

# All Ready

Lil' Keke

You know it's still U.G.K. for life  
Free that boy Pimp C, we keeping it trill down here baby  
Already, that boy Keke the Don, Mike Jones  
And Bun B, we gon show you how we do it baby

Well I'm an underground king fool, sitting on the throne  
Flipping through the South, in my Cadillac chrome  
Showing boys love, making moves breaking bread  
My nose to the ground, trying to keep my family fed  
A lot done been said, but ain't much been done yet  
Boys bumping they gums, from sun up to sunset  
Bout what they gon do, and what I won't do  
They think they wanna see me crunk, but they don't want to  
Cause I get fired up, in any jump off  
I get that ride pump, and let it dump off  
Cause ain't no slowing down, when it be po'ing down  
Best to move around, when them Texas boys is throwing down  
We don't talk about it baby, we just do it  
I thought you knew it, ain't nothing to it  
So if you need me fool, you know just where to find me  
In V.A., with all of Texas behind me already

Are you really feeling good tonight, (already)  
Are you gon represent your hood tonight, (already)  
Cause the drinks on me, and the bar tab heavy  
Scream it like you mean it, when you say (already)  
Well do you got a icy piece on your chain, (already)  
Well what about your watch, your wrist and your ring (already)  
If it's your Lac or your Benz, or your old school Cheve  
Scream it like you mean it, when you say (already)

Boys just be talking, haters just be bumping  
I'm riding up the slab, in my old school thumping  
Trunk just barking, flossing no parking  
Jackers playing games, and they days get darkened  
The Don (already), got your gun (already)  
Cause it's 84's and 4's, candy do's on a Cheve  
(already), know I'm saying down here that's how we say it  
T.V. screens four fifteens, navigation's how I play it  
Get your grind on, and I'll get mine on  
This for 7-1-3, Central time zone  
It's the fly way the highway, we taking a risk  
They say them country boys crazy, when they listen to this  
Bun B, Mike Jones and Lil' Keke the Don  
I know boys be shooting slugs, but I'm so teflon  
From the 8100 block, whether you like it or not  
It was a struggle from the bottom, but I'm back on top already

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It's already been proven, we winning y'all losing  
Cause Mike Jones, Bun B and Lil' Ke is who they choosing  
I'm proving, to all them non believers that refuse me  
That if you grind you gon shine, there's nothing to it  
I flip candy with the gloss, diamonds on the cross  
A million dollar house, with the platinum in my mouth  
(already) I leave the lot drop the top, candy on Perelli  
whomikejones.com, or you can hit me on my celly  
G'yeah, 281-330-8004  
Who's cell phone number is that, (Mike Jones)  
I use to move stones, now I'm on the microphone  
Getting my cash on, (already-already)  
I use to move stones, now I'm on the microphone  
Getting my cash on, (already-already)  
I said I use to move stones, now I'm on the microphone  
Getting my cash on, (already)

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