

## **Beanie Sigel**

# **"You Ain't Ready For Me"**

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

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 book bag bitch, when I go road trippin'

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

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

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

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

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

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