

Put On (Remix) [Bonus Track]

Young Jeezy

I put on, I put on, I put on, I put on
I put on for my city, on on for my city
I put on for my city, on on for my city
I put on for my city, on on for my city
I put on for my city, on on for my city
When they see me off in traffic, they say "Jeezy on some other shit"
Send them pussy niggas runnin' straight back to the dealership
Me I'm in my spaceship, thats right I work for N.a.s.a
This 7H is not a fraud, call that bitch my bodyguard
Call that bitch your bodyguard? Yeah, that's my bodyguard
Wear a lot of jewelry, Young don't do security
What's whiter than a napkin, harder than a dinner plate
If you want it come and get it, you know I stay super straight
Ran up in my spots and now I'm workin' Out the Super 8
Know you niggas hungry, come and get a super plate
Y'all sing happy birthday, yeah I got that super cake
Hundred karat bracelet, I use it like some super bait
I put on for my city, on on for my city
Put on (east side) Put on (south side) Put on (west side) Put on
I put on for my city, on on for my city
Put on (east side) Put on (south side) Put on (west side) Put on
Half bag, top back,
Ain't nothin' but a young thug
HKs, AK's, I need to join a gun club
Big wheels, big straps,
You know I like it super sized
Passenger's a red-bone,
Her Weave look like some curly fries
Inside fish sticks, outside tartar sauce
Pocket full of celery,
Imagine what she tellin' me
Blowin' on asparagus,
The realest shit I ever smoked
Ridin' to that Trap or Die,
The realest shit I ever wrote
They know I got that broccoli,
So I keep that glock on me
Don't get caught without one,
Comin' from where I'm from
Call me Jeezy Hamilton,
Flyin' down Campbellton

So fresh, so clean,
 On my way to Charlene I put on for my city, on on for my city
 I put on for my city, on on for my city
 Put on (east side) Put on (south side) Put on (west side) Put on I put on for my city, on on for my city
 I put on for my city, on on for my city
 Put on (east side) Put on (south side) Put on (west side) Put on I put on, I put on, I put on
 I put on for my city, I put on for my
 I put on for my city, I put on for my city, on I feel like there's still niggas that owe me checks
 I feel like there's still bitches that owe me sex
 I feel like this but niggas don't know the stress
 I lost the only girl in the world that know me best
 I got the money and the fame and that don't mean shit
 I got the Jesus on a chain, man that don't mean shit
 Cause when the Jesus pieces can't bring me peace
 Sure I need just at least one of Russell's nieces on
 I let my nightmares go I put on,
 Everybody that I knew from the go
 I know hoes that was frontin' when they knew he was broke
 They say damn, Yeezy Yeezy, you don't know us no more
 You got that big fame homie, and you just changed on me
 You can ask big homie, man the top so lonely
 I ain't lyin', so lonely I ain't lyin'
 Let me see what we have tonight (what we have tonight)
 I'm high as a satellite (satellite)
 I see those flashin' lights (flashin' lights)
 Cause every night (every night) I put on I put on for my city, on on for my city
 I put on for my city, on on for my city
 Put on (east side) Put on (south side) Put on (west side) Put on I put on for my city, on on for my city
 I put on for my city, on on for my city
 Put on (east side) Put on (south side) Put on (west side) Put on Let me see what we have tonight (what we have
 tonight)
 I'm high as a satellite (satellite)
 I see those flashin' lights (flashin' lights)
 Cause every night (every night)
 Let me see what we have tonight
 I'm high as a satellite
 I see those flashin' lights

Songwriters

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