

Ready Or Not

G-Unit

My rope on freezy
Dope on the T.V
Ecstasy especially out the GT
You next to me, you best to be holding something too
At least you can say, you let something fly with something flew
The niggas get hit, they goin' call their lawyer
I'm trying to sue you, That's a bitch nigga for you
I'm tough like Mayorga and Dela Hoya,
I saw you, and niggas stack nines for those quarters
Cause zips and my shit, I don't boast them
Him got 14 carrots, carrots and gold rims
Why say something about my name
Don't jump out the window, it's safer jumping out a plane
I can't ditch my bitch, it's something about her brain
If should put her mind to it she can suck out a vain
You don't want to let showers, stay the fuck out the rain
There's so much ammo niggas don't got to aim [Chorus]
You [unknown] in the morning, it's no head up and it's on
Here it comes, ready or not
Don't be out there snoring, one eyed blinked and you're gone
Keep it copped (get ready to pop)
The man makes no mistakes, it's been on since the day I was born
Stop, drop, Get let in your knot
I'm known in hip-hop but I'm still riding on in my chrome
Here comes, ready or not
My little shooter, 16 from the projects
Glock 16 with the napolean complex
I'm in and out of the projects
My lifestyle pleasant
You, you live life like a barbaric peasant
Me without my guns in the street is like a Muslim eating pig feet
Fuck them pigs on the street
They all want to off a nigga
And when these rapper's get shot
They ain't gangsta, they turn into corporate niggas
You die if it's rated 'R'
If it's 'PG-13', you leave with a scar
'R and P detroying bags, big shots to Hamos
They got official money, could buy me the Appollo
These model hoe's swallow, I bottle [unknown]
But it's MOB nigga, that's my model
These rappers ain't kings, the pawns
Ain't got dust bunnies on their gowns [Chorus]
I think god spent a little extra time on me
Pap planted the miracle seed, My mom ain't see
I got a high intelligence level, I ain't no dummy
I ain't satisfied with 10 mil, that ain't no money
My talents are blood deep you can't take those from me

And my sense of humor is shot, I don't take jokes funny
My paranoia rolls with my bullet holes giving me a third eye
My four's can get a magazine full of those They hip-hop cops follow my suburban
Hoping they can find a pistol, all over they searching
I'm icier in person, they like me when I'm cursing
So here's a dirty version, you only heard me urban If niggas try to hurt 'em, then I'll dirty squirt 'em
Right through your curtain, don't stop 'til you merk 'em
Mechanical working, heckler handles jerking
That will put them a gator after you heavenly church 'em [Chorus]

Songwriters

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