

# War Ready

Rick Ross

Sentence should now-now be pronounced I'll ask that you stand for sentence, please Mr. \*\*\* it is the sentence of the court that your custody be committed to the department of corrections for confinement of the \*\*\* state prisons without passability and parole for the remainder of your life. You may be seated

War ready  
You got shooters, I've got shooters  
We've got money  
Let's do what them other niggas can't do  
Mastermind  
Nigga got a thousand guns, nigga  
If money is power, nigga, then I've got millions of power, nigga  
Fuck with me nigga, huh?

17 I was chargin' niggas 17  
Ridin' clean, youngest nigga in the Medellín  
Bomber green, in that thang, in the middle lane  
Did some thangs for my niggas which I can't explain  
Versace slippers, 20 chains, bitch I'm Dana Dane  
Put a patch over your eye, fuck with my petty chains  
Fuck what you heard, for that bird I'm a dirty nigga  
Laid to rest by the one you thought was workin' with yah  
War ready, the game just wanna take my life  
War ready, pussy boy we all could die tonight  
War ready, fast cash above the law  
War ready, gas mask when them choppers talk

Killas on front line when you're war ready  
Chopper shoot a thousand rounds when you're war ready  
Just another mama crying when you're war ready  
Just another homicide cause we war ready  
Killas on the front line when you're war ready  
Chopper shoot a thousand rounds when you're war ready  
Just another mama crying cause we're war ready  
Just another homicide when you're war ready  
War, war, war

A coward dies a thousand deaths, a real nigga dies but one. 21 gun salute out of the top of your drop top coupe.  
I know a lot of niggas gon' hate to see this. Yeah I wish they could see this. I'll never fall for what I stand for.  
This year Fernando. We could live today, blood, and die tonight, cuz

Box Chevy hit the block, run the whole 50 shots  
You just poppin' 'til you know you can't pop 'em no more  
We done came through the block and sold many color drops  
And these mothafuckas think you can't drop 'em no more  
All right, a nigga put some change on your head  
Damn right, fuck around, clear my safe out  
I got a few digi scales and a couple Denzels  
And you mothafuckin' right, this a safe house  
Give me the K and a shovel, I'll bury that nigga  
Be his pallbearer, so I can carry that nigga  
What you gonna hit him with, the Glock or the chop?  
Look I wouldn't give a fuck if they were sharin' that nigga  
You mothafuckas out here always talkin'

'Bout what another mothafucka said  
Yeah I got that FNH when that mothafucka finna hostin'  
I ain't out here to mothafuckin' play  
Why these fuck niggas always cryin' 'bout somethin'?  
Either you're livin' like a ho or you're dyin' 'bout somethin'  
Try to let that Rollie breathe but it's hidin' in my sleeve  
Like that motherfucker timid or shy about somethin'  
Tomorrow ain't promised, nigga roll up that weed  
Gotta stay strapped to live the life I lead  
Start your own alphabet with all them G's  
Open up a hundred doors with all them keys  
Yeah we live for them coupes but we dyin' by the gun  
Missed his court date, now my nigga on the run  
Big shit poppin' in his pocket like a lighter  
Shit bag leave a grown nigga in a diaper  
Hangin' out the Rolls, on your mark, get set  
Let it go, yeah hold that bitch steady  
When that ritalin get to rushin' and them drums get to bussin'  
Yeah I hope you pussy niggas war ready

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Follow in my footstep, I was born to die a soldier  
Nigga couldn't walk a mile, found him naked in the river  
Shout out to the Vice Lords, shout out to my Blood nigga  
Shout out to them GD's, where that Crip love, nigga?  
Shout out to them dopeboys, owe it to the plug, nigga  
I could die a thousand times, will never die a fuck nigga  
Shoutout to my city, too, my clip hold a 62  
Ridin' down on 63, rest in peace to Heroin and quinine  
Cut that bitch a thousand times  
Phone call said he need a brick  
I text him back, "Come stand in line"  
You went out of town so I had to wack your bitch  
Never came back, pussy boy, go die a bitch

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War ready  
If you ain't ready to die about it  
Don't even mention it to a nigga like me, baby  
I went from nothing, nigga, to \$60 million, nigga  
Walking around in my motherfuckin' Belaire Rosé Evander Holyfield's estate,  
nigga  
\$25 million, nigga  
\$6 million in marble, \$2 million in drapes  
Another 5 in chandeliers

230 acres, nigga  
That's just one of the many properties, nigga  
War ready  
And I'm down to die 'bout that  
We gon' ride 'bout that  
So you know we ready to slide 'bout that  
Cut that check, nigga  
Whatcha money like, huh?  
It's hard to go to war with \$70 million, nigga  
Read the obituary, nigga  
Print that motherfucker in [?], nigga  
What's a hasa?  
What's a hasa?  
That's you, haha  
I'm not gonna kill you, though, haha  
I'm not gonna kill you, though, haha  
Hey Black, kill this motherfucker