

Put Some Money On It

Joell Ortiz

Grind Music bitch!

Aiyyo Joell, I'm on this son, D-BLOCK! {"Put some money on it"}

Yeah, Don Corlito flyin out a Tito
The further I get the ground look more mosquito
Dutch burnin, other hand big Mojito
I don't mean Dorito when I say {"Put some money on it"}
Yeah, you ain't really all around all that stuff
The coke, the crack, the guns, heard 'bout enough
They said, "Yo Donny, you gon' really sign with Puff?"
I said I'll live too long as Diddy {"Put some money on it"}
What? I'm the L.O.X. Jeter
Tattooed up in a white wife-beater
Aston Vanquish parked at the meter
I forgot to feed her, better go {"Put some money on it"}
Yeah, now they all love the Don G
I'm on BET more than "Leprechaun 3"
They say I'm on fire, it don't hurt when I pee
I don't layaway, only y'all {"Put some money on it"}

Yaowa! Whoever, whenever, put some 'fetti on it
If your block is hood I'm probably heavy on it
Probably popped the hood, of the Chevy on it
Did the Mario Andretti on it - ERRRT! {"Put some money on it"}
Brooklyn off the hook when Ortiz is there
Papi got it locked like peasy hair
Black and white TV's, please be clear
I'll erase your lil' buzz like Jeezy peers {"Put some money on it"}
Fam, I'm the man far as New York goes
Old four-five in my new wardrobe
Red dot in front like Rudolph's nose
Case a hater want his roof un-closed {"Put some money on it"}
I'll be by myself, think of somethin sweet
I'm Boricua, one lil' whistle I'm a hundred deep
Who been holdin niggaz down since Pun is sleep?
C'mon! C'mon! C'mon! {"Put some money on it"}

AH-HAH! Never been wack so that ain't one of my issues
Get my bread and take care of my pistols
Soon as I open a brick you can see the crystals
Soon as the piff come in you can {"Put some money on it"}
Trust me it's imported, shoot it or snort it
Oxy's, {?}, profit is gorgeous
Stay off the phone cause the calls are recorded
And if you can afford it then you better {"Put some money on it"}
Tryin to be a diamond in the game I been one
Killin niggaz with the flow, H1N1
You can get a buck-fifty quick, a thin one
Before rap I had a drug dealer's income
{"Put some money on it"} Master Jason
God on the rocks with a splash of Satan
Stash right here with the ratchet waitin, since you hatin
Name the place and the date and {"Put some money on it"}

Never trust niggaz no further than I can throw 'em
Long with the razor and the doctor can't sew 'em
Said I as the hardest out, now I gotta show 'em

Cocksucker doubted me, I owe 'em {"Put some money on it"}
You could be that dude in cement shoes
or the next soft nigga on this evening's news
Rap beef, street beef, breeze through crews
Freeze, handguns, machine guns {"Put some money on it"}
I don't even need guns, play me like I'm poppa shit
End up with a hawk in your esophagus
Hardest nigga to walk in the metropolis
Genocide mixed with apocalypse {"Put some money on it"}
Kill niggaz real easy dawg
Ghost in the flesh, fuck a Ouija Board
Droptop Beamer with the BB's on
Gun in your face, and I ain't shootin BB's dawg {"Put some money on it"}