

P. Diddy F/ Black Rob, G. Dep

"Get Ready"

Visit "[Get Ready](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

See, the difference with me
When I do what I do
I do what I'm doing
But I'm doing it like I'm doing it for TV

Oww, oww, oww, oww, oww
Keep ya hands up
What, what, put your hands up
Come on, come on, keep your hands up

We back, we back, we back, we back (put your hands
up)
We back, we back again (keep your hands up)
We back, we back, we back, we back, we back

I remember the days of prayin' my chips be right
Louie the 13, no more Cris tonight
Gold to me is like Superman and Kryptonite
So I pray how I don't miss my flight, switch to night
Get out the plane, it look all strange
See a man from Spain, holding up my name
Give him my things and head down to bag' claim
And I hear somebody scream my name

So I look back, look once, look twice
Look fast, look left, look right
Look Blink, look Meeno, look Myse
They try tell me honey don't look right
So, I approach her, it all look Kosher
But there was kids runnin' up with posters
And I was startin' to lose sight of chauffer
So I had to say nice to know ya
Get ready

1 - [Blackstreet]
Get ready, tonight
We're gonna make this a night to remember
Get ready, tonight
We're gonna make this a night to remember

[During chorus]
What, what, what, what, what, what
Get money all over again
Get money all over again
Come on, uh, uh, All Out

Uh, yo, it just so happen this how Ma\$e stay starred
Flip two aces and get two face cards
It happens, chip stackin'
I turn around, see a bunch of chicks clappin'
But a girl walked by, caught my eye
So I said, 'What the fuck, stand here and give me luck'
And she whispered in my ear
A purple one on there and put a pink one on there
I did just that and gave Hud a stack, shout 'I'll be right
back'
In fact, I'ma be over here talkin' to love
Said you Been Around the World, been so many places
Hit so many girls, and spent so many faces
And every girl in the world know who Ma\$e is
But right now that's really not what the case is
Let's be real, I know you got bills
So how 'bout one night and I just gave you a mil'
Whatchu feel

Repeat 1

[During chorus]
What, what, what, what, what, what
All Out
Wanna Blow
H World, come on, come on, come on, come on, come
on

I don't rap for Rollies, I rap for Starbucks
I'm that star who get the stars star struck
You a one hit wonder who caught some hard luck
I'm that kid cats can't wait to scar up
But the show ain't over until the bottles is empty
Then girls run out the club, follow the Bently
Knowing that every president need a Lewinsky
Girls know I ain't know you but they try to convince me
And any chick that I'm with already know
You ain't gotta like Ma\$e, but bet he blow
And anything that I do get heavy dough
Stop handcuffin' that girl and let her go
My whips got satellite, see it in the graphics
I ain't only got eight cuz I fly passed it
Why ask is Ma\$e a classic
Knowin' I'm from the hood doing deals with Magic
Come on

Repeat 1 until fade while:

What, what, what, what, what, what
Get money all over again, get money all over again
H World get money again
All Out get money again
Wanna Blow, get money again
So Bad Boy get money again
No Limit get money again
Roc-A-Fella get money again
Entertainment get money again
Charli get money again
Brandy get money again
Cuda Love get money again
Cardan get money again
Yo, even Cam' get money again
We back, we back, we back, we back
We back, we back again
We back, we back, we back, we back
We back, we back again

Visit [P. Diddy F/ Black Rob, G. Dep](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.