

## Lyric

# "They Ain't Ready"

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[Timbaland]

Uh-huh, now what we gonna do  
Take it from the Eastside.. to the country  
Ya feel me? Ya feel me?  
Ya feel me? Tchka-tchka-tchka  
Check the chorus...

[Chorus 2x: Timbaland]

Jada talk so good, but they brain is not ready  
They don't know know  
Bubba talk so good, but they brain is not ready  
They don't know know know

[Jadakiss]

Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh, yeah  
Yo, uh, yeah, yo...  
Ayyo, this I'll make ya head hurt  
When the hawk take the day off  
I make the lead work, I'll put you in the red dirt  
Ice make 'em look like stars, they comin through  
On the bikes, but they look like cars, it's somethin new  
and Jada talk soo good, but 'cha brain is  
Nowhere next to ready for this stainless  
It's no helpin you when them thangs melt in you  
and way down in Athens, 'Kiss is a bell ringer  
I'ma bring the hood to the farm  
Bless 'em with some purple haze, remove the wood  
from the bong  
Introduce them to the yak and cranberry  
And make sure Bubba Spark good, then I'm gone  
Even if we run to war, I'ma still run the raw  
You can come and see me, I got 'em for twenty-four  
Double R and Beat Club, who hard as us?  
"R3: In the 'R' We Trust," c'mon

[Chorus]

[Bubba Sparxxx]

Uh, uh...  
Boy you silly if you saw them crackers ridin' with them  
pigs

and thought I might would hit this robe for less than  
twenty-five a gig  
Doin' sixty-five, I slid off acid and shitty bourbon  
Took a minute to adjust, but right now this big shit is  
workin  
I'm white just by chance, but I'm country by God's  
graces  
Nowadays I find myself doin laundry in odd places  
But still, I keep it Bubba even into Mr. Kiss and them  
Brought 'em down to Athens, let 'em cut with my  
sister's friend  
Now we gettin' blitzed again, back on the block in  
Yonkers  
and Tim done laced a track, man this shit is hot as  
bonkers  
'Kiss, not to flaunt ya, but just tell them Betty's come  
here  
I'm doin for my family what y'all already done here  
But Bubba is the truth and perhaps this is discussion  
Of wither I'm that deal or a product of Timb's  
percussion  
Y'all know to him it's bustin, so just dap me up and  
frown on  
Me and 'Kiss is necessary, that much you can count on,  
yeah

[Chorus]

[Bubba Sparxxx]

How did him and Bubba rise from this dirt and this cow  
feces?  
To show you folks the hope for this changin' shall be  
me  
Notice how he see, the picture for it's painting  
and poured you up of this mixture before it was tainted  
See I was rydin' ruff only when me and D became  
acquainted  
and I pledge to maintain it, be damned if I'ma change  
it  
This shit is anus, ain't it? Fuck 'em, Kiss bring it home  
I ryde or die with Beat Club, won't bend for the sake of  
this song

[Jadakiss]

The streets is still mine, I stay with the still nine  
And it's still on nigga I'm stonger than corn liquor  
like I pink-eyed, niggaz pretend to be weeded  
That's what the industry needed  
Kiss flippin' his flow, enemies heated  
But we gon' let the gats pop  
From the old rifles on the dirt road

to the handguns on the blacktop, don't get the plot  
wrong  
This ain't a black or white politic thing cocksucker, it's a  
hot song

[Chorus]

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