

Simplé E

"Day Ain't Readé"

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[CHORUS]

I got a lion in my pocket and it's ready to roar
Live by the sword, you die by the sword
I got a lion in my pocket and it's ready to roar
Live by the sword, you die by the sword
You ain't ready, boy, you ain't ready for this
You ain't ready, girl, you ain't ready for this
You ain't ready, boy, you ain't ready for this
You ain't ready

I got rhythm, wrapped around my little finger
Sorry chump, no mad styles a dead ringer
No way to peck cause I got eons of methods you can't touch
And thank you very much, cutthroat
Your imitation is the greatest form of flattery
As you can see, undoubtedly I behouve the masses
Classes I tutor for a fee
I give chills multiplyin and I see
I get nice, splice, be it dawn, be it dusk
I terminate feeble peasants I don't trust
I simply pencil-whip, I scrape MC's like knees
I got some planets screamin: E's the beat!
You'd wanna give me the mic
For true, brah, I know how to handle it
My pockets are swoll', bare feet can't sandal it
At sixes and sevens, I'm callin spades a spade
You can't hold a stitch to my boots of suede
You ain't ready, I keep it simple, stupid, wait your turn
You ain't ready, much to be learned

[CHORUS]

So predictable, damn, I slam pseudo psycho bitches
I'm diggin holes, then I'm diggin ditches
I look ahead so I don't fall behind
I'm icky-sticky, talkin short and fine
In my feet I walk a fret style camp
Tricks can't tramp, no, not in my path I park
I'm like a lyrical, lyrical, lyrical laxative
I run MC's fast asleep I walk in miles

And methods can't quit-it-it-i
I be the sound of poets on shit-it-it-i
Nobody move suckers, I see change
I'm into forties you drink estranged
I rearrange your range to oblivion
You walk in circles, I pyrric, back, back
Don't ask around, I blow the wind out your asscrack
I punk a track, I mack gullible cypha dude
Do tell a friend, I surpass any human comin
I be the muthafuckin lady woman
Uh, this is the hour I gain bigger fame
You ain't ready, what a shame

[CHORUS]

I bailar, dance, I take total control
I'm with a son of soul, heads roll
So the world wanna play my funk
Then (?) freaks and chumps
Hookers in pumps, you better work
And look at me wayneh
I paint pictures of concrete
Metal I detect on speck
Hell hath no scorn like the fury of my tongue
Come kitty come
My lyrical status is above any pseudo-staged norm
Calm weather storm, I inflict mental harm
Why even test, I undress racial barriers
I speak in funk cause I smooth wanna carry ya
Into a place, I embrace hella bass
No chick on this planet that can stand it, goddammit
Dammit, I catch that ass like Pendergrass so fast
Bury the hatchet (?) black skin I'm in
Black skin I'm in, black skin I'm in
I got a lion in my pocket and it's ready to roar

[CHORUS]

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