

## The Beatnuts

### "Are You Ready"

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Intro-

What we gonna do right here is.....

Yeah, yeah, come on, come on

Yeah, yeah, come on, come on, come on

Check it out, check it out

Yo, yo, yo Who the fuck is that nigga rhymin' on the mic?

WHO IS THIS MOTHERFUCKER?

Psycho Les-

It's the wicked, nigger with the super dick

Fuckin' ho's like I'm supposed to be in a flick, UH!

One time, I tap yo mind, I got you hummin'

Now you want to press rewind

I pour rhyme in your ear to develop suds

Slice the fuckin' Philly and break up the buds

Who's Buddha? I don't know, is it a special

Stick a fork in your neck and pop a blood vessel

The hispanic shaft packs a gat, too

Permanent scar your ass like a tattoo

Slam dunk the funk in your trunk, punk!

Da Doom Doom, Do Doom

Fashion-

Yeah, cool makin' moves nigger so smooth

Scarin' ya, hangs up in the 'Skills

But Queens is like the area

I stare at ya, tear at ya, break that back

Now crack the fuckin' sack and roll that shit black!

Act like you want a nigger and watch me hit him

Then I have my shottie' let my brother Divine get him

We got him, ho's comin' through in the clutch

She said I only suck that dick cause I love you so much

Said I only lick them balls cause you so game tight

And you keep my ass climbing the fuckin' walls at night

So hit me, hit me one time, let me flex it

Crew's still makin' moves but now I've gots to exit

chorus 4x

Fashion-

Hold up, you know I gots to get my wreck off  
Fuckin' rugged like a dog about to bite your neck off  
Police still puttin' fear in the hearts of mad crews  
Leavin' people lyin' dead in the street with no clues  
Soul like a mother got the funk on lock  
You can hear my sounds echo through the urban block  
Got stacks of stocks, and fat beats to knock  
Got you open now you're hopin' that the junkyard rocks

Grand Puba:

Okay here goes the blow, the bag, the mint  
Grand time to represent flava so strong  
Fills the room like Buddha stick, uhuh, don't like choke  
Gotta get paid so we're tryin' to go for broke  
Beatnuts hit the rhythm and I join right with 'em  
Niggas can't see this flow so it's time to down sit 'em  
I kick the flow for the niggas with the bald heads  
Dreads, and 'fros, honey's, but no ho's  
Oops! I didn't mean to call you ho, bitch  
But when you try to clock the pocket that's that bullshit!  
So let's get down with one of New York's finest  
Seed to the brain like Primatine to clear the sinus  
Grand Puba, Stud Doogie with the mad style  
Beatnuts comin' with the rugged (Hey You, watch out  
now!)  
It's on motherfucker, can't you see that?  
No shame in the game, so Doogie where the weed at?

(Chorus 5x)

Right now you're as high as a junkie with a hundred-  
dollar habit..

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