

They Ready

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 take 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
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 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
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 whistlely 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
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
even if I had callus, holding the torch ain't no challenge

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