

## **Petey Pablo**

# **"Y'all Aint Ready"**

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I can make em', I can make 'em  
I can make em', I can make 'em  
I can make em' bounce if I want to

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Who in the hell this here  
Big eared motherfucker  
Thinkin' he is comin' round here  
Spittin' like he the real deal

Just 'cuz he with Missy and Tim  
In the new Benz on them 20 inch rimz  
Grinning from ear to ear

Got all them little bitches round him  
Creasy and Keashy and them  
Hope he get gonorrhoea bitch ass nigga

Is that what they sayin'? I know it  
Why they hate me so bad  
Boy this is my reward  
You better get yours

Worrying what Petey be doin'  
Get you you's a turn  
My vocals rim rowdy and derm  
You ain't heard

I think you been sippin' to much of that syzurp  
Betta calm your nerves  
Before you ass serves up sumtin' terrible throughly

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 folks say I'm the all they been waitin' for  
Tired of hearing the same shit on their radio  
Tired of seeing the same bitches in your video

Tired of Benzs, Bentleys and diamonds in your chain  
yo  
Tired of! hearing 'bout all of this cash and most of ya  
broke  
Can't even give em a decent show  
Energy level on a Richter scale triple zero point zero

Holla for Petey Pablo  
Let me see ya breaking it down on the dance floor  
I got what they wha-wha-what they want from a nigga  
that ti ti ti ti  
We at it again you know what it is four thousand and  
seventy spent

My prediction first week half a motherfuckin' million  
Break it down for me, break it down my man  
Picture first week half a motherfuckin' million

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Peter Piper picked peppers and I shook corn  
Now Humpty Dumpty fell down and I kept goin'  
And Jacky nimble was nimble but not more nimble than  
this  
Can you imagine jam master on some shit like this

Kick it like your grand daddy, the baddest, the fastest  
Nastiest actin' asses to ever walk on this side of rappin'  
The skipper, the professor and the captain  
The lighter and the matches

I'm the one thats gunna 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, hey!

You ain't ready for me, come on!  
You ain't ready for me, come on!

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You ain't ready for me, come on!  
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