

Put It On

Big L

C'mon

C'mon

C'mon

C'mon

C'monAiiyyo, you betta flee Hobbes or get your head flown three blocks

L keep rapper's hearts pumpin' like Reebok's

And every year I gain clout and my name sprouts

Some brothers'd still be large if the crack never came out

I got the wild style, always been a foul child

My guns go poom poom and yo' guns go pow pow

I'm known to have a hottie open, I keep the shottie smokin'

Front and get half the bones in your body broken

And when it comes to gettin' nookie, I'm not a rookie

I got girls that make that chick Toni Braxton look like Whoopee

I run with sturdy clicks, I'm never hittin' dirty chicks

Got thirty five bodies, buddy, don't make it thirty six

Step to this you're good as gone, word is bond

I leave mics torn when I put it onSo put it on Big L, put it on

C'mon, put it on and on and on

C'mon put it on Big L, put it on

C'mon, put it on, represent, put it on, c'mon

Nobody can take nuttin' from Big L but a loss chief

The last punk who fronted got a mouth full of false teeth

I'm known to gas a hottie and blast the shottie

Got more cash than Gotti, you betta ask somebody

Big L is a crazy brother and I'm a lady lover

A smooth kid that'll run up in your baby mother

I push a slick Benz, I'm known to hit skinz

And get endz and commit sins with sick friends'Cause I'm a money getter, also a honey hitter

You think you nice as me? Ha ha, you'se a funny nigga

I flows, so one of my shoes wouldn't be clever to miss

I'm leavin' competitors pissed

To tell you the truth, it gets no better than this

I'm catchin' wreck to the break of dawn

And it's on, yo, it's a must that I put it onYes, put it on Big L, put it on

C'mon, put it on big fella, put it on and on

Put it on Big L, put it on, represent

Put it on, c'mon, put it onSome boys see me gun nozzle and take a we fi joke

Boy, you gwan dead before you see me gun smoke

See me gun nozzle and take me fi joke

You gwan dead from army you provokedI drink Moet not Beck's beer, I stay dressed in slick

gear

Peace to my homies in the gangsta lean, I see you when I get there
And it's a fact I keep a gat in my arm reach
I charm freaks and bomb geeks from here to Palm Beach
I'm puttin' rappers in the wheelchair, Big L is the villain you still fear
'Cause I be hangin' it hard and my shit is for real hereIf you battle L, you picked the wrong head
I smash mics like cornbread, you can't kill me, I was born dead
And I'm known to pull steel trigs and kill pigs
I run with ill kids and real nigs who peel wigs
My rap's steady slammin', I keep a heavy cannon
It's a new sheriff in town and it ain't Reggie Hammond
Peace to my peoples, the Children of the Corn
'Cause we put it on, adios, ghost, I'm goneSo put it on Big L, put it on
C'mon, put it on, big fella, put it on and on
Big L, you gotta put it on and on
Put it on Big L, put it on and onWord up, knahmsayin'?
My man Big L, runnin' things for the nine four
And nine o' S, you know what I mean?
It's the Kid Capri in full flair
And we gon' put on a little somethin' like this
Big L, c'monLord Finesse, he be puttin' it on
My man Buck wild, he be puttin' it on and on
My man Fat Joe, he be puttin' it on
Showbiz and A.G., yeah, they be puttin' it on and on
I can't forget Diamond D, he be puttin' it on
The whole D.I.T.C., yeah, they be puttin' it on and on
And of course Kid Capri, yeah, I be puttin' it on
The whole N.Y.C., yeah, we be puttin' it on and on
And I'm out

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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