

# Put It On (feat. Kid Capri)

## Big L

Aiyyo, you betta flee hobbess, or get your head flown three blocks  
L keep rapper's hearts pumpin' like Reeboks  
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 whoopie  
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 on So put it on Big L, put it on  
C'mon put it on, and on, and onnn  
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 don't know? ) 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, youse 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 on Yeah, so 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 on..Some 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 provoked I 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 here  
If you battle I 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 I'll 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 gone So 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 on  
Word up, knahmsayin?  
My man Big L, runnin things for the nine-four  
And nine-oh-s, you know what I mean?  
It's the Kid Capri, in full flair  
And we gon' put it on a little somethin' like this  
Big L, c'mon Lord Finesse he be puttin' it on  
My man buckwild 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 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

Songwriters

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