

## **J.R. Writer**

### **"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 booed  
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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