Put On (Remix) [feat. JAY-Z]

Young Jeezy

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 cityWhen 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, that's right I work for Nasa
The 7H is not a fraud, call that bitch my bodyguardCall that bitch his bodyguard? Yeah, that's my bodyguard
When we're out of jewelry, Young gon' 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' at 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 baitI 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 sideI 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 sideHalf bag, top back, ain't nothin' but a young thug
HKs, 8 K's, I need to join a gun club
Big wheels, big straps, you know I like it super sized
Passenger's a redbone, 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 wroteThey know I got that broccoli, so I keep that glock with 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'sI 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 sideI put on for my city, on on for my city
I put on for my city, on on for my city

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Put on, west sideI put on, I put on
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I put on for my city, I put on for my
I put on for my city, I put on for my city
OnI 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 these stress
I lost the only girl in the world that know me bestI 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 niecesOn, 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 moreYou got that big fame homie, and you just changed homie
You can ask big homie, man the top sure lonely
I ain't lyin', so lonely
I aint 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 onI 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 sideI 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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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