

# They Ready

## DJ Khaled

DJ Khaled!

And you know it don't stop, grindin' round that clock  
Masterminding my second album, my first album just dropped  
Scored a touchdown on my first down, niggas thought I was gon' flop  
See I hustle like my momma but I look just like my pops  
And we still duckin' cops, ride round and takin' shots  
Hennessy for my enemies, niggas know I'm takin' they spot  
'Cause that score up on the play clock, show just how I came from way back  
Just like T-I-P told you ASAP but you niggas rappin' like Aesop, Aesop get a grip  
Oh that's your dream car? Nigga that's my old whip  
Oh that's your dream girl? Nigga that's my old bitch  
Oh that's your new flow? Nigga that's my old shit!

This that new Krit shit, that Cole shit, them country niggas One for the money, two for the show

Three for them hoes saying anything goes

They say they ready for whatever!

They say they ready for whatever

I been around the world, twice to be exact

Six bad bitches and they lapped up in the back

They say they ready for whatever!

They say they ready for whatever Shawty look what we got, my bass beat and it knock

Got the old school in my old school was to post up on yo block

Yo broad chose like she was supposed to and you up in arms 'cause she bopped

I hate to say it but I got to say that I wish that they would just stop

So fuck these haters, fuck these hoes that ain't slammin' doors on they drop

Y'all niggas too young to remember how to the south used to be but I'm not

So when it come to snappin', Cadillacs, SpottieOttieDopaliscious, y'all pop

You thought Krit Wuz Here and R4 were the shit, bitch wait til my album drop (get 'em cuh)

Say that's yo' new car? Nigga that's my old slab

Say that's yo' new bitch? Nigga that's my old stab

Oh that's yo new flow? That shit sound so trash

This that new KRIT shit, that Cole shit, them country niggas Hol' up, but don't forget about Compton nigga

One for the money, two for the show

Three for no limit and the rest for death row

That means I been bout it bout it and this is the realist shit I ever wrote

And if anyone ever doubt it then they are the loudest of liars I know

I only desire to blow, she only desire to blow

And I hope that my dick is a whistling flute, and that's not the instrumental

Now pick up my coat

You let that motherfucker drag like RuPaul, I'll drag your ass to the floor

Bitch, I can admit, I'm a recovered addict, paraphernalia that is  
Telling the doctor I'm sick, head doctor I'm needing your lips, yea  
Proper analogy for it, if I can afford it then I won't ignore it, clear  
Cop me a palace and Porsche and right when I floor it that's when I switch gears  
Living my life on Uranus, uh, keeping one foot in your anus, uh  
The other foot all on your neck, repeatedly stomp 'til I break it, uh  
Bitch I'm demanding respect, these bitches is telling me take it  
DJ Khaled, even if I had callus, holding the torch ain't no challenge, ain't it

Songwriters

KENDRICK LAMAR, KHALED KHALED, JERMAINE LAMARR COLE, JUSTIN LEWIS SCOTT,  
WILLIE HUTCHINSON

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