

# Ready Or Not

Juvenile

Ready or not  
Here I come  
You can't hide  
Southern Smoke  
Gonna find you and take it slowly  
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You can't hide  
Southern Smoke nigger  
Gonna find you and take it slowly

You say you're wedded but I don't know if you really is  
A country of which you'd be scared to fuck with the syndicate  
You heard the stories, you're scared of becoming one of those  
But you ain't scared to put your fingers running money rolls  
So motion forward nigger, you a sensei  
Lead for me like you're walking on a peavey  
You're twenty seven but you're face is in the tenth grade  
Or you just trying to do your thing to get your repaint  
It ain't no crime to me  
So don't you lie to me  
All you got to do is got that pussy in the sky for me  
It's a beautiful way you bend that behind for me  
Hop on the back of the big dog and take a ride with me  
We ain't coming for the night, you're a celebrity  
My man bitching, you play the top of your pedigree  
I might have looking for you  
That's what you're known for  
Me slow stroking that pussy, that's what you long for

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One chick told me  
Yea rock out with your cock out  
So I pull my cock out  
Hold the baby, watch out  
Stomach is no fat out  
The inches are from your  
I ain't say  
You a pro  
I don't know what you know about  
I'm a playboy no doubt  
Hate me of this hoe out  
Hare, take this home, hold this, flow out  
Nice time to roll out  
Come on now don't hold out  
It's about Bree  
Haha late you try to go out  
Chowder's what I grow out  
Money's what you throw out?

The only time I'm not happy  
When I'm hitting roll out  
Now it's time to roll out  
You think I'm scrap?  
Yea, no doubt  
Look, stand back  
The stocking gotta fall off  
We gon' pull the pull out  
I'm gon' pull the roll out  
We gon' light this candle and fuck till it go out  
You just plain as your world  
Yea you know, now go girl  
Oops that's my bad  
You a woman, you ain't no girl

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Look mama got it going on  
Red buy them Lou Button  
Remind me of this red bone  
Used to have my hair down  
Jamaican girl, abducted wine  
Yea I'm talk abducted why  
I used to undress her with my eyes  
Such a ductile my  
Mellow if they thought that I was making them movies  
Bring it on stage  
We skip them through this  
And I know she was a cutie, besides all her groovy  
Let me smash in the Jag  
We ain't riding no hoses  
Like it's another episode  
Same shoes, same bag  
Same hair color, same job, same swag  
Same skin tone, same hips she bag  
Independent attitude  
Make the mother hoes mad  
Said she living in the land of born and raised  
In the D, I'm from the three  
She must not know 'bout me  
She said she flying out to Bahamas  
In a week I'm right behind her  
In a flee, got money baby, UTP

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