  
Put it on big I, put it on represent  
Put it on, c'mon put it on..

[\* unknown patois chatta - best guess \*]

Some boys see me gun nozzle and take a we fi joke  
Boy you gwan dead before you see me gun smoke  
See me gun nozzle and take me fi joke  
You gwan dead, from army you provoked

[big I]

I drink moet not beck's beer, I stay dressed in slick  
gear  
Peace to my homies in the gangsta lean, I see you  
when I get there  
And it's a fact I keep a gat in my arm reach  
I charm freaks and bomb geeks from here to palm  
beach  
I'm puttin rappers in the wheelchair, big I is the villain  
You still fear, cause I be hangin it hard and my shit is  
for real here  
If you battle I you picked the wrong head  
I smash mics like cornbread, you can't kill me I was  
born dead  
And I'm known to pull steel trigs and kill pigs  
I run with I'll kids and real nigs who peel wigs  
My rap's steady slammin, I keep a heavy cannon  
It's a new sherriff in town, and it ain't reggie hammond  
Peace to my peoples, the children of the corn  
Cause we put it on, adios, ghost I'm gone

[kid capri]

So put it on big I, put it on  
C'mon put it on, big fella put it on and on  
Big I, you gotta put it on and on  
Put it on big I, put it on and on  
Word up, knahmsayin?  
My man big I, runnin things for the nine-four  
And nine-oh-s, you know what I mean?  
It's the kid capri, in full flair  
And we gon' put it on a little somethin like this  
Big I, c'mon

[big I][kid capri]

Lord finessehe be puttin it on  
My man buckwildhe be puttin it on and on

My man fat joehe be puttin it on  
Showbiz and a.g.yeah they be puttin it on and on  
I can't forget diamond dhe be puttin it on  
The whole d.i.t.c.yeah they be puttin it on and on  
And of course kid capriyeah I be puttin it on  
The whole n.y.c.yeah we be puttin it on and on  
And I'm out \*echoes\*

Visit [Big L](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

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