

Ready

B.o.B.

Apply major pressure my nigga
You hear me? Money on my mind, can't take it off that shit
Nigga got five different iPhone's only picking up for that grip
Any time they come around here nigga
We ain't gonna let up on you pussy niggas
We just get ready
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We ain't gonna let up on you pussy niggas
We just get ready It's Ray Bans (Bans), and Freebandz, we getting money
While you hating (okay, okay, okay), we somewhere in Abu Dhabi
With Arabians (rrrah), and G5, and where my posse at?
It's outrageous (yeah), on that good Jamaican
That's right I'm too faded, you too shady
I'm too greedy with two ladies
Excellence I'm exuberated
I'm finna smash like two potatoes
I don't give a fuck, not even two maybes (na-da)
I turn up on niggas like rutabagas
I do it daily, I do it daily (what)
That's my swag, you should pay me (okay)
Ain't that the truth?
This my whip, ain't that the coupe?
Hustle Gang ain't that the squad
That bitch actin' like you gotta prove
While they out here catchin' feelings, I'mma catch a flight or two
I just give her major pressure while she gave me major who Money on my mind, can't take it off that shit
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Sexy bitch just throw that back (ay), hell yeah she ready for it (yeah)

They thought that the boy was stupid (what), now my shit they checkin' for it (yeah)
And, yo' girl, she addicted to it, I think that ho need Betty Ford (Betty)
All I heard is that boy a pop, all I heard is that boy not
Top 5 on any list (okay), but I moved up about five slots
Some pass one, high as fuck
I don't see niggas 'til I look down
Just turned my crib to the hookah spot
You are now welcome to the kush lounge (smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke)
So miss me with that fuckery (fuckery)
Girl come here with that suckery (do it)
Ham squad, Hustle Gang, that's that underground luxury
I don't mess with them fake type, I bet em all if it was up to me
Even if a bitch was a cashier, still she'll never get a buck from meMoney on my mind, can't take it off that shit
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