

## Sir Mix-A-Lot F/ The Wicked One

### "I'm Ready"

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(You) (you) (you) (you rappers can't be like Fred)  
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A-) (a-) (a-) (a-) (a-) (a-) (and you hate it)

#### [ VERSE 1 ]

This is a rap session  
And I'm the man at the podium speakin  
Keepin you dancin and freakin  
I came alive from the world of streets, baddest beats  
And bashed up a lotta MC's to find my seat  
So cover your chest, protect your head  
If a rhyme catches your mind sleep, you fall dead  
I kick it wicked like a wizard, rhymin every letter  
To beat me, you got to have a army or better  
Bum-rushin other rappers like Rhyme-O-Cop  
This is a contact sport, it's called hip-hop  
You suckers can't hang when I'm rhymin fast  
Cause your mic doesn't have enough power to last  
But when I slow it down to a moderate speed  
You catch a migraine headache and a nose bleed  
Whenever I break wild, you call Jake  
You try to slow me down, but your first mistake  
Was to ever approach me with your primitive skills  
Not a backyard party rapper tryin to get ill  
I'm a pro, professional rhymes leave my lips  
My rhymes coincide with your dancin hips  
Kut Terror place his scratch wild, and hold the beat  
steady  
Cause I'm ready

#### [ VERSE 2 ]

When I hit the stage, pandemonium rises  
Cause I delight the crowd with different surprises  
Beatbreaks play, and the king has arisen  
Chump rappers in the back start ploppin and fizzin  
I always keep my eyes on a worthy opponent  
Cause it'll really be a trick to see em lose, won't it?  
I keep myself ready and prepared for all  
I handle whatever call, too strong to fall  
When you see Freddie Foxxx, you know you'll be

entertained

When the show's all over and the sound remains  
In your brain and you walk away sayin my rhyme  
Feelin good like a man that don't eat swine  
Fall asleep at night, and you start to dream  
If you was a paid rapper on the hip-hop scene  
You'd be heavy on the neck, and your pockets are fat  
But bein a rap star's a bit more than that  
You have to have a listenin ear for new ideas  
And speak your words fluent, so everything's clear  
The mumblin jumbo's a comical gimmick  
That the devils make money off and suckers can  
mimick  
When you run out of rhymes, gonna stand there sweaty  
Cause you wasn't ready

Like Freddie the Foxxx  
I'm ready

[ VERSE 3 ]

Street rappers hear a style that they like a lot  
When they make that first record, their rhymes are hot  
Not hot like you hear it on the radio all the time  
But hot like stolen rhymes  
Whatever's whispered in darkness, has to come to light  
So imagine what would happen if I gave you the mic  
One night, and you recite somethin you didn't write  
If it belonged to Freddie Foxxx, you might have to fight  
I throw jabs and rights, left hooks and hay-makers  
Only luck can duck the bone-breaker  
You're caught in a vice grip, tight and squeezin  
Whinin and cryin, beggin and pleadin  
I'm lyrical and mystical, I want you to know  
Cause when you gear up to come to a show  
Don't wonder why thunder hit my stage  
It's Freddie Foxxx on a rappin rage  
I make rappers real nervous, give em the jitters  
Give em 'e' for effin and I beat up the quitter  
Hold my hand around his neck and I grab him by the  
hair  
Then Karate-kick him like Mataka Bear  
Rappers boast and brag about their lyrical skills  
But they all shut the fuck up when I break ill  
Cause I take all races and house both sexes  
They got a reason to sweat the three X's  
I'm ready

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