

Young Jaye

"Put On"

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Rest in peace homie, lil Mike let's go...
Chea chea chea chea (ayyy)
I put on (we clear, Sept 2nd homie)
I put on (yea, the recession on the way)
Ayy youngg (yaaa)The recession on the way, hey but
on anotha note
Lotta soundin like young, tell em register to quote (ha
ha)
See I rolled them back to back like I'm registered to
smoke (Daaamn)
Yea I got it on me now but I ain't registered to tote
(Let's Gooooo)
I put on for my city and I bought a blue 'Ghini
Goddam u just missed me (yeaaa)
Shoulda saw me, shoulda seen me (damm)
Do me favor, see them haters, tell em
Picture me rollin
Same time, watch them feds take the pick on me rollin'
Got a phone call from [?] put my 'libs on his song
Sold 3 mill like us, goddam I put em on (ha ha)
I put on for my city yea
Billboards err'where
See me 'fore your flight land
See me 'fore your bag claim
Re-up in my city man
U better check your bags man
Shouts-out to the east side
Yea they play them bad games
Shouts-out boys will fly to your home
Yea they play them tag games
Can't forget that west side
Yea they play them mags games
How u forget the north side
Don't know I stay high as hell
87s tickets too
Ya'll know I stay fly as hell (ha ha)
I put on for my city yea
Way before the contracts
Trap-star, step back
Might get u a contact
Rap-star, no strap, might just get your chain snatched

Call young brain stacks
Might just get your chains back
Call my name in the courtroom
Put me on blast
Still shinin on they ass
Yea it's mr birthday bash

[Jay-Z:]

Ay guru, put a lil T-Pain on my xxxx too
You Know what I mean?
Uhhh, I Put Onnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn (Oh, you
'bout to put on Hov'?)
G-Mix
I don't need no T-Pain
I got this one
YesssI put Marcie on the map
I put Brooklyn on my back
I put Fat back on the charts
I put Biggie in my in my rap
I put Nas with Def Jam
I let Diddy do my tracks
I put on for my city, that's a motha xxxxxx fact
I put Mike Jack on stages
Summer Jam Billie Jean
I put Prodigy in his place on that summer jam screen
I put green in my truck
Told them leave them streets alone
I predicted jail would happen, xxxx I tried to put 'em on
All these niggas takin credit for the work that I put in
If you really put me on, put yo'self on in
I put NAS on that Hooptie
I put hours in that kitchen
Put that on my tip
Mama, this is fact not fiction
Feds was trying to build a case
I was heading for conviction
Till the greatest flow in the world
Put me in television
I put on for my city so
When I'm dead and gone
I got one last wish
Put my Yankee hat on

[Chorus]

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