

## **J.R. Writer**

### **" Put You On"**

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Okay (DipSet)  
Writer... JR Writer that is  
But you niggaz already know that man  
History in the making  
There's a lot of things you niggaz don't know about me,  
man  
Let me put you on though, man

Well, I was making sales  
At the age of twelve  
Pack margarine, black laundry, case of shells  
Never Dave Chappelle  
Half baking, half faking, I was cash-chasing  
Let me put you on  
Before a hooker's song I wrote  
Or would perform  
I was pushing strong, you niggaz cooked it wrong  
Ain't have 'em hooked for long  
I hit the hood wit' form  
Before Killa ever said "Let me put you on"  
Flipping, listen baby I was never dumb  
Sitting in the lobby like I'm waiting for some mail to  
come  
Come see me, believe me I got it  
Girl I'm with some chicken-head but my B is exotic  
Cause I'm seen in the projects with the top low  
Glocked though, that'll leave more holes in your body  
than a Quatro  
That's a Maserati pappo, stop slow  
You don't really know me that well, let me put you on

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

How I used to, go to school in class stuntin'  
Back bubblin' like come and get a pack buzzin'  
Ask cousin, brick up in the class oven

Had every other student up in cooking class buggin'  
Box cutter, keep thinkin' I ain't stash nothing  
While you was cuttin' class nigga, I was class cuttin'  
In the schoolyard like let me catch a cat frontin'  
I'm a slap something, let me put you on  
I hit so much teachers with the lean  
The principle, had to call a meeting with the dean  
But that's just cause they wanted a piece of what I seen  
Similar to gymnastics how I keep it on the beam  
Had everybody in they classes getting high  
Since elementary it's been a fact that I am fly  
I tell the customers put the cash up in the sky  
And treat 'em like a bad comedian  
Slap 'em with a pie  
Ha, all day in the lobby with piff  
Still, sitting around like I gotta be rich  
So me and ?? gotta pull some robberyshit  
And drag frontin' niggaz outta they whips  
Let me put you on

I'm known in a couple places but I'm new to the rest  
This is for those couple places that ain't schooled to me  
yet  
You need practice, plus you average, get in tuned with  
this threat  
Fred Money, excuse me I'm next, let me put you on

I'm up next, yes the name is Fred Money (I'm up)  
I'm waiting my spot now watch how I shot dummies  
Blame Writer cause the swagger brushed off  
something  
The closet a jungle, gators and some wet monkeys  
Look ya haters love me, bitches get no paper from me  
Pull up my sleeve at midnight and it turning sunny  
Before Writer was spitting, it was robbin' or sellin'  
With him from a ski maskers to a Diplomat skully  
I ain't frontin', I'm tellin' straight facts  
Decided to quit school cause I had to wear slacks  
Nothing to do with clippers when I push them wigs back  
Was handed the same shit: either rap or push packs  
Thought about it, I ain't hustlin' for scraps  
Driving to the top, that's only bringin' me flats  
Got a pen, wrote a rhyme, J says its crack  
A few mixtapes later, he like "Fred, let me put you on"

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what?)  
This is for those couple places that ain't schooled to the  
vet  
Listen closer, I'm the greatest get in tuned with the best  
JR Writer, the dude in the flesh, let me put you on

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