Ready

Trouble

Can't get involved too deeply
Can't set myself up for letdowns
Get on them bars get sleepy
Grab a lil bitch & go lay it down
Can't even remember my weekend
Barely can get up the next day
All I know that I stay gettin' paid
Chain on the floor by my Michael J'sCouple lil bitches was ready
Chopper on side of me ready
One in the head that bitch ready
Did you not think I was readyI just told Ray that she readyGotta gon push it on out to the blockGotta gon push it on out to the streets
Whatever do it heavy young nigga be ready
We be like bitch I gotta get a 100 P's
100 P's I gotta get em
Give a fuck what my niggas em done did kuz wrong or right nigga ridin wit em
24/7 riding wit this chopper bitch, riding wit this chopper
We can afford some problems, I can afford some problems
Be the one, I'll lay ya down
Bad bitches I just lay em down
No emotions I can't play around
Power gone I made my way around
Through the city, money gotta get it
Francis was out shooting dice wit it
My bitch she wanted me home wit her
Textin and talkin on phones wit her
I fukk wit ya, but the way a nigga fukk wit ya
Make it seem like I don't fukk wit ya
I don't hit ya phone all the time
Ya say it make ya feel like ya ain't on my mind
How the fukk is ya ain't on my mind
When i just went and help you go and flip a dime
Why the fuck is these bitches ungrateful?
Must be doing sumpn under the tableCan't get involved too deeply
Can't set myself up for letdowns
Get on dem bars get sleepy
Grab a lil bitch & go lay it downCan't even remember my weekend
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Gotta gon push it on out to the block
Gotta gon push it on out to the streets
Whatever do it heavy young nigga be readyYa gotta be ready fool
Ya gotta be ready whatever time it is
Whatever day nigga I don't give a fukk
Mannnn you gotta be ready
Ya gotta be ready bitch
Ya gotta be ready Miss Lady that's if ya feel
I disrespected ya callin ya bitch chill
Ya still be my bitch fa real (bitch chill you on that extra shit)
Kuz if i'm fukkin wit ya then i call u that
Niggas be talking crazy like they'll kill sumpn
Boy you ain't got the balls for that
I fukk wit young niggas, fukk wit real niggas
Like DTB like Black
I fuck wit plenty bitches but I still won't fukk her if that shit ain't wetEvery time a nigga get that pack
Go to Mom's house give her them racks
Swear to God my life here facts
Yea I fukk wit ya but kan't get attached
That money callin me I hear it say
"Trouble kome get me don't never relax"Can't get involved too deeplyCan't set myself up for letdowns
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Whatever do it heavy young nigga be readyNigga you ain't high....nigga we high!
Shawty Fresh
Get this bitch "Ready"
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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