

Styles P f/ Beanie Sigel "U Ain't Ready 4 Me"

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[Intro: Styles P]

Ghost, Sigel, real niggaz load up
Throw your fuckin hoodies on, it's goin down

[Styles P] + (Beanie Sigel)

Nah you can't hang, nah you can't bang
(You better get yo' gang)
If you see me on the road better switch yo' lane
(If you see me on your strip bitch get yo' thang)
Fuck that, before rap had to flip cocaine
Knockin EMPD (nigga +It's Yo' Thang+)
Had the fisherman hat, with the 40 bottle twistin the
cap
Outside all night (pitchin the crack)
But now things are a lil' bit different
I could start the car (without the key in the ignition)
Now I be Vivo sippin - (nigga strapped with the mac)
In the bookbag bitch, when I go road trippin

[Chorus: Styles P] + (Beanie Sigel)

You ain't ready for me, you ain't ready for me
You ain't ready for me, yeah, what?
(You ain't ready for me, you ain't ready for me)
(You ain't ready for me, yeah, what?)
You ain't ready for me, you ain't ready for me
You ain't ready for me, yeah, what?
(You ain't ready for me, you ain't ready for me)
(You ain't ready for me)

[Beanie Sigel] + (Styles P)

The Bully harder than them bars in the lifer's house
You don't know me, see the Ghost when the lights go
out
(Kill yo' ass while you daydream nigga)
I put your big man to sleep and let him fly (like the A-
Team nigga)
You niggaz puss (dick startin to get hard)
Man we always strapped (catch shit when you run in the
bitch raw)
I go off when the shit's off (I usually turn it up when it
go down)

If you didn't you know now
(You know it's the Ghost) And the Bully in this bitch
(Two hawks up) You know I got the fully in this bitch
In the best shape of my life I know I could roof niggaz
(I send 'em back down Sig', I know you "The Truth"
nigga

[Chorus]

[Styles P] + (Beanie Sigel)
Ghost and Sigel, P-89 and the Eagle
(Get stretched by the skinny or diesel)
Hardest two out so it's gon' be plenty of evil
(So run and tell all of the people)
Yeah, what? Gun (check) rope (check)
Hit the club, rob shit during coat (check)
Just for the fuck of it nigga
(I like the four-door big) Heard you bust with it nigga
Like to blow a pound of weed (heard you puffin it
nigga)
Let anybody front and we touchin it nigga
(Yeah, what? I get berserk when I'm high on them
perks)
(You fuck around like, you don't want your kidneys to
work)
I get the family, the doggie, the kitty get murked
(Man what you know about puttin in work?) Yeah, what?
And you know you ain't ready for me
Got a young boy turn your shit to spaghetti for me

[Chorus]

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