

Ready 4 Whatever

2Pac

Rule number one, niggaz die, daily
Hear me, boo-yaow, ready 4 whatever, Hell yeah
What type nigga be a Thug Life nigga?
Them Thug Life niggaz be the craziest, run up nigga There's no way to survive in the city it's a shame
Niggaz die from my hollow-point bullet to the brain
Will I survive or will I die is what I wonder
Puffin' on blunts and gettin' drunk to keep from goin' under Gettin' lost in the madness, blunted gettin' tipsy
Got my pistol out the window screamin', "Lord come and get me"
Am I sick, or am I just another victim?
Unloadin' my clip, I'm watchin' every bullet spit when I kick 'em Niggaz die from automatic gunfire
Your time to expire, nobody cry every man gotta die
When they bury me, they bury me a G
Rest in peace, to all the homies got to Heaven before me Pour some liquor on the curb for the niggaz that's
caught
Had a motherfuckin' ward but he didn't go to court
God damn, and one day we'll all be together
Until then I'm ready 4 whatever, c'mon Yeah, niggaz movin' somethin' in the nine-trey
It's all about makin' money, gettin' yours
And knockin' coppers off the motherfuckin' planet
Word to the motherfuckin' nine nigga
We gonna make this motherfucker ours
If they don't feel me, they gon' kill me
So Syke, get skanless nigga Am I going to Hell or will I reach Heaven?
After all this shit I did with my Mac-11
Did I sell my soul? Mama woulda saved me
That's the way that daddy raised me Oh God, help me I'm losin' it
So fuck it, take me I'm doin' it
I need to change and look for a better way
I got a hundred round clip to my AK Commitin' sins I might die in vain
So fuck it, we'll live off the street fame
God didn't send me in the right direction
I'm gettin' hit by a diesel in the intersection I know you're out there help a young brother
'Til then I'ma smoke motherfuckers
Things wouldn't be so bad
If we got the things that we never had, I'm ready 4 whatever That's my motherfuckin' nigga there
Big ballin' ass Syke
Yeah nigga, you schooled them young bustas
On how it is to be a real motherfuckin' G
In the nine-trey motherfuckers is dyin' daily so you best be packin'

If you ain't, boo-yaow motherfucker
Dear mama I know you worry 'cause I'm hardly at home
Every other night in jail, got you patient by the phone
Wanna shake it 'cause I can't take it got me livin' in Hell
Like I'm walkin' with a secret that'll kill me if I tell
I live the Thug Life and can't nobody, change me
Not to the brain, going insane, just a part of the game
So much caine in the fast lane, finally a dry eye
When I die, bury me with my fo'-five
And let the devil feel the wrath of a nigga
Goin' to Hell with my finger on the trigger
Now everybody's starin'
Got a nigga losin' hair and they wonder if I'm all there
Well, don't blame me, blame the flame that flickers
When niggaz gettin' richer, mo' money
Now tell me if you wanna live forever
Niggaz dyin' so be ready 4 whatever
Yeah, ready 4 whatever
Ready 4 whatever
Thug Life niggaz and we be ready 4 whatever
Let me go like this, ready 4 whatever
Huh, Big Syke he be ready 4 whatever
My nigga Kato, ready 4 whatever
Pain, he's ready 4 whatever
And my nigga Bam Bam, he ready 4 whatever
My nigga Banks just be ready 4 whatever
Modu, he's ready 4 whatever
Big Serg, we ready 4 whatever
Charlie Tango, ready 4 whatever
My nigga Pac, be ready 4 whatever
Yeah, ready 4 whatever
Ready 4 whatever
My big-ballin' ass nigga Boom, ready 4 whatever fo' sho'
Yeah, you know
This how the player's do it
I know you standin' there confused
You wonderin', what type of nigga is a Thug Life nigga?
Yeah hehehe nigga, we be the ballin' player-ass nigga
About gettin' riches, bitches and plenty loc'
Ready 4 whatever

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