They Ain't Ready

Ruff Ryders

[Timbaland]
Uh-huh, now what we gonna do
Take it from the Eastside... to the country
Ya feel me? Ya feel me?
Ya feel me? Tchka-tchka-tchka
Check the chorus![Chorus] 2X
Jada talk so good, but they brain is not ready
They don't know know
Bubba talk so good, but they brain is not ready
They don't know know know[Jadakiss]
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh, yeah
Yo, uh, yeah, yo...
Aiyyo, this I'll make ya head hurt
When the hawk take the day off
I make the lead work, I'll put you in the red dirt
Ice make 'em look like stars, they comin through
On the bikes, but they look like cars, it's somethin new
and Jada talk soo good, but 'cha brain is
Nowhere next to ready for this stainless
It's no helpin you when them thangs melt in you
and way down in Athens, 'Kiss is a bell ringer
I'ma bring the hood to the farm
Bless 'em with some purple haze, remove the wood from the bong
Introduce them to the yak and cranberry
And make sure Bubba Spark good, then I'm gone
Even if we run to war, I'ma still run the raw
You can come and see me, I got 'em for twenty-four
Double R and Beat Club, who hard as us?
"R3: In the 'R' We Trust," c'mon[Chorus] 2X[Bubba Sparxxx]
Uh, uh...
Boy you silly if you saw them crackers ridin' with them pigs
and thought I might would hit this robe for less than twenty-five a gig
Doin' sixty-five, I slid off acid and shitty bourbon
Took a minute to adjust, but right now this big shit is workin
I'm white just by chance, but I'm country by God's graces
Nowadays I find myself doin laundry in odd places
But still, I keep it Bubba even into Mr. Kiss and them
Brought 'em down to Athens, let 'em cut with my sister's friend
Now we gettin' blitzed again, back on the block in Yonkers

and Tim done laced a track, man this shit is hot as bonkers
'Kiss, not to flaunt ya, but just tell them Betty's come here
I'm doin for my family what y'all already done here
But Bubba is the truth and perhaps this is discussion
Of wither I'm that deal or a product of Timb's percussion
Y'all know to him it's bustin, so just dap me up and frown on
Me and 'Kiss is necessary, that much you can count on, yeah[Chorus] 2X[Bubba Sparxxx]
How did him and Bubba rise from this dirt and this cow feces?
To show you folks the hope for this changin' shall be me
Notice how he see, the picture for it's painting
and poured you up of this mixture before it was tainted
See I was rydin' ruff only when me and D became acquainted
and I pledge to maintain it, be damned if I'ma change it
This shit is anus, ain't it? Fuck 'em, Kiss bring it home
I ryde or die with Beat Club, won't bend for the sake of this song[Jadakiss]
The streets is still mine, I stay with the still nine
And it's still on nigga I'm stonger than corn liquor
like I pink-eyed, niggaz pretend to be weeded
That's what the industry needed
Kiss flippin' his flow, enemies heated
But we gon' let the gats pop
From the old rifles on the dirt road
to the handguns on the blacktop, don't get the plot wrong
This ain't a black or white politic thing cocksucker, it's a hot song[Chorus] 2X

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/