

# I'm Ready

## The Jeff Healey Band

Wassup Trill E N T? You know what I'm saying?  
Bitch ass niggas be wondering  
What the fuck this shit mean to me  
This shit mean everything to me, nigga, this all I got  
Street life nigga still wild'n  
Took my shirt off me and turk about to drop the work off  
Niggas best wipes they smirks off, honestly we'll hurt y'all  
Hit them niggas heart, tell big boi to skurt off  
Ten toes down, now ten hoes down  
White Nike one bike if it's 50 hoes round  
Ten cali one pipe, now that's fifty whole pounds  
Niggas acting like bitches, I'll sit they ass down  
Type ass go Webbie I like get in trouble  
Bite the hammer when you scared be careful how you play it  
All your money and your bread don't mean nothing  
When you're dead  
Booty ass nigga, school booty ass nigga  
Think about me when I ain't around  
When I'm around they shiver  
Camera ass nigga, fame ass nigga  
In the club when I make it rain ass nigga  
I'm a ol' neva gon change ass nigga  
What trill mean to me I explain nigga  
The T for fam I told you I got 'em  
The R for real and rovers ready to die  
The I for me 'cause I'm the fucking hottest  
The L for love and loyal the leaders behind me  
The hood for long, it's been a long time and finally  
Everybody shining, mayne, fuck it, it's game time  
And I'm ready, I'm Webbie, I'm ready, I'm Webbie  
I'm ready, I'm Webbie, I'm ready, I'm Webbie  
This year all be we all, where we all be  
Want something? Call me, try me and y'all see  
MTV, BET, tell 'em that it's all good  
We want tall, how I'm living but we scared of y'all hood  
My homeboy stressed, tell 'em keep his head up  
Don't want go back to the slums, so I keep my bread up  
If I get my head buss, I don't really give a fuck  
What gon' happen to my people only thing I'm scared of

When you look up in your mirror you see a pussy ass nigga  
You don't see a boss, hogg, go getta that'll kill you  
See a candy ol' fear glitter  
Rims keep spinning, fuck hoes, I'll consider  
Tote high four five dope house I'm little  
G'd up, re'd up, sold out sixty minutes  
Trill fam still fam, duck tape his fate  
Pay the lawyer, beat case, Young Savage, get it straight  
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I'm ready, I'm Webbie, I'm ready, I'm Webbie  
My niggas be winning and laughing and fakin? and fronting  
Moses like hoes trying to see how we working this company  
Scoping with pistols and ropes, hoping we fumble  
Open like some of these savage life ass wannabes  
I'ma say wannabe, you know I'm gonna be S T R A I G H T  
Pussy niggas hate me, I'm a straight G  
They tell me go commercial, bitches make me  
Take me to the top, that's what I told Savage  
Then he told, ?Webbie, let's roll, I'm ready?  
Fuck gold, go platinum, my goal is to snatch all  
Black folks who down with savage hoes that's what's happenin'  
And if I don't get it you know I ain't trippin'  
Lil nigga, real nigga, I'm still a real nigga  
Don't doubt trill niggas been riding with trill niggas  
You wasn't even in the picture this is for the permission, nigga  
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