## Y'all Ain't Ready (come On)

## **Petey Pablo**

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)

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)

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)

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