Ready For Whatever

Chamillionaire

[Chorus: repeat 2X]You better know when I'm up in the club
That I'm ready for whatever, I'm a G so wassup
Just because you see me actin' shining doin' my thing
Don't think a playa won't switch'n
get to throwin them things (get to throw them hands)
[Hook: repeat 2X]I'm ready for whatever (yeah!)
I'm ready for whatever (yeah!)
I'm ready for whatever
Come on, get up on my level
[Verse 1]Who am I
I'm Fat Rat (Fat Rat)
With the cheese (with the cheese)
I'm the one (I'm the one)
Hater please (hater please)
In fact bow (in fact bow)
On ya knees (on ya knees)
I been gettin' money since '93
Triple O.G.
I don't gotta talk to you boys
Make a whole fo' I come through and walk through you boys (for real)
I'll put a spark to you boys
This ol' dog bite, I won't bark at 'chou boys
I look good I feel good (yeah!)
I talk like Barack but I'm real hood (whoa!)
I check a hater any playa that's Trill would
If the hands a shank, don't worry then the steel should
[Hook: repeat 2X][Chorus][Verse 2: Chamillionaire]A lot of boughe women (yeah)

Yeah I'm usually chillin' (yeah)
Move around, no time for mail groupie-ism (move)
My money to the ceiling (ceilling)
But act like you a villian
I bet the arm and hammer gonna do his duty with him
Banana vision
Haters thinkin' the camera's slippin' (nah)
Gorilla pitman, peel you with that banana clippin'
Huh, I make a jacker turn to noodle soup
Send a message through the hoops
Spin you like a holla-hoop

(I know some boys really mad and can't stand
how a playa keep my money stacks in big rubberbands (up in big rubberbands)
But I'm a keep on getting my grands
you don't like it you know I'm a let you know it in advance
then we keep throwin hands)
[Hook][Chorus][Verse 3]A hater there, a hater there
I should buy me fuckin' shirt and call it Hater Wear
But ask me do a playa care
Why would I when a gal whisperin' a playa ear?
And she talkin' bout doin' sumthin'
She like you, you always talkin' about doin' sumthin'
The only difference is she for real, you -- you bumpin'
Imma really take her to the room and ruin' sumthin'
You won't get me stressed
We will tear this club up and make a mothafuckin' mess (yeah!)
I'm one-hundred none less
Now go about ya bizness lil daddy, God bless
[Hook][Chorus]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/