

Y'all Ain't Ready (Come On)

Petey Pablo

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I can make um
(I can make um)
I can make um
(I can make um)
I can make um bounce if I want to I can make um
(I can make um)
I can make um
(I can make um)
I can make um bounce if I want to Who and the hell this here big eared mutherfucker
Thinkin' he is comin' 'round here
Spittin' like he the real deal
Just 'cause he wit Missy and Tim In the new Benz on 'em twenty inch rimz
Grinnin' from ear to ear
Got all them lil' bitches 'round him
Kresha and Kesha and them I hope he get gonorrhea
(Bitch ass nigga)
Dat what they sayin'
(I know it) Why they hate me so bad
(Boy)
This my reward
You betta get yours
Quit worrying 'bout what Petey be doin' You keep securing
My vocals [Incomprehensible] rowdy and derm
(You ain't heard) I think you been sippin' to much of the syzurp
Betta calm your nerves
Before yo ass get served
Somethin' terrible, thoroughly
(Ha, ha) You ain't ready for me
(Come on)
You ain't ready for me
(Come on) You ain't ready for me
(Come on)

You ain't ready for me
(Come on) You ain't ready for me
(Come on)
You ain't ready for me
(Come on)
You ain't ready for me
(Come on) I'm the Love Boat
More potent than crack smoke
Some folk say I'm all they been waitin' for Tired of hearin' the same shit on the radio
Tired of seein' the same bitches in the video
Tired of Benzes, Bentleys and Diamonds in yo chain yo
Tired of hearin' 'bout all this cash, when most of you broke Can even give a decent show
Energy level on a Richter scale triple 0 point 0
(Holla)
For Petey Pablo
Let me see you breakin' it down on the dance floor I got what they want
From a nigga that ti, ti, ti
(Woo)
We at it again, you know what it is
4000 and 7 to spend My prediction 1st week
Half a mutherfuckin' million
(Break it down for me)
(Break it down my man)
Picture first week half a mutherfuckin' million You ain't ready for me
(Come on)
You ain't ready for me
(Come on) You ain't ready for me
(Come on)
You ain't ready for me
(Come on) You ain't ready for me
(Come on)
You ain't ready for me
(Come on)
You ain't ready for me
(Come on) Peter Piper picked peppers and I shook corn
Humpty Dumpty fell down and I kept goin'
And Jack be nimble was nimble
But wasn't more nimble than this
Can you imagine Jam Master on some shit like this? Kind of like your grand daddy
The baddest, the fastest, nastiest actin' ass
To eva walk on this side of rappin'
The skipper, the professor and the captain The lighter and the match
I'm the one that's goin' to carry Jive
Past N'SYNC status
(I can't believe he said it)

(Can't believe he said it)
(I can't believe he said it)
Y'all ain't ready You ain't ready for me
(Come on)
You ain't ready for me
(Come on) You ain't ready for me
(Come on)
You ain't ready for me
(Come on) You ain't ready for me
(Come on)
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(Come on)
You ain't ready for me
(Come on)
You ain't ready for me
(Come on)

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