

# Put Jewels On It

## Statik Selektah

Hey, Statik  
Meet me at Max Fish, like 2, woo  
2AM  
Aye

I came up on some brain-blown-full-of-smoke, living-in-a-Terrordome  
That-kid-born-to-kill-a-king-with-my-hand shit  
Put 'em up, runners run amok, gonna gun 'em up  
Sun 'em up, what a run of luck, I'm a ton of fun  
Fuckers wanna run it up, stunna runner up  
I'm a number 1, wake up with the sun, thinkin' make a buck  
What a clutch, every buck he touch getting crumpled up  
Suck it up, fold the fuckers guts 'til he double up  
Double down, dummies get a crown when I'm in the dust  
Dead and done so that he delayed baby, wait baby  
This is not a drill, baby, Jamie is a thrill  
\$100,000 bill, y'all, all laws get the deal  
What a odd duck  
I don't bow to Zod or no man, what  
Roll me like you POTUS in an ocean made of klan nut  
And Mikey, most of these soldiers are simply so-called  
The holster they holding is empty  
The toaster that they imagine they venting  
And putting holes in their enemies simply doesn't exist  
We Buffalo run 'em off cliff

Look at Mikey flow, look at Mikey go  
Look at Mikey, Jamie making milli and nobody know  
Mikey he went maniac like Wayne when he went Wayne-iac  
And did a milli but I been this silly, really  
And you motherfuckers really know that you've been really feel me  
But you hid emotions, so I know you fuckers really fear me, fear me  
Fuck your coulda shoulda woulda stooda stutter  
I'm a mother-fucker, ask your baby mother, mother fucker music, boy  
Talking jheri curl greasy, boy  
Nigga with an attitude, Westside Atlanta, young Eazy, boy  
Beat your girl, flapjack flat flapback black flow flipper flap flap  
Take that, I don't argue, hoe nigga  
Get nervous in my old age, ball nobody  
Make your self known or take a shot to a body  
I only trust Jamie, I don't trust nobody  
And if you fuck with him, bullet holes in yo' body

Like who really run this?  
Who really run that man that say he run?  
Banging on my adversaries  
Like who really run this?  
Who really run that man that say he run?  
The bright lights of fuckery stuck in me, automatic  
Who really run this?  
Who really run that man that say he run?  
Violence might be necessary  
Who really run this?  
Who really run that man that say he run?  
The bright lights of fuckery stuck in me (Statik)

Who want it? Put jewels on it  
Who want it?  
Who want it?  
Who want it? Put jewels on it  
Who want it?  
Who want it?  
Put jewels on it  
Put jewels on it

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>