

# Cell Ready

## Juicy J, Wiz Khalifa & TM88

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CELL READY LYRICS

(Intro)

Man this volcano bag get you high as fuck

Yo TM, you know what I'm saying mane, Its time man you know

Finna get the whole world high man

Let them feel these side effects

This shit finna be deadly bruh

[Hook: Juicy J]

Fuck with my fam, this shit gon' get deadly

They gon' have to get my cell ready

Play with my paper, this shit gon' get deadly

They gon' have to get my cell ready

Short me on my dope, this shit gon' get deadly

They gon' have to get my cell ready

Fuck with one of my niggas, this shit gon' get deadly

They gon' have to get my cell ready

[Verse 1: Juicy J & Wiz Khalifa]

One thing niggas on, hand me my chrome

Goin back to snatching niggas out they Cadillac and send them home

Smoke em' like a bong, then its back to counting money when I'm stoned

Or I send a hit through the phone and my dudes will come get you and they'll never leave you alone

My niggas official like refs with a whistle, I just make one call back to top off your dome

Off with your head, bitch I'm a king I got shooters with 2's protecting my throne

One shot then you gone, you should've known. I'm a real nigga I cannot be cloned

I'm filthy rich still don't let a penny go

I be up all night like I'm Arsenio

Freaky bitches take the dick in any whole

Now they famous cause they in my video

Who you foolin' I don't buy

I don't judge I just go off vibes

When I touch the sky then hop in this ride

Taylor Gang nigga we don't die

This world is mine I delete you guys

We all tryna eat we don't need your kind

And get that cash but family first

Be prepared to grind nigga put in work

Fuck nigga what would you do for this ice  
You think its really worth losing your life  
How bad you want stripes, my young niggas killers  
If I give the word then they smashing you niggas  
Bunch of youngins' coming from a broken home  
Slanging rock n roll but ain't no rolling stone  
Streets welcome niggas in with open arms  
If I catch the charge I'm a post a bond  
You god damn right I'm a certified boss I can cut the check or I can cut your throat  
Put you on the table tag on your toe smoking weed till' I overdose  
You don't want beef you ain't thinking clear. I'm too busy tryna make a fucking village  
Dripping more cheese then a chicken Philly, Pittsburgh niggas really bout they business  
I got niggas with me don't got any feelings  
They just really wit it, they just into killing  
Hard as hell on the internet but nigga in the streets you like Richard Simmons  
My money long and my passport got more stamps then a nigga mail  
It ain't a problem if I catch a body then I'm heading over seas I'll never see a sail nigga!  
MAFIA GANG!

Lyrics Submitted by J\$

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