

## Too \$hort F/ Kokane

### "Ready to Rumble"

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Let's start something dog  
Let's make it happen

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

I rock (I rock) I roll (I roll)  
I come to tear the world up - Let's Get Ready to  
Rumble!!  
I shut'em down shut'em down  
You ready for war start fightin' start fightin'

I come is this cut to get paid to bust flow  
I come for the gumbo  
They know me for kickin' they ass from here to El  
Segundo  
Lets get ready to rumble!!!  
Spit sparks, spit flames the coldest thing up under the  
sun though  
Spending your money on them suckers  
your wastin you time cause I'm the one hoe!  
Smokin' that blunt smoke  
Stay out of my front doo'  
Swung with the blast, I've never been matched  
I hop on the track like a jump rope  
I come with the guillotine to cut throat  
Holdin' it down messin ya'll up with the rest of them  
suckers be umcho  
Me? YEAH, blessed if you don't know  
Packin' big bone heavy struture and hung low  
Wreckin ball nuts it touch the flo'  
If it's on yo' chest then just let me know  
I hope you don't think I'm runnin' I know you don't think  
I'm scared  
You must of forgot who the hell that I am  
The man with the braids - BEWARE!!  
That's yo' ass mister post man  
Sucka stompin' and swingin' with both hands!!

Chorus 1.5X

Watch out (OOHH)

Bats and pipes - broken bottles, glass, and knives  
Jump in the mix and don't handle yo' business  
somebody turn out yo' lights!!  
You'll be gettin' yo' stupid self up  
askin' the people "Which one of ya'll hit me?"  
I don't know the way you went down look like the  
ground was slippery  
Attack'em with sawed-offs, suckas get throwed off  
The party get called off, when suckas get sawed-offs  
I go give her my meat to meet and give it to her raw  
dog  
You, go get the (?) nasty, givin that stuff, get bought  
off  
I come with the real  
I be with them brothers with booted up grills  
We don't do promotions and shows that stuff don't pay  
my bills  
Keep it in the ballin' ballin', promoters callin'  
Videos jumpin' off sucka this the real New Orleans  
My neck of the woods, my side of the hood my part of  
town  
Thugs, drugs, and violence - y'all's is watered down  
When I perform I that calm  
And I'm the BOOM on the record I hit the studio and  
show'em  
All right yeah you right start fightin'  
Get it right keep in right we be hype  
Knockin'em down, throwin'em away, hittin'em hard  
Takin'em out, bustin' they head breakin'em off

Chorus {\*to fade\*}

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