

# We Ready

## Rasheeda

Come on then, shit  
(So give it to 'em, whoa)  
Lay your head back  
(Whoa)  
Lay it on me  
(Whoa whoa)  
And for the money  
(Yeah whoa)  
You can lay that shit on me too  
(Whoa)  
But for now let's talk about riding  
Yeah, I'm saying it's like this  
(Brat, where are you at?)  
You know it's So So Def 'cause I'm the B to the R A  
T the most eligible bitch today  
And these niggas wanna ride with a dime like me  
They say they like the way the system pound in my jeep  
I got two twelve's that bump from wall to wall  
So loud that he headlights blink on and off  
I laugh when people watch I don't stop I shine  
It's attractive to motherfuckers that love to grind  
I sparkle from the rims to the chain, to the watch, to the rings  
To the ears, to the wrists, to the glocks, to the parts in the braids  
Shorties that stop to watch throw on the shades  
'Cause Da Brat got gleam for days  
Sunroof open let the sun shine in  
Baking the fuck out of me and all my friends  
In the backseat, stay in the front ain't no room in the trunk  
Just a devastating woofer that bump, you know  
So So Def is the place and we  
Ain't never gon' stop  
With Da B R A T  
We gon' keep this bitch on lock  
We the best at what we do  
Getting paper making all the moves  
And anybody that wants some  
Nigga we ready for you  
(We ready)  
I keep the windows down, so when I hit the stoplight

All the niggas standing around spot what they like  
They shoot me the 'Come Here' finger  
But the music's so loud I just smile and act like I don't see 'em  
I've done had one or too many shots of Tequila  
But when it's set to crunk I need my liquor  
Loud and rowdy naturally pull up to my truck and smile  
But you ain't proud of me  
I left you in the rear view with a look of disgust  
And a mad mug 'cause your windows almost bust  
I can't fathom the thought of my seats not rumbling  
And people catching whiplash when I past in front of 'em  
I'm flashy and I don't care if you know  
From the C to the H I C A G O  
I'm fresh to death no matter how I'm dressed  
It's even hard for the cops to put me under arrest  
Irresistibly huggable and lovable when  
I gotta wiggle myself out of the trouble I get in  
I'm Da Brat officer he turned and laughed  
And said stop disturbing and got an autograph  
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(We ready)  
Roll up a fat one and pass it around  
Lots of niggas hear the sound now they flagging me down  
Get attention when I drive by 'cause I'm so fly  
Shorty the pimp represent the West Side of Chi  
Know the haters watching, I love making 'em sick  
I tear the roof off this mother like Parliament  
People ride with me just to feel the bass in their chest  
And be reminded of how it sounds So So Def  
See what we do other niggas can't  
That's why for ten long years  
I've been making 'em dance  
You know?  
Me and Da Brat it's family boy, ya know?  
We ain't never gon' break down  
For y'all hatin' ass niggas  
We gon keep on and keep on, ya heard?  
(We ready)

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