

J. Geils Band

"You're Done"

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Cam'ron:

Aw man, Flex called me about 10 minutes to 7
Told me he gon' put a lil' beef thing together
That's nuthin' man, we'll do this in 10 minutes
I got man A.R. with me
Y'all know him as J.R. but I call him A.R.
Cuz the boy'll air ya out in 4 seconds B
Ay yo Writer, let's go
Funk Flex, Writer's Block, let's go

J.R. Writer:

Let's have a pep talk, never my check short
I hop in the Lex sport and pop up on West 4th
Know my next thought, what you ever extort or ex
bought
Raised around them homos and escorts
I'm a bet dork, you never seen me lyrically
I wet dog and step off, you better do your history
I did my history, this kickos done
Before Cock-A-Fella nigga, he was Jim Jones' son
What's the big ol' front, like ya swag ain't confused
I remember he was doin' bathrobes for shoes
This fag HOV is rude, my cash flow is huge
You suck, what the fuck, all your rap shows get boood
It's murder, them dogs'll pop up with them burners
You worker, your boss is washed up like a surfer
The nerve of the server, I'll hurt ya
Ya Made You Look was a fake Neptune track wit' a
Jamaican hook
You's a waste of push, how can you offend R
Ridin' in the wind star, lying like you been hard
You never been scarred or rised teeth so why beef
I ain't Mobb Deep, them niggaz 5 feet
I put you guys deep in ditches, hit with 4
Critical, jigga know, that's why we dig the hole
Dig it, ho, we squeeze rounds, pop (pop)
You so fuckin' wack you make Bleek sound hot
So ease down ock, you wouldn't kill squat
You're on the Roc cuz they had to fill a mil spot
You getting bills, stop
Why lie you prick, you's not as rich

Only time you get scratch is when you got an itch
I'm talkin' dollars, chips, some'n you don't see you
fronter
So call us crack anonymous cuz he ain't seeing
numbers
Get the picture, you dirty little nigga
HOV got you on the back burner like a trigger
Who's sicker or slicker, I'll rip ya with one line
One rhyme, dump mines
Make them bitches crunch-time
Come at the Don I'm dumpin' them arms
Ya whole tape trash and it took you months to respond
This pawn stylin' on who, I wild wit' a few
Who would wanna here a whole fuckin' album of you
It's true, and true, I will make you my lunch
You been signed a while now, ain't hit radio once
They ain't playing that junk, if you gave it to Funk
Just to get spins you gon' have to pay every month,
chump
I ain't forget you boss, Jigga Jigga what
He down at the office gettin' fingers up his butt
One of his workers told me how he really gives it up
How he really is a smut and he feminine as fuck
Yup, mention us then I'm spraying on targets
All Tru-Life fans is just waitin' on garbage
This ain't J.R. hardest, you ain't even Roc
You Roc La with the damn Reggaeton artists
Your mouth is gettin' runned, I'm 'bout getting 1s
Your my son, you ain't comin' out like your gun
You're done

Cam'ron:
Leave him alone A.R.
I ain't even know who they was talkin' about
I just looked the fool up on the Internet
He look just like Jim Jones, I'ma call him L.J., Little Jim
And another thing, turn the beat off
I seen the most amazing thing
Jay-Z in Africa, a camel on a camel
I wanted to call the Guinness Book of World Records
I never seen a camel on a camel
BET, Jay-Z in Africa, a camel on a camel
Watch it
(Laughs in background)

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