

# 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)  
You ain't ready for me  
(Come on)



[illegible]

(Come on)

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>