

## Lyrics by Kings X

### "Put it on Me"

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[Intro: U-God]

I'm tellin' you, tellin' you, tellin' you  
Ain't ready, Mark, Mark, they ain't ready, man  
They ain't ready, they ain't ready, they ain't ready for  
me  
They ain't ready for me, they ain't ready for me right  
now, nigga  
I'm here... {\*laugh\*} When you thought it was safe  
Ahh... ooh... give it to me, give it to me  
Uh... yeah... now give it to me, give it to me  
Pump... now bump bump... now bump..  
Give it to me, give it to me, give it to me, now bump

[Chorus: Autumn Rue (U-God) {both}]

Baby, when you put it on me (on me)  
Do you thing relentlessly ('lessly)  
Don't you wanna scream my name? {over, over} again  
I just wanna scream your name (your name)  
Give you lovin' that's insane {insane}  
Baby, won't you make me scream {over, over} again

[U-God]

Yo, yo, yo... now your's truly, same ol' g  
Ya'll gon' see, you can't hold me  
Feel my energy, my soul so free  
For a half a century, I've been low key  
Who is he? They call him, U-G-O-D  
Real grizzly, busy as a bee  
Feel it in the air, over the sea  
Don't be mad cuz your ho chose me  
Hazel eyes, no goatee, hold heat, rock you to sleep  
Known in the streets for my platinum teeth  
Cuz when I pop something, I go in deep, no bump

[Chorus]

[U-God]

Now that's right, nigga, I got those skills  
Nerves of steel, sex appeal  
Hand skills, like windmills  
Mind bender, every time I send chills

Dressed to kill, throw 'em in the trance  
Make 'em dance like ants in they pants  
Check out my, battle stance, comin' down  
Avalanche, war's closing and you got no chance  
Hard, rock, abs, move like a snake  
All that ass, make the waterbed break  
Skin like a god and for heaven's sake  
Why you wanna make a nigga scream your name?  
Spark..

[Autumn Rue]

Niggaz try to say what I want  
What's the deal, let's keep this blunt  
We only try'nna have some fun  
How can, I get you home?  
I searched, you're not the typical kind of guy  
Your moves they, definetly caught my eye  
I like the way you take the beat slow  
After the party is on

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: U-God]

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
From the Slums of Shaolin  
Hillside Scramblers, we out the garbage, niggaz  
What? Huh? You ain't think I was gon' come back, huh?  
Did ya? It's U-G-O-D-Zilla  
That's right, that's right, Hillside Scramblers  
The gram handlers is back, yo Mark, yo Mark  
Yo, spark that track, baby!

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