

J.R. Writer**"Put You On feat. Fred Money"**

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JR Writer:

Okay (Dipset) Writer (uh-huh)

JR Writer that is, but you niggaz already know that man
(Dipset)

History In The Making

It's a lotta things you niggaz don't know about me man

Let me put you on though man

Verse 1

JR Writer:

Well, I was makin' sales at the age of 12

Pack margin, black lark an', case of shells

Never Dave Chappelle, half-bakin'

Pack-fakin', I was cash-chasin'

Let me put you on

Before a hook and song, I wrote or would perform

I was pushing strong

You niggaz cooked it wrong

And have 'em hooked for long

I hit the hood wit' four 'em

Before Killa ever said "Let me put you on"

Flippin', listen baby I was never dumb

Sittin' in the lobby like I'm waitin' for some mail to come

Come see me, believe me, I got it

Girl I whistle chickenhead, but my V is exotic

Plus I'm seen in the projects with the top low, gwap
dough

That'll leave more holes in your body than a cuatro

That's a Maserati papo, stop slow

You don't really know me that well, let me put you on

Hook

JR Writer:

I'm known in a couple places but I'm new to the rest

This is for them couple places that ain't schooled to this
vet'

Listen closer, I'm the greatest, get in tune with the best

JR Writer (who's that)

Your dude in the flesh, let me put you on

Verse 2

JR Writer:

How I used to go to school to class stuntin'
Necks bubblin', like come and get a pack buzzen
Ask cousin, brick up in the class oven
Had every other student up in kitchen class buggin'
Box cutter, he thinkin' I ain't stash nuthin'
While you was cuttin' class nigga, I was class-cuttin'
In the schoolyard, like let me catch a cat frontin'
I'ma slap some'n, let me put you on
I hit so much teachers with the lean
The principal had to call a meeting with the dean
But that's just cuz they want a piece of what I seen
Similar to gymnastics, how I keep it on the beam
Huh, had everybody in they classes getting' high
Since elementary its been a fact that I am fly
I tell the customers, put the cash up in the sky
Then treat 'em like a bad comedian
Slap 'em wit' a pie
Ha, all day in the lobby with piff
Still sit in the rail like I gotta be rich
So me and Dana Man got up on some robbery shit
And dragged, frontin' niggaz outta they whips
Let me put you on

Hook

Fred Money:

I'm known in a couple places but I'm new to the rest
This is for them couple places that ain't schooled to me
yet
You need practice, plus your average
Get in tune with this threat
Fred Money (who's that)
Excuse me, I'm next, let me put you on

Verse 3

Fred Money:

I'm up next, yes the name is Fred Money (I'm up)
Awaitin' my spot, so watch how I shot dummy (Stupid)
Blame Writer cuz the swagger brushed off somethin'
The closet a jungle, gators and some Red Monkeys
Look how haters love me, bitches get no paper from
me
Pull up my sleeve at midnight
It'll turn mid-sunny
'Fore Writer was spittin' it was robbin' or sellin'
From a ski mask to a Diplomats skully
I ain't frontin' I'm tellin' (tellin')
The straight facts
Decided to quit school cuz I had to wear slacks
Nuthin' to do with clippers when I push them wigs back
Which hand did the same shit

Either rap or push packs
Thought about it, I ain't hustlin' for scraps
Drivin' to the top, that's only bringin' me flats
Got a pen, wrote a rhyme, J said it's crack
Few mixtapes later he like "Fred, let me put you on"

Hook

JR Writer:

I'm known in a couple places but I'm new to the rest
This is for them couple places that ain't schooled to this
vet'
Listen closer, I'm the greatest, get in tune with the best
JR Writer (who's that)
Your dude in the flesh, let me put you on

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