

Im Orig. Von Den Bellamy Brothers. Deutscher Text: ??**"Ready Made Niggaz"**

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we're ready made niggaz
all about our paper
we want that scrilla, scratch, paper, cheddar, cheese

(Spice 1)

It's bossalini, fatty chico, the nigga that'll split your
phillie
and roll your ass up like a sack of coke and smoke ya
fuck ya, never loved ya, know your ass for years and
still smug you
I see you with your bitch on the streets, I'm still bustin
ya
buck-A-buck-A, blow off your dome and disappear
have your wife waken up at the middle, didn't even
know I was here
stick-n-move, that's the code of a killer, thug nigga
got us livin the lifes behind 45.s and pullin triggers
chrome trucks and diamond links, hella bitches and
hella drinks
niggas flashin they player pieces, hollerin Crystal in a
sec.
ain't no tennis shoe playa, roll with thugs
I'm corleonin' with them thuggstas, Crips and players
and Bloods
it's goin' down

(Chorus)

we're ready made niggas on another page
all about our paper ain't a damn thing changed
we want that scrilla, scratch, cheddar, cheese
still G's to the game it don't change

(Black C)

I got a bunch of jealous niggas, it ain't mad at me
they want to grab they niggas Nine and blast at me
you're livin on your own gun, nigga now how can that
be?
that you're a bangin-ass nigga that can't even bring the
heat
see I'm a own man, cock my own Nine, make my own
cash

drive my own car, by my old path, smoke my own grass
and it's like that while you bitch niggas is fakin
on the block sellin them dubs but at the club
perpetrating
like you's a big baller, we fuck with G's and thugs
O.G. shot caller, up in the pen with love
so fuck the bullshit, you niggas wanna pull dick up on a
dick bitch
but love to pump your gums about who fuckin with
black chris
that's why I keep my eyes open and stay focused
cause I'm the nigga you love to hate plus I'm the
dopest
still tryin to cope with our trials and tribulations
while you bitch niggas hatin, my homies are paper
chasin and it's on

(chorus)

(Que)

got no love for the niggas that's don't understandin
I'm a real nigga, on the level of a made man, peep my
steel loc'
I lace you with the (?)
I want my seven figure digits on my desk when I'm
finished
I'm 'bout it, 'bout it, I'm a killa cali thug nigga on the
rise
it's suicide, do or die, catch me if you're ready to die
see the days where I make the mail to rest, make
moves like playin chess
(?) leave you niggas in the dust
we're makin big moves, doin big things
I'm amused to niggas hate that shit, ain't gon never
fuckin change
niggas peep they foe when it's on and poppin
you can catch me in the end on the highway smobbin
we roll benzos, beamers and lexus
have you niggas on another page stressin
don't hate me, hate the game nigga
I'm all about my cheddar cheese, rollin with these real
G's nigga

(chorus)

scrilla, scratch, cheddar, cheese
we're ready made niggas
all about our paper
spice 1, black C, Mr.Que
ready made niggaz
we're 'bout it, 'bout it

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