

Brady Rymer

"We Ready"

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[Chorus: Yung Joc]

Nigga get outta line and we gone fuck em up
Fuck wit one of mine and we gone draw blood
Nigga tryin to shine and we gone show em up
Tryin to rep his side and we gone throw em up
I'm ready, when you ready
If yall ready, well nigga we ready
I'm ready, if you ready
When yall ready, nigga we ready

[Verse 1: Big Gee]

A, who, I got a tag on my head dey wanna kill me
A couple tones and I kick dem niggas remember me
Dem niggas scared of me, dey don't wanna see my crew
Dey talkin in code he sayin what dey finna do
I let dem killas loose, try me Imma finish you
Fuck it won't you say it den, motha fucka spray me den
Where da hell Zone 3, damn there go Big Gee
Homegrown red dirt, watch on head buss
Why home tried us, I'd upside us
Find on da blind side, half em tied up
Task folks tried us, masked up 9 up
Masked up, Blast up, Ass up partna
Give a nigga a couple grand, have ya ass a wonderland
Walkin with dat holy ghost, bushin up da motha land
Ya already know my name, hood dey call me Big Gee
Wit panicles on bicycles, on binnacles on Zone 3 (Edge)

[Chorus: Yung Joc]

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[Verse 2: Yung Joc]

I got a mean appetite call me Starvin Marvin
Cuz I trap all night, at da Starvin Marvin
Chop neva scarred, not by far ho
Da chopper spell my name out in yo Monte Carlo
Suggest you keep it cool, keep it on da up and up
Get yo front on da scope, and yo chest gone open up
I leave ya shirt wet, like Slip N' Slide
Fuck wit real niggas like Mr. Exit 65
5, 4, 3, 2, 1, ya had a fair one, and hommie look what
you dun done
Now ya talking loud while ya runnin to ya car
Before ya pop ya trunk, Imma have to pull ya card
At the Amoco, over there on Boulevard
Somebody call the cops cuz I'm finna catch a charge
Ya tried to play hard, its concrete from Jump Street
Now ya slumped on ya front seats somewhere on Front
Street

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[Verse 3: Gorilla Zoe]

I'm robbin everything, runnin through ya trap house
First nigga move, turn into da Slaughterhouse
Dats a lot of beef, ya shouldn't run ya mouth
I got some killas on da West dat'll make ya walk it out
Snap ya neck pussy nigga make ya lean back
Big mess in da car couldn't clean dat
Tappin through da CB, I'm tryin to get some feedback
Hit da safe house, where da dope and da weed at
Monkey niggas in da game, yall orangutan
I'm Gorilla, civil back pentane
45 spifin with some black John Wayne
If a nigga wanna test em man dey wouldn't find a
thang
I don't give a dam, about you rappas feelins
Aint nobody feedin me but junior hoes aint weed
If you want it you can get it man, in case you get to
squealin
Dis is Boyz N Da Hood, Back in Da Chevy and we dealin

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