

Diplomats "I'm Ready"

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{*I'm Ready being sung in the background*}

[Juelz Santana]

Come on!

Juelz Santana (I feel good right now man)

Jim Jones where you at baby?

This is music right here

Once again where you at

I feel like Rocky or something

They try to box me in the corner 4 the longest

(I'm Ready, I'm Ready, I'm Ready, I'm Ready)

No keys, lock me in this corner for the longest but

Somehow I managed to creep from under the rock

Linkin' up with Cam and linkin' up with the ROC now

(I'm Ready, I'm Ready, I'm Ready, I'm Ready)

The sequel to Able the way I slag Kane cause

This is powerful music I bring to the table

(I'm Ready, I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready)

Y'all know I'm past then focus, incase you haven't noticed

(I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready)

Cam gonna make me star, I'm gonna make him a million

Squeeze and blast them open as soon as the magnum open

Jones is here, we invading the building and

(I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready)

I'm still on the corner grinding for them big stacks

Big coats, big gats don't ever forget that

[Jim Jones]

Yes sir, Yes sir

Oh yea nigga

My goal (??) the one on your charts

If it happens to be a (??) come with the arts

Everyone of my parts they still moving'

Hold the drums in front of the

I do this shit six lucky contestants

Still get coifed and arrested (click clank)

They don't give a fuck if you sixty

My justice is reched

You get knocked

Please, grab your crouches
Keep steppin'
The pain we done felt that to long
Cause the game we done held back to long
Cocaine we done dealt that to long
And my pops it don't help that you gone
Myself to move on

Its scary and I'm gonna need help
Streets flow at me
Dog marijuana don't help
Fiends junkies in the corners don't help
Knee deep in my grave on these blocks
I'm a goner my self

[Cam'Ron]

Killa, I'm here y'all
I'm ready, I'm ready
Hey yo
Was up buzzin' buzzin'
Birds flip a dozen dozen
Holla at your boy
Boy thought your cousin wasn't
Jimmy Jones, Sessa Bones, Santana, Manefik
(I'm Ready, Yes sir)
Y'all niggaz know holla at me if there's any beef
(Yes sir, gats, guns, knives) (I'm Ready)
I know its vic versa
We like murder we convicted the track
Hit me up dawg
But yo if you got bitches to fuck
(Yea I'm ready)
They rocking the citlets
They won't stop till I'm on top with the title
Far as lyrics go
The twin towers dawg we on top of the Eiffel like
Hustlin no stoppin the cycle
I'm shopping for rifles I'm not for the idols
La piece a pizza eating a piece of pizza
You can't be where I be dawg
You need a Visa
Come on chief we for
Please believe it
I will squeeze and leave ya
All bullets stay where we can seek ya
Harlem world I'm spoil my town
You a clown you can't tell by now

{*singing continues w/ ad libs until fade*}

