

## Dj Khaled

# "They Ready (feat. Big K.R.I.T., J. Cole and Kendrick Lamar)"

Visit "[They Ready \(feat. Big K.R.I.T., J. Cole and Kendrick Lamar\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1: J. Cole]

And you know it don't stop  
Grindin round that clock  
Masterminding my second album  
My first album just dropped  
Scored a touchdown on my first down  
Niggas thought I was gon' flop  
See I hustle like my momma but I look just like my pops  
And we still duckin cops  
Ride round and take shots  
Hennessy for my enemies  
Niggas know I'm takin they spot  
Cause that's Cole up on the play clock  
Show just how I came from way back  
Just like TIP told you ASAP but you niggas rappin like  
Aesop  
Get a grip  
Oh that's your dream car? Nigga that's my old whip  
Oh that's your dream girl? Nigga that's my old bitch  
Oh that's your new flow? Nigga that's my old shit!  
This that new KRIT shit, that Cole shit, them country  
niggas

[Hook: Cole]

One for the money, two for the show  
Three for them hoes saying anything goes  
They say they ready for whatever!  
They say they ready for whatever  
I been around the world, twice to be exact  
Six bad bitches and they lapped up in the back  
They say they ready for whatever!  
They say they ready for whatever

[Verse 2: Big K.R.I.T.]

Shawty look what we got  
My bass beat & it knock  
Got the old school in my old school  
Bout to post up on yo block  
Yo broad chose like she was supposed to  
and you up in arms cause she bopped  
I hate to say it but I got to say that I wish that they would

just stop  
So fuck these haters,  
fuck these hoes that ain't slammin doors on they drop  
Y'all niggas too young to remember how to the south  
used to be but I'm not  
So when it come to snappin',  
Cadillacs, SpottieOttieDopaliscious, y'all pop  
You thought Krit Wuz Here and R4 were the shit,  
bitch wait til my album drop  
Say that's yo new car? Nigga that's my old slab  
Say that's yo new bitch? Nigga that's my old stab  
Oh that's yo new flow? That shit sound so trash  
This that new KRIT shit, that Cole shit, them country  
niggas

[Verse 3: Kendrick Lamar]

Hol' up, but don't forget about Compton nigga  
One for the money, two for the show  
Three for no limit and the rest for death row  
That means I been bout it bout it and this  
is the realist shit I ever wrote  
And if anyone ever doubt it then they are the loudest of  
liars I know  
I only desire to blow, she only desire to blow  
And I hope that my dick is a whistle flute,  
and that's not the instrumental  
Now pick up my coat  
You let that motherfucker drag like RuPaul,  
I'll drag your ass to the floor  
Bitch, I can admit, I'm a recovered addict,  
paraphernalia that is  
Telling the doctor I'm sick, head doctor I'm needing  
your lips, yea  
Proper analogy for it, if I can afford it then I won't  
ignore it, ?  
Cop me a palace and Porsche and right when I floor  
it that's when I switch gears  
Living my life on Uranus, uh, keeping one foot in your  
anus, uh  
The other foot all on your neck, repeatedly stomp 'til I  
break it, uh  
Bitch I'm demanding respect, these bitches is telling  
me take it  
DJ Khaled, even if I had callus, holding the torch ain't  
no challenge  
Ain't it

[Hook]

One for the money, two for the show  
Three for them hoes saying anything goes  
They say they ready for whatever!

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