

# Ready or Not

## G-Unit

My rope all freezy, dope on the TV  
Ecstasy especially out the GT  
You next to me, you best to be holdin somethin too  
Least you can say, you let somethin fly when somethin flew These niggaz get hit and call they lawyer  
And try to sue you, that's a bitch nigga for ya  
I'm tough like Mayoga and De La Hoya, I saw ya  
Man, niggaz'll stack nines for that ColaCause zips in my shit, I don't grow stems  
Him got 14 karats, carrots and gold rims  
Why say somethin about my name?  
Don't jump out the window, it's safer jumpin out a plane I can't ditch my bitch, it's somethin 'bout her brain  
If she put her mind to it she could suck out a vein  
You don't want a lead shower, stay the fuck out the rain  
There's so much ammo niggaz don't gotta aim You don't get a warnin, there's no heads up when it's on  
Here it comes, ready or not  
Don't be out there snorin, one eye blink and you're gone  
Keep it cocked and ready to pop The man makes no mistakes, it's been on since the day I was born  
Stop drop or get lead in your knot  
I'm known in hip-hop but I'm still ridin around with my chrome  
Here it comes, ready or not Yeah, yeah, my little shooter's 16 from the projects  
Glock-16 with the Napoleon complex  
I'm in and out the projects, my lifestyle pleasant  
You? You live life like a barbaric peasant Me without my gun in the streets is like a Muslim eatin pig feet  
Fuck the pigs on the street, they all wanna off a nigga  
And when these rappers get shot  
They ain't gangsta, they turn into corporate niggaz You die if it's rated R  
If it's PG-13 you leave with a scar  
R.I.P. to Troy and Bags, big shout to Hommo  
They got fishin money cooked, buy me the Apollo These model hoes swallow, I buy another bottle  
What is M.O.B. nigga? That's my motto  
These rappers ain't kings, they pawns  
And got dust bunnies on they guns You don't get a warnin, there's no heads up when it's on  
Here it comes, ready or not  
Don't be out there snorin, one eye blink and you're gone  
Keep it cocked and ready to pop The man makes no mistakes, it's been on since the day I was born  
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I'm known in hip-hop but I'm still ridin around with my chrome  
Here it comes, ready or not I think God spent a lil' extra time on me  
Pop planted a miracle seed, my mom ain't see  
I got a high intelligence level, I ain't no dummy

I ain't satisfied with 10 mil', that ain't no money  
My talents are blood deep, you can't take those from me  
And my sense of humor's shot, I don't take jokes funny  
My paranoia rolls with my bullet holes  
Givin me a third eye, my foes can get a magazine full of those  
The hip-hop cops follow my Suburban  
Hopin they can find a pistol on him when they search him  
I'm icier in person, they like me when I'm cursin  
So here's a dirty version, you only heard me urban  
If niggaz try to hurt him, the I-30's squirtin  
Right through your curtain, don't stop 'til you murk him  
Mechanical workin, Hechler handle's jerkin'  
That'll pull the Gate in after you Heavenly church him  
You don't get a warnin, there's no heads up when it's on  
Here it comes, ready or not  
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Keep it cocked and ready to pop  
The man makes no mistakes, it's been on since the day I was born  
Stop drop or get lead in your knot  
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Here it comes, ready or not

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