

## J.R. Writer

### "Back in the Lab"

Visit "[Back in the Lab](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[JR Writer]

Writer, okay

Uhh, I got 'em, DipSet, uhh

Back to the lab, rap in the bag  
Roll me a blunt, pass me a pad, the dude's goin in  
I mastered the craft, laugh at the past  
Fo' in the trunk, mashin the gas, you're too slow to win  
Who's dope as him, latent'll lie  
So high, you'd swear he had a license to fly  
Look up, you might even see him right in the sky  
So high, I should give skydivin a try - know why?  
I'm gettin loot and bread, got these lil' duellers fed  
Cause this rap shit to me is easier than Superhead  
When she move the bed, prick I'm on the grind  
Lyrically inclined, every sentence get rewind  
The kid is in his prime, a monster on the track  
Tauntin all these cats, where's the competition at?  
JR spittin crack, The Carter couldn't match  
Sharper than a tack hold Harlem on his back  
It's a fact you couldn't yell our shit is whack  
I helped build the team that put Harlem on the map  
(DipSet)  
Come holla at a mack, who got this in a wrap  
So next album'll have your girl polishin his - plaque  
Uhh, then it's right to the streets  
Light on my feet, goonies that'll light you for cheap  
Wipe you deceased, knife you to sleep, for some  
sneaks  
Even though my pockets deep as Barry White on the  
beat  
Sheesh, I'm a beast with a flow like a jab  
Plus the game's so weak that the dough's up for grabs  
So I'm low on the ave, with the toast on my abs  
Waitin for this bitch so I can put the hoe in the bag  
It's sad, but nigga I'm a pro with the pad  
Put the mic down, you're washed up and old as my dad  
Get a load of his swag, you couldn't fly without a pilot  
You're bummed out and better off findin you a stylist  
Uhh, the future is me, and soon as can be  
Ruger to T, shoot you for free, salute to the G

Who's nothin but nicer, gun in his cypher  
Bottom line, ain't nobody out as hungry as Writer, uhh

You hear that man?  
Y'all can't fuck with me at all man  
I got this shit on lock and key  
And I think I mighta lost the key so y'all assed out man  
Huh, let me get my zone on man  
Let me finish smokin this purple, countin this money  
And uhh, turn the music up and get in my zone man  
Let's do it~!

Visit [J.R. Writer](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

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