

# Ready Or Not

G-Unit

My rope on freezy  
Dope on the T.V  
Ecstasy especially out the GT  
You next to me, you best to be holding something too  
At least you can say, you let something fly with something flew

The niggers get hit, they goin' call their lawyer  
I'm trying to sue you, That's a bitch nigger for you  
I'm tough like Mayorga and Dela Hoya,  
I saw you, and niggers stack nines for those quarters

'Cause zips and my shit, I don't boast them  
Him got 14 carrots, carrots and gold rims  
Why say something about my name  
Don't jump out the window, it's safer jumping out a plane

I can't ditch my bitch, it's something about her brain  
If should put her mind to it she can suck out a vain  
You don't want to let showers, stay the fuck out the rain  
There's so much ammo niggers don't got to aim

You [unknown] in the morning, it's no head up and it's on  
Here it comes, ready or not  
Don't be out there snoring, one eyed blinked and you're gone  
Keep it copped (get ready to pop)  
The man makes no mistakes, it's been on since the day I was born  
Stop, drop, Get let in your knot  
I'm known in hip-hop but I'm still riding on in my chrome  
Here comes, ready or not

My little shooter, 16 from the projects  
Glock 16 with the napolean complex  
I'm in and out of the projects  
My lifestyle pleasant

You, you live life like a barbaric peasant  
Me without my guns in the street is like a Muslim eating pig feet  
Fuck them pigs on the street  
They all want to off a nigger  
And when these rapper's get shot  
They ain't gangsta, they turn into corporate niggers

You die if it's rated 'R'  
If it's 'PG-13', you leave with a scar  
'R and P detroying bags, big shots to Hamos  
They got official money, could buy me the Appollo

These model hoe's swallow, I bottle [unknown]  
But it's MOB nigger, that's my model  
These rappers ain't kings, the pawns  
Ain't got dust bunnies on their gowns

I think god spent a little extra time on me  
Pap planted the miracle seed, My mom ain't see  
I got a high intelligence level, I ain't no dummy  
I ain't satisfied with 10 mil, that ain't no money

My talents are blood deep you can't take those from me  
And my sense of humor is shot, I don't take jokes funny  
My paranoia rolls with my bullet holes giving me a third eye  
My four's can get a magazine full of those

They hip-hop cops follow my suburban  
Hoping they can find a pistol, all over they searching  
I'm icier in person, they like me when I'm cursing  
So here's a dirty version, you only heard me urban

If niggers try to hurt 'em, then I'll dirty squirt 'em  
Right through your curtain, don't stop 'til you merk 'em  
Mechanical working, heckler handles jerking  
That will put them a gator after you heavenly church 'em