

## **L.G. Wise "Get Ready"**

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### Chorus

Get Ready Get Ready Get Ready--playa huh--Homie  
what  
All U Thugs Get Ready--all da clubbs get ready--Bussin  
sluggs get ready--playa huh--homie what  
East coast get ready--dirty south get ready--west coast  
get ready--playa huh--homie what  
Fed up wit you thuggs--goin head up wit you thuggs--  
can't let up on you thuggs  
Ready to mash on you thuggs

### Verse 1

Quit runnin wit dose killers and thuggs  
I'll trade you love fo dem sluggs  
Wit dese petti cats slangin dey druggs  
Dey say dey love you, I know  
But all dey want is da dough  
N if you mess up  
Still want it Rain Hail Sleet Snow

N all ou playaz -n- thuggs  
You got dese girls in dese clubbs  
On da floor shakin it up  
Lost needin some love

Rappers die in da field  
Claimin dey keep it real  
Got yo glock wit yo dropp  
Baby packin da steel  
I rather be in God's will  
While dey plottin to kill  
You can't adjust to da truth  
Ima still be keepin it real

Na tell me what you thuggs beleivin  
Got mothers grievin  
Squeezin gats  
Leavin em flat  
Fo no reason  
Not even breathe  
Like you ready to ball  
You rather slide down a mountain full blades

In some alcohol

Kiss a Parona  
Dis-ra-spectin yo momma  
No no fear fo yo life  
Say you be back on Manyanna

Chorus

Verse 2

I was sent by God -n- gotta message fo yo thuggs  
You ain't feelin me huh--Dat's why you steady bussin  
sluggs  
Leavin em dead in dey blood--got mommas feelin like  
what  
But Jesus shedd his own blood -n- you claim to be a  
thugg  
You a coward dat's why you steady packin a steel  
You a coward dat's why you leavin 'em dead in da field

You a coward I know son you claim you keepin it real  
Maken dem mills you live -n- you die fo da scrill

Forget you rappers dat won't hear me  
I bring it real  
See you laughin -n- jokin like it's a game  
But you gone feel me  
Da times I be feelin da fire yo Holy Spirit  
Da reason I'm droppin  
I know dat you thuggs gone feel it

See da thugg in yo eye  
So I gotta reply  
You betta listen to me son  
You ain't ready to die  
To look my Lord up in his eye  
-N- ya gotta tell em why  
You waste yo life gettin high  
So now you gotta fry  
Bye Bye  
So was it worth it wit yo homies pufin lah  
Or wit dese girls up in da clubbs  
While you all between dey thighs  
Na why  
Claimin dat you ready to ball  
You rather slide down a mountain full of blades in  
some alcohol

Girls up in dis thang  
U's a queen up in dis thing  
Don't loose yo dream up in dis thang

Fo da cream up in dis thang

Said you tired of sheddin tears  
w/homies dats catchin years  
When u ready to make a change  
(Say Homie) we right here

Chorus

Verse 3

You cat's gone see da flames  
Fo sellin yo soul in dis game  
Son you need to read da Word  
So you can learn to maintain  
It's like all da weed you smoke got you loosin yo brain  
Talkin bout killin babies, I think really insane

All u cowardd be hittin, deficatin when you spittin  
Split tongue like a serpent  
Leave em dead b-4 dey bittin

I use to run in bedstuy -n- wilin puffin on Laah  
I got lockdown on da islin were you gettin no smiles

Chorus

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