

We Ready

Rasheeda

I feel the master, Phat boy and D-Lo
Ya'll ready, they ready
C'mon, C'mon
Rasheeda she ready, we ready
Archie, you ready, we ready
C'mon, C'mon, C'mon, C'mon
You ready
Archie, Rasheeda, we ready

We ready (What, what)
We ready (What, what)
We ready (We ready, we ready)
For y'all (Come on, we ready, come on)
We ready (We ready for)
We ready (We ready for)
We ready (We ready for)
For y'all (We ready, we ready)

Ain't no question bout who the best
Macy gon' lay the track and Archie come to do the rest
Step in the way, multiple shots are goin' through ya chest
You must have called Pastor Troy cause boy you is blessed
And I'm a take him out the game y'all
It ain't no thang y'all
You wanna buck, I'll rip you up like a chainsaw
The game's raw, boy please believe it
Keep your bible with you cause you gon' be needin' Jesus
Fiendin' for chart-toppin' hits
And Archie ain't gon' stop droppin' shit
I'm a make a million dollars then stand on the top of it
Rockin' it, till the day I die in this game
Archie with the Phat Boy addin' the fire to the fame

Who came to crank this bitch up like a new Lac (Lac)
It be that diva Rasheeda, so holla back (back)
We crackin on these niggas switch,
Hatin on them snitches (snitches)
And in the mean time playa I be stackin riches, (riches)
I switch positions
Now it's Phat boy and D-LO
And we ain't ready for you nigga's comin throught the door
I told ya'll once before boy ain't no I in teams (teams)
Now ATL will know Rasheeda, now what chu mean (now what you chu mean)
I got my enemy in sight and my target locked
Man fuck these busters, Kurt pull it and let em drop (and let em drop)
I'm off da meter pull the heater from out my purse (purse)
And break these niggas off somthin pullin up their skirts (skirts)
I leave the game hurt WHAT!

You ain't ready for us, cause you ain't ready for me
Courtney B chop and knock a nigga down to his knees
Stay as crunk as can be
Who keeps it crunker than we
Nobody that's why we comin throwin bows and them knees
See our foes and they freeze
They be some suckas at heart
We ready for what you bringin so we bust ya apart

You bustas ain't hard, stack em up and knockin em down
Another cop in the ground, boy, who stoppin me now
Choppin em down, see how quick you drop to the ground
Playin to be raw with ya ball likes to knock you around
I done twisted up the game, there's a knot in it now
And if you didn't see it comin, Phat Boy lockin it down