

## Put On Tha Set

WC

I got put on the set, smokin Jimmy Jacks in a shack  
with my nigga Coolio, got me to' the fuck back  
High as a UFO, standin in my drawers  
in the hall, talkin to the walls  
Now a nigga's spooked, umm  
\*Snagglepuss voice\* Heavens to merkatroids, I'm looped!  
I'm tripping! \*normal voice\* Nigga what do I see?  
It's me, that nigga Dub C on the TV  
Now I know I'm buzzed  
cause I'm on the TV but the TV's unplugged  
Damn, this shit is like the Twilight Zone  
\*sings theme\* Na-na-na-na, na-na-na-na; I'm blowed!  
Cause now I'm havin illusions, illusions  
of me on channel eleven on a black and white tube and  
Mack and the Gene are one of mine show  
Hangin with Sinead and they sippin on the four-oh  
Now I know I'm trippin \*Martin Lawrence voice\* Oh my  
goodness!  
Let me change the TV and  
Dizamn! Once again there I go  
But this time it's channel thirteen on Arsenio  
I'm smokin a wet one on the couch  
Givin up a fat middle finger to the crowd  
I'm faded, but not in a way in which you ever seen  
peep the side effects, yeah, I'm on the set  
Chorus: \*singers\*  
Asshole naked standin in front of the set; I'm wet  
Ain't no escapin when yo' ass is wet; I'm wet  
Look, look, way up in the sky everybody just  
look, look, and you'll find me flyin high  
So there I was, standin in front of the set mesmerized  
Kickin off the scenery right before me eyes  
High as a motherfucker what was I to do?  
Cause now the yerm has got me thinkin I'm on channel  
two  
Peep it -- bip-bip-bip like the bi-on-ic man I'm out of  
control

and now I see myself on Highway Patrol  
Runnin from the Feds tryin to make my get away  
but there's \*singin\* nowhere to run, ba-bay  
And now exhausted from this drama I needed a rest  
So I went on channel four so I can catch my breath  
Now who's this after five minutes of bein there  
I met this motherfucker named the Fresh Prince of Bel  
Air  
Yeah this nigga was funny I must admit it  
but his Uncle and his cousin Carlton was straight  
bitches  
Them niggaz was cock blockin, talkin bout killin me  
cause I told em I wanted to fuck the shit out of  
Hillary, ooh  
Now what's a realer trip to fantasy, all I know  
is she was lookin good sportin them t-shirt and  
panties, huh  
I can't believe this shit, nigga I'm wet  
Fuck tricks, my mind is playin with dipsticks, I'm on

the set  
Chorus  
Still blowed from the chemicals I'm askin was it worth  
it  
Cause like Slick Rick now Dub C is scared and I'm  
nervous  
Cause now the TV's changin by itself, uh-oh danger  
Cause now I see myself on channel nine on the  
Gladiators  
I'm swingin on a rope with a gauge  
Boom, bang bang, you niggaz can't hang  
Fuck a obstacle fool, I had them buff bitches runnin  
Mass confusion now I hear one-time comin  
So I swing to the exit, jumped off and jetted  
Thank God mama kept the baby gat ready  
I left all them bitches behind, til I got to channel  
fifty-two  
and there I found myself on Good Times  
Here was me and this nigga named J.J.  
Out on a double date, just sippin on Kool-Aid  
Now umm, ain't no need for me to pretenda  
like my date was all that like J.J.'s boo-boo Belinda  
yo, but she had a ass like Thelma, titties like Walona  
Drunk off the Mad Dog I fucked around and boned her  
Like J.J. the pussy was dy-no-mite though  
I must admit the hoe had a mug as ugly as Flo'  
I'm on tha set