

Really Ready

Gucci Mane

I'm a real nigga, talking 'bout what I really have
Cause I fucked a nigga bitch, that's why he really mad
Hit a nigga in his head, I be really glad
Since the day I lost Dunk, I been really sad
A nigga make a hit and dip, will he really last?
A nigga say he hold you down but will he really blast?
They say I'm worth fifteen M's but that ain't really shit
And I ain't content with what I got, got to be really rich
Sold dope on the really, was broke on the really
If you really wanna get it then you know I'm with it
Really wanna go to war with me, not really
You wanna get it then you gonna get it
You worth a mill', not really really
I ain't all in your business
If it's not your girl not really really, then why is it hurting your feelings?

My young niggas, they really ready
Straps cocked, are ready
These rap niggas are really scary, talk loud but ain't really
We tote choppers like military, niggas gotta get passed us
Your girl with me, you really married, damn I'm fucking your marriage

On the real these rappers pussy, nah really, straight up
But meanwhile I'm in my traphouse, with 'bout six different flavors
But fuck that, let's get to it
Took out my scale, broke down the bale, and my clientele ran straight through it
Drinking mud, riding through the city, yup
Selling pea's out the coupe really, yup
Paid fifteen K for my S.S. and invested another fifty, yup
These rap niggas they don't wanna see me, nah
Guess a bitch with me taking off her draws'
Smoking weed and laughing, burning rubber while I'm running from the law
Really, fuck you nigga come get me
I'm a Cashtank nigga and all we do is get money, you feel me?
Know there's two Glock's with me, yup
Got that boy Guwop with me, yup
Downtown rooftop chilling, yup
Quarter mill' on the floor, really

Nigga I'm bickin' back and I'm boolin'
Drop the top, and then foolish
Finessing game with your main bitch, now my pockets is stupid
Fuck with Gucci, get you an issue
You pussy soft, like tissue
Hundred K'll get you knocked out
Put me in the ring, get boxed out
So I jump on the stage, get the team real hype
Gucci throw a cup and the whole squad fight
Bottles on me, so we pouring all night
Nigga get a trippy night
I'm jumping out that coupe, I lost my damn roof
Thank God that boy so fly, we don't need no parachute
So I'm chasing after fix, squeezing on these triggers
Bank account six figures, kick my feet up, Louie slippers
Vacation in the Hampton's, rockstar Marilyn Manson

All for that check, I hold a nigga ransom

[Hook]