

## Boulevard

### "I'm Ready"

Visit "[I'm Ready](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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

[Juelz Santana]

Come on!

Jim Jones where you at baby?

Juelz Santana (I feel good right now man)

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

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

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

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)

This is powerful music I bring to the table

The sequel to Able the way I slag Kane cause

(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

Squeeze and blast them open as soon as the magnum open

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

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

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

[Jimmy 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 theâ€¦

I do this shit six lucky contestants

They don't give a fuck if you sixty

Still get coifed and arrested (click clank)

My justice is reched

You get knocked  
Please, grab your crouches  
Keep steppin'  
Cause the game we done held back to long  
The pain we done felt that 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  
(I'm Ready, Yes sir)  
Jimmy Jones, Sessa Bones, Santana, Manefik  
Y'all niggaz know holla at me if there's any beef  
(Yes sir, gats, guns, knives!)

I know its vic versa  
We like murder we convicted the track  
But yo if you got bitches to fuck  
Hit me up dawg  
(Yea I'm ready)  
Far as lyrics go  
They rocking the citlets  
They won't stop till I'm on top with the title  
Hustlin no stoppin the cycle  
I'm shopping for rifles I'm not for the idols  
The twin towers dawg we on top of the Eiffel like  
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\*}

