

# Are You Ready

The Beatnuts

What we gonna do right here is.....  
Yeah, yeah, come on, come on  
Yeah, yeah, come on, come on, come on  
Check it out, check it out  
Yo, yo, yo Who the fuck is that nigga rhymin' on the mic?  
WHO IS THIS MOTHERFUCKER?

It's the wicked, nigger with the super dick  
Fuckin' ho's like I'm supposed to be in a flick, UH!  
One time, I tap yo mind, I got you hummin'  
Now you want to press rewind  
I pour rhyme in your ear to develop suds  
Slice the fuckin' Philly and break up the buds  
Who's Buddha? I don't know, is it a special  
Stick a fork in your neck and pop a blood vessel  
The hispanic shaft packs a gat, too  
Permanent scar your ass like a tattoo  
Slam dunk the funk in your trunk, punk!  
Da Doom Doom, Do Doom

Yeah, cool makin' moves nigger so smooth  
Scarin' ya, hangs up in the 'Skills  
But Queens is like the area  
I stare at ya, tear at ya, break that back  
Now crack the fuckin' sack and roll that shit black!  
Act like you want a nigger and watch me hit him  
Then I have my shottie' let my brother Divine get him  
We got him, ho's comin' through in the clutch  
She said I only suck that dick cause I love you so much  
Said I only lick them balls cause you so game tight  
And you keep my ass climbing the fuckin' walls at night  
So hit me, hit me one time, let me flex it  
Crew's still makin' moves but now I've gots to exit

Hold up, you know I gots to get my wreck off  
Fuckin' rugged like a dog about to bite your neck off  
Police still puttin' fear in the hearts of mad crews  
Leavin' people lyin' dead in the street with no clues  
Soul like a mother got the funk on lock  
You can hear my sounds echo through the urban block  
Got stacks of stocks, and fat beats to knock  
Got you open now you're hopin' that the junkyard rocks

Okay here goes the blow, the bag, the mint  
Grand time to represent flava so strong  
Fills the room like Buddha stick, uhuh, don't like choke  
Gotta get paid so we're tryin' to go for broke  
Beatnuts hit the rhythm and I join right with 'em  
Niggas can't see this flow so it's time to down sit 'em  
I kick the flow for the niggas with the bald heads  
Dreads, and 'fros, honey's, but no ho's  
Oops! I didn't mean to call you ho, bitch  
But when you try to clock the pocket that's that bullshit!  
So let's get down with one of New York's finest  
Seed to the brain like Primatine to clear the sinus  
Grand Puba, Stud Doogie with the mad style  
Beatnuts comin' with the rugged(Hey You, watch out now!)

It's on motherfucker, can't you see that?  
No shame in the game, so Doogie where the weed at?

Right now you're as high as a junkie with a hundred-dollar habit...

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