## Petey Pablo "Y'all Ain't Ready (Come On)"

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I can make um
(I can make um)
I can make um
(I can make um)
I can make um bounce if I want to

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Who and the hell this here big eared mutherfucker Thinkin' he is comin' 'round here Spittin' like he the real deal Just 'cause he wit Missy and Tim

In the new Benz on 'em twenty inch rimz Grinnin' from ear to ear Got all them lil' bitches 'round him Kresha and Kesha and them

I hope he get gonorrhea (Bitch ass nigga) Dat what they sayin' (I know it)

Why they hate me so bad
(Boy)
This my reward
You betta get yours
Quit worrying 'bout what Petey be doin'

You keep securing
My vocals [Incomprehensible] rowdy and derm
(You ain't heard)

I think you been sippin' to much of the syzurp Betta calm your nerves Before yo ass get served Somethin' terrible, thoroughly (Ha, ha) You ain't ready for me (Come on) You ain't ready for me (Come on)

You ain't ready for me (Come on) You ain't ready for me (Come on)

You ain't ready for me (Come on) You ain't ready for me (Come on) You ain't ready for me (Come on)

I'm the Love Boat More potent than crack smoke Some folk say I'm all they been waitin' for

Tired of hearin' the same shit on the radio
Tired of seein' the same bitches in the video
Tired of Benzes, Bentleys and Diamonds in yo chain yo
Tired of hearin 'bout all this cash, when most of you
broke

Can even give a decent show
Energy level on a Richter scale triple 0 point 0
(Holla)
For Petey Pablo
Let me see you breakin' it down on the dance floor

I got what they want From a nigga that ti, ti, ti (Woo) We at it again, you know what it is 4000 and 7 to spend

My prediction 1st week
Half a mutherfuckin' million
(Break it down for me)
(Break it down my man)
Picture first week half a mutherfuckin' million

You ain't ready for me (Come on) You ain't ready for me (Come on) You ain't ready for me (Come on) You ain't ready for me (Come on)

You ain't ready for me (Come on) You ain't ready for me (Come on) You ain't ready for me (Come on)

Peter Piper picked peppers and I shook corn Humpty Dumpty fell down and I kept goin' And Jack be nimble was nimble But wasn't more nimble than this Can you imagine Jam Master on some shit like this?

Kind of like your grand daddy
The baddest, the fastest, nastiest actin' ass
To eva walk on this side of rappin'
The skipper, the professor and the captain

The lighter and the match
I'm the one that's goin' to carry Jive
Past N'SYNC status
(I can't believe he said it)
(Can't believe he said it)
(I can't believe he said it)
Y'all ain't ready

You ain't ready for me (Come on) You ain't ready for me (Come on)

You ain't ready for me (Come on) You ain't ready for me (Come on)

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