

Ready 4 Whatever (feat. Big Syke)

2Pac

(Rule number one... n****z die, daily, hahahaha)
Hear me! Boo-yaow!
(Ready for whatever, hell yeah
What type n**** be a Thug Life n****?
Them Thug Life n****z be the craziest, run up n****!) There's no way to survive in the city it's a shame
N****z die from my hollow-point bullet to the brain
Will I survive or will I die is what I wonder
Puffin on blunts and gettin drunk to keep from goin under
Gettin lost in the madness, blunted gettin tipsy
Got my pistol out the window screamin, "Lord come and get me"
Am I sick, or am I just another victim?
Unloadin my clip, I'm watchin every bullet spit when I kick em
N****z die from automatic gunfire
Your time to expire, nobody cry every man gotta die
When they bury me, they bury me a G
Rest in peace, to all the homies got to heaven before me
Pour some liquor on the curb for the n****z that's caught
Had a motherf***in ward but he didn't go to court
God damn, and one day we'll all be together
Until then I'm ready for whatever, c'mon (Yeah, n****z movin somethin in the nine-trey
It's all about makin money, gettin yours
And knockin coppers off the motherf***in planet
Word to the motherf***in nine n****
We gonna make this motherf***er ours
If they don't feel me, they gon kill me
So Syke, get skanless n****) Am I going to Hell or will I reach Heav-en? (hell naw)
After all this s*** I did with my Mac-11
Did I sell my soul? Mama woulda saved me
That's the way that daddy raised me
Oh God, help me I'm losin it
So f*** it! Take me I'm doin it!
I need to change and look for a better way
I got a hundred round clip to my AK
Commitin sins I might die in vain
So f*** it! We'll live off the street fame!
God didn't send me in the right direction
I'm gettin hit by a diesel in the intersection
I know you're out there help a young brother (hear me)
Til then I'ma smoke motherf***ers

Things wouldn't be so bad
if we got the things that we never had, I'm ready for whatever(Hahahahaha, that's my motherf****in n**** there
Big ballin-a** Syke
Yeah n****, you schooled them young bustas
on how it is to be a real motherf****in G
In the nine-trey motherf****ers is dyin daily so you best be packin
If you ain't, boo-yaow motherf****er!)Dear mama I know you worry cause I'm hardly at home
Every other night in jail, got you patient by the phone
Wanna shake it cause I can't take it got me livin in Hell
Like I'm walkin with a secret that'll kill me if I tell
I live the Thug Life and can't nobody, change me
Not to the brain, going insane, just a part of the game
So much caine in the fast lane, finally a dry eye
When I die, bury me with my fo'-five
And let the devil feel the wrath of a n****
Goin to Hell with my finger on the trigger
Now everybody's starin
Got a n**** losin hair and they wonder if I'm all there
Well don't blame me, blame the flame that flickers
when n****z gettin richer (mo' money)
Now tell me if you wanna live forever
N****z dyin so be ready for whatever(Yeah, ready for whatever
Ready for whatever
Thug Life n****z and we be ready for whatever
Let me go like this, ready for whatever
Huh, Big Syke he be ready for whatever
My n**** Kato, ready for whatever
Pain, he's ready for whatever
And my n**** Bam Bam, he ready for whatever
My n**** Banks just be ready for whatever
Modu, he's ready for whatever
Big Serg, we ready for whatever
Charlie Tango, ready for whatever
My n**** Pac, be ready for whatever
Yeah, ready for whatever
Ready for whatever
My big-ballin a** n**** Boom, ready for whatever fo' sho'
Yeah, you know!
This how the player's do it
I know you standin there confused
You wonderin -- what type of n**** is a Thug Life n****?
Yeahehehehe n****, we be the ballin player-a** n****
About gettin riches, b****es, and plenty loc
Ya hear me?)Ready for whatever

Songwriters

JOHNNY JACKSON, TUPAC SHUKAR, TYRUS HIMES, GIL SCOTT HERON
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