

Juvenile

"Ready Or Not"

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Ready or not
Here I come
You can't hide
Southern Smoke
Gonna find you and take it slowly
Ready or not
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You can't hide
Southern Smoke nigger
Gonna find you and take it slowly

You say you're wedded but I don't know if you really is
A country of which you'd be scared to fuck with the
syndicate
You heard the stories, you're scared of becoming one
of those
But you ain't scared to put your fingers running money
rolls
So motion forward nigger, you a sensei
Lead for me like you're walking on a peavey
You're twenty seven but you're face is in the tenth
grade
Or you just trying to do your thing to get your repaint
It ain't no crime to me
So don't you lie to me
All you got to do is got that pussy in the sky for me
It's a beautiful way you bend that behind for me
Hop on the back of the big dog and take a ride with me
We ain't coming for the night, you're a celebrity
My man bitching, you play the top of your pedigree
I might have looking for you
That's what you're known for
Me slow stroking that pussy, that's what you long for

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One chick told me
Yea rock out with your cock out
So I pull my cock out
Hold the baby, watch out
Stomach is no fat out
The inches are from your
I ain't say
You a pro
I don't know what you know about
I'm a playboy no doubt
Hate me of this hoe out
Hare, take this home, hold this, flow out
Nice time to roll out
Come on now don't hold out
It's about Bree
Haha late you try to go out
Chowder's what I grow out
Money's what you throw out?
The only time I'm not happy
When I'm hitting roll out
Now it's time to roll out
You think I'm scrap?
Yea, no doubt
Look, stand back
The stocking gotta fall off
We gon' pull the pull out
I'm gon' pull the roll out
We gon' light this candle and fuck till it go out
You just plain as your world
Yea you know, now go girl
Oops that's my bad
You a woman, you ain't no girl

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Look mama got it going on
Red buy them Lou Button
Remind me of this red bone
Used to have my hair down
Jamaican girl, abducted wine
Yea I'm talk abducted why
I used to undress her with my eyes

Such a ductile my
Mellow if they thought that I was making them movies
Bring it on stage
We skip them through this
And I know she was a cutie, besides all her groovy
Let me smash in the Jag
We ain't riding no hoses
Like it's another episode
Same shoes, same bag
Same hair color, same job, same swag
Same skin tone, same hips she bag
Independent attitude
Make the mother hoes mad
Said she living in the land of born and raised
In the D, I'm from the three
She must not know 'bout me
She said she flying out to Bahamas
In a week I'm right behind her
In a flee, got money baby, UTP

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