

Put On Tha Set

WC & The Maad Circle

I got put on the set, smokin Jimmy Jacks in a shack
with my nigga Coolio, got me to' the fuck back
High as a UFO, standin in my drawers
in the hall, talkin to the walls
Now a nigga's spooked, umm
Snagglepuss voice Heavens to merkatroids, I'm looped!
I'm tripping! *normal voice* Nigga what do I see?
It's me, that nigga Dub C on the TV
Now I know I'm buzzed
cause I'm on the TV but the TV's unplugged
Damn, this shit is like the Twilight Zone
sings theme Na-na-na-na, na-na-na-na; I'm blowed!
Cause now I'm havin illusions, illusions
of me on channel eleven on a black and white tube and
Mack and the Gene are one of mine show
Hangin with Sinead and they sippin on the four-oh
Now I know I'm trippin *Martin Lawrence voice* Oh my goodness!
Let me change the TV and
Dizamn! Once again there I go
But this time it's channel thirteen on Arsenio
I'm smokin a wet one on the couch
Givin up a fat middle finger to the crowd
I'm faded, but not in a way in which you ever seen
peep the side effects, yeah, I'm on the set
Chorus: *singers*
Asshole naked standin in front of the set; I'm wet
Ain't no escapin when yo' ass is wet; I'm wet
Look, look, way up in the sky everybody just
look, look, and you'll find me flyin high
So there I was, standin in front of the set mesmerized
Kickin off the scenery right before me eyes
High as a motherfucker what was I to do?
Cause now the yerm has got me thinkin I'm on channel two
Peep it -- bip-bip-bip like the bi-on-ic man I'm out of control
and now I see myself on Highway Patrol
Runnin from the Feds tryin to make my get away
but there's *singin* nowhere to run, ba-bay
And now exhausted from this drama I needed a rest
So I went on channel four so I can catch my breath

Now who's this after five minutes of bein there
I met this motherfucker named the Fresh Prince of Bel Air
Yeah this nigga was funny I must admit it
but his Uncle and his cousin Carlton was straight bitches
Them niggaz was cock blockin, talkin bout killin me
cause I told em I wanted to fuck the shit out of Hillary, ooh
Now what's a realer trip to fantasy, all I know
is she was lookin good sportin them t-shirt and panties, huh
I can't believe this shit, nigga I'm wet
Fuck tricks, my mind is playin with dipsticks, I'm on the set

Chorus

Still blowed from the chemicals I'm askin was it worth it
Cause like Slick Rick now Dub C is scared and I'm nervous
Cause now the TV's changin by itself, uh-oh danger
Cause now I see myself on channel nine on the Gladiators
I'm swingin on a rope with a gauge
Boom, bang bang, you niggaz can't hang
Fuck a obstacle fool, I had them buff bitches runnin
Mass confusion now I hear one-time comin
So I swing to the exit, jumped off and jetted
Thank God mama kept the baby gat ready
I left all them bitches behind, til I got to channel fifty-two
and there I found myself on Good Times
Here was me and this nigga named J.J.
Out on a double date, just sippin on Kool-Aid
Now umm, ain't no need for me to pretenda
like my date was all that like J.J.'s boo-boo Belinda
yo, but she had a ass like Thelma, titties like Walona
Drunk off the Mad Dog I fucked around and boned her
Like J.J. the pussy was dy-no-mite though
I must admit the hoe had a mug as ugly as Flo'
I'm on tha set

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

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