

G-Unit "Ready Or Not"

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My rope all freezy, dope on the TV
Ecstasy especially out the GT
You next to me, you best to be holdin' somethin' too
Least you can say, you let somethin' fly when somethin'
flew

These niggaz get hit and call they lawyer
And try to sue you, that's a bitch nigga for ya
I'm tough like Mayoga and De La Hoya, I saw ya
Man, niggaz'll stack nines for that Cola

Cause zips in my shit, I don't grow stems
Him got 14 karats, carrots and gold rims
Why say somethin' about my name?
Don't jump out the window, it's safer jumpin' out a
plane

I can't ditch my bitch, it's somethin' 'bout her brain
If she put her mind to it she could suck out a vein
You don't want a lead shower, stay the fuck out the rain
There's so much ammo niggaz don't gotta aim

You don't get a warnin', there's no heads up when it's
on
Here it comes, ready or not
Don't be out there snorin', one eye blink and you're
gone
Keep it cocked and ready to pop

The man makes no mistakes, it's been on since the day
I was born
Stop drop or get lead in your knot
I'm known in hip-hop but I'm still ridin' around with my
chrome
Here it comes, ready or not

Yeah, yeah, my little shooter's 16 from the projects
Glock-16 with the Napoleon complex
I'm in and out the projects, my lifestyle pleasant
You? You live life like a barbaric peasant

Me without my gun in the streets is like a Muslim eatin'

pig feet
Fuck the pigs on the street, they all wanna off a nigga
And when these rappers get shot
They ain't gangsta, they turn into corporate niggaz

You die if it's rated R
If it's PG-13 you leave with a scar
R.I.P. to Troy and Bags, big shout to Hommo
They got fishin' money cooked, buy me the Apollo

These model hoes swallow, I buy another bottle
What is M.O.B. nigga? That's my motto
These rappers ain't kings, they pawns
And got dust bunnies on they guns

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I think God spent a lil' extra time on me
Pop planted a miracle seed, my mom ain't see
I got a high intelligence level, I ain't no dummy
I ain't satisfied with 10 mil', that ain't no money

My talents are blood deep, you can't take those from
me
And my sense of humor's shot, I don't take jokes funny
My paranoia rolls with my bullet holes
Givin' me a third eye, my foes can get a magazine full
of those

The hip-hop cops follow my Suburban
Hopin' they can find a pistol on him when they search
him
I'm icier in person, they like me when I'm cursin'
So here's a dirty version, you only heard me urban

If niggaz try to hurt him, the I-30's squirtin'
Right through your curtain, don't stop 'til you murk him
Mechanical workin', Hechler handle's jerkin'
That'll pull the Gate in after you Heavenly church him

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