We Ready (feat. Yung Joc)

Boyz N Da Hood

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Nigga get outta line, and we gon fuck em up
Fuck wit one of mine, and we gon draw blood
Nigga tryin to shine, and we gon show em up
Tryin to rep his side, and we gon throw em upI'm ready, when you ready
If yall ready, well, nigga we ready
I'm ready, if you ready
When yall ready, nigga we readyA, who, I got a tag on my head they wanna kill me
A couple tones and I kick dem niggas remember me
Dem niggas scared of me, they don't wanna see my crew
They talkin in code, he sayin what they finna doI let dem killas loose, try me I'mma finish you
Fuck it, won't you say it den, mothafucka spray me den
Where da hell Zone 3, damn there go Big Gee
Homegrown red dirt, watch on head bussWhy home tried us, I had unside us
Find on da blind side, half em tied up
Task folks tried us, masked up 9 up
Masked up, blast up, ass up partnerGive a nigga a couple grand, have ya ass a wonderland
Walkin with dat holy ghost, bushin up da motha land
Ya already know my name, hood they call me Big Gee
Wit panicles on bicycles, on binnacles on Zone 3Nigga get outta line, and we gon fuck em up
Fuck wit one of mine, and we gon draw blood
Nigga tryin to shine, and we gon show em up
Tryin to rep his side, and we gon throw em upI'm ready, when you ready
If yall ready, well, nigga we ready
I'm ready, if you ready
When yall ready, nigga we readyI got a mean appetite, call me Starvin Marvin
Cause I trap all night, at da Starvin Marvin
Chop neva scarred, not by far ho
Da chopper spell my name out in yo Monte CarloSuggest you keep it cool, keep it on da up and up
Get yo front on da scope, and yo chest gone open up
I leave ya shirt wet, like Slip N' Slide
Fuck wit real niggas like Mr. Exit 655, 4, 3, 2, 1, ya had a fair one
And hommie look what you dun done

Now ya talking loud while ya runnin to ya car
Before ya pop ya trunk, I'mma have to pull ya cardAt the Amoco, over there on Boulevard
Somebody call the cops cause I'm finna catch a charge
You tried to play hard, its concrete from Jump Street
Now you slumped on you front seats somewhere on Front StreetNigga get outta line, and we gon fuck em up
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Nigga tryin to shine, and we gon show em up
Tryin to rep his side, and we gon throw em upI'm ready, when you ready
If yall ready, well, nigga we ready
I'm ready, if you ready
When yall ready, nigga we readyI'm robbin everything, runnin through ya trap house
First nigga move, turn into da slaughterhouse
Dats a lot of beef, you shouldn't run ya mouth
I got some killas on da West dat'll make you walk it outSnap ya neck pussy, nigga, make you lean back
Big mess in da car couldn't clean dat
Tappin through da CB, I'm tryin to get some feedback
Hit da safe house, where da dope and da weed atMonkey niggas in da game, yall orangutan
I'm Gorilla, civil back pentane
45 spifin with some black John Wayne
If a wizard went and pissin, man, they wouldn't find a thang, noI don't give a dam about you rappas feelin's
Ain't nobody feedin' me but junior hoes ain't weed
If you want it you can get it' man, in case you get to squealin
Dis is Boyz N Da Hood, back in da Chevy and we dealinNigga get outta line, and we gon fuck em up
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Nigga tryin to shine, and we gon show em up
Tryin to rep his side, and we gon throw em upI'm ready, when you ready
If yall ready, well, nigga we ready
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