

## East 17

### "I'm Ready"

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(\*talking\*)

These niggas funny bunny man, funny ass niggas  
With all these, funny ass hugs, funny ass handshakes  
All this, hey what's up ah nigga, I ain't your  
motherfucking friend nigga  
I know you wanna see me all feet broke, looking bad  
nigga  
Or dead in these streets, but you know what nigga  
It's fuck me, naw nigga it's fuck you nigga  
I don't like nan one of you cocksuckers nigga  
This year it's all about me bitch, I'm one deep nigga  
A bunch of money, a bunch of hoes, a bunch of guns  
nigga  
Getting ready for you cowards nigga, I knew the day  
was coming nigga  
I knew one day it was all gon boil down to this nigga  
So, I've just been getting my shit right, waiting for you  
punks

[Lil' O]

I got a call from my dog

[Poppy]

Oh, word on the street  
These niggas plotting on you baby, want you murdered  
this week  
Man I was up at Cornbread's, when I heard from a freak  
Jackers gon try to wet you, from your shirt to your feet

[Lil' O]

I burst out my sleep, hopped up adrenaline pumping  
Like a dick in a bitch, man I knew they'd be coming  
Wanting my bricks, want dough, wanting my onions  
And the way my wife look, they'd probably want my  
woman  
What left to do, but mob up and get your crew  
I got dressed, and I hopped in a Lexus Coupe  
I called Poppy on the phone (oh, what next to do)  
Meet me at the Texaco, don't forget the tools  
I got my hard hat on, we bout to put in some work  
These niggas bout to get put in the dirt

I'm like a AIDS needle, nigga in your jugular, I put in the  
hurt  
You niggas bout to get put in the church,  
motherfuckers

[Chorus - 2x]

Cause niggas wanna get me for my life, but I'm ready  
Jackers wanna get me for my ice and my feddy  
You must think I'm soft in the streets, I'm deadly  
4-5 steady, nigga I'm ready

[Poppy]

Man I'm coming with the L the same, touch open it's  
hell to pay  
I got something for those, who wanna take our wealth  
away  
Niggas I'm through talking, there ain't got nothing else  
to say  
I won't stop spitting, till your physical health decay  
Until you dead from the belt down, plotting to jack  
And trying to catch my nigga slipping, and put glocks  
to his back  
Snatch his clothes, his jewels and them knots that he  
stack  
And leave him naked, face down with shots in his  
stocking cap  
But it ain't popping like that, we leave jackers brain  
dead  
We ready for y'all, don't make me put a flame through  
your head  
My niggas open, mine only know to make your brain  
lead  
Till everybody call you Kool-Aid, cause your shirt stain  
red  
Y'all better move around, black or stay back  
I know cats that spray gats, ready to make you faggots  
lay back  
I got something for you cowards, trying to take our  
chips  
I'll have you needing body work, that Maco can't fix

[Chorus - 2x]

[Lil' O]

We got a tip they at the butt naked  
How ironic, cause we gon leave em butt naked  
With some bullets in they skulls, and they but taken  
Cause my niggas into torturing and butt raping, we  
ain't right  
Pulled up at the club, it's a murder at late night  
Caught em coming out with they partnas, to take flight

And even though I know it ain't right, to take life  
I got my chopper ready to cut em, like steak knives  
Hopped out saying, playboy you looking for me  
Half a second, that's how long it took him to peep  
One second, that's how long it took him to flee  
One and a half, how long it took me to squeeze  
Say goodbye, why do jacking niggas always think that  
they fly  
Think they bulletproof, think they can't die  
Had to show him, fuck with O you'll get done in the  
blink of a eye  
Now you dead bitch, think I'ma cry, cocksuckers

[Chorus - 2x]

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