

T.i. "You Aint Ready"

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{Intro}

This is what you call real talk my nigga...

Coming from the king...

You know If I tell it to you nigga you can bet your rent money on that nigga...

Just cause you got away don't mean its aight, home boy...

We on your ass like nats on shit, nigga...

HAAA!

Try to sleep at night I bet you see me FUCK NIGGA!

AYE!

{Chorus}

[You Aint Ready Lyrics on]

You aint ready.. (x2)

You dont know.. (x2)

What we carry.. (x2)

In our door.. (x2)

You get barred.. (x2)

On the low.. (x2)

Shorty say what you want my nigga!

{verse}

When you see me in your area,

Know I'm a pistol carrier.

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