

## Mc Lyte

### "Ready to Die"

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Yeah...

Yeah...

(You ready motherfucker?)

(We gon' kill your ass)

As I grab the glock, put it to your headpiece  
One in the chamber, the safety is off release  
Straight at your dome homes, I wanna see cabbage  
Biggie Smalls the savage, doin your brain cells much  
damage

Teflon is the material for the imperial  
mic ripper girl stripper the Henny sipper  
I drop lyrics off and on like a lightswitch  
Quick to grab the right bitch and make her drive  
the Q-45, glocks and tecs are expected when I wreck  
shit

Respect is collected, so check it  
I got techniques drippin out my buttcheeks  
Sleep on my stomach so I don't fuck up my sheets, huh  
My shit is deep, deeper than my grave G  
I'm ready to die and nobody can save me  
Fuck the world, fuck my moms and my girl  
My life is played out like a jheri curl, I'm ready to die

As I sit back and look when I used to be a crook  
Doin whatever it took from snatchin chains to  
pocketbooks  
A big BAD motherfucker on the wrong road  
I got some drugs tried to get the avenue sold  
I want it all from the Rolexes  
to the Lexus gettin paid, is all I expected  
My mother didn't give me what I want, what the fuck?  
Now I got a glock, makin motherfuckers duck  
Shit is real, and hungry's how I feel  
I rob and steal because that money got that whip  
appeal  
Kickin niggaz down the steps just for rep  
Any repercussion lead to niggaz gettin wet  
The infrared's at your head real steady  
You better grab your guns cause I'm ready, ready

I'm ready to die!  
(Nah we ain't gon' kill your ass yet)  
(We gonna make you suffer)

In a sec I throw the tec to your fuckin neck  
Everybody hit the deck, Biggie bout to get some wreck  
Quick to leave you in a coffin, for slick talkin  
You better act like CeCe, and keep on walkin  
When I hit ya, I split ya to the white meat  
You swung a left you swung a right you feel to the  
concrete  
Your face, my feet, they meet, we're stompin  
I'm rippin MC's from Tallahassee, to Compton  
Biggie Smalls on a higher plane  
Niggaz say I'm strange deranged because I put the 12  
gauge to your brain  
Make your shit splatter  
Mix the blood like batter then my pocket gets fatter  
after the hit, leave you on the street with your neck split  
down your backbone to where your motherfuckin shit  
drip  
The shit I kick, rip it through the vest  
Biggie Smalls passin any test, I'm ready to die!

I'm ready  
(Time to go, we gonna put you out your misery  
motherfucker)  
Niggaz definitely know what time it is  
The Notorious one in full effect  
for ninety-three!  
Suicidal, I'm ready!

(Now I lay me down to sleep)  
Yeah  
(Pray the Lord my soul to keep)  
(If I should die before I wake)  
(I pray the Lord my soul to take)  
(Cause I'm ready to die)

(All y'all motherfuckers come with me if you want to)

(Biggie Smalls the biggest man)  
(Rockin on and on in ninety-three, Easy Mo Bee)  
(Third Eye, and the rest of the Bad Boy fam)  
(I don't wanna see no cryin at my funeral)

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