

Ikay "We Ready"

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Intro

Yea,
Dem fi know,
Yo CraigÂ... Weh Yuh deh pon?
LetÂ's do this, letÂ's get it,
For real,
Yeah! Da River, WarministerÂ... I got ya,
Ha ha,
Kingston, JamaicaÂ... letÂ's do this,
Uh!

Verse 1

Fresh out da building, fresh off da corner,
Fresh in da streets, you can crown me if you wanna,
Uh!
IÂ'm da king homie,
40 karats on da charm, I bling homie,
Where you been homie?
In da streets all day tryin to get that gwap,
To da streets I pray trying to duck them shots,

(IÂ'm maintaining dawg, Cry Nation all dayÂ... LetÂ's do this, uh.)

Me and my crew hungry,
AinÂ't nothing in this world like new money,
So where da brinks at?
Ready to sink that,

(Real talk homieÂ... letÂ's do this, uh.)

ItÂ's like nothing to kill a man,
Niggaz get murdered for that white shit, ten kilograms,
I cry tears at nights and IÂ'm still a man,
Thousand pounds guerilla man,
Yea, uh!
Niggaz lackin vision, niggaz lackin trust,
Niggaz lackin hope, heart filled wit lust,
WhatÂ's love? I donÂ't know nigga! Cry Nation, thatÂ's us,

Yea,
I put my heart on da line so my niggaz could ride,
I never thought that niggaz could die,
G4 in da sky,
Tell da angels that niggaz could fly,
Getting off this corner, gotta say goodbye,
And IÂ'm,

(Yea! Warminister, letÂ's do this.)

IÂ'm back in da building, ready to die,
26 on that whip, ready to ride,
Anger in my heart, blood in my eyes,

Pussy niggaz get pushed to da side,
Let dem die,
Yea!
I got my stunnas on,
Motherfuckas got my Hummer chromed,
Lifestyle got da sickest stones,
I got a bitch at home,
I call her ms patron,
High as a motherfucka, canÂ't leave that bitch alone,
I got paper to burn cuz IÂ'm a live nigga,
Fuck wit Kay then you gon die nigga,
Let da 4,5 hit ya,
Throwin dirt on my picture cuz I donÂ't ride wit ya,
Uh!
Look at them rocs that I got,
ThereÂ's rats on da block,
Fake crews get clapped,
Fake crews get back,
Real GÂ's gon ball,
On da way to da top, real GÂ's never fall,
Got chips for yÂ'all,
Kay be on it,
YÂ'all donÂ't want it wit da young black hornet,
On his way to stardom,
Makin moves in Queens, stackin chips in Harlem,
My chain so blue and my wrist orange,
And we still ballin,
HoÂ's still callin,
Hennessey in da cup, yellow piss pourin,
Rest in peace Terry, pour some criss for him,
I miss you nigga and this shitÂ's boring,
I got you in my heart homie,
Give ya family anything they want homie,
You my nigga from da start homie,
And I got ya!

Outro

Yea, uh!
Da River, Warminister, Kingston Jamaica,
Yeah! That's how we do it,
Fo real... Queens, New York!
Yea, got this... we here,
Cry Nation, yea!
Whassup Zala, Craig... It's all good, I'm here,
Cry Nation!
Ikay! That's my name niggaz,
Get used to it,
Ha ha ha.

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