

## Nice % Wild

### "Day Ain't Readé"

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[ CHORUS ]

I got a lion in my pocket and it's ready to roar  
Live by the sword, you die by the sword  
I got a lion in my pocket and it's ready to roar  
Live by the sword, you die by the sword  
You ain't ready, boy, you ain't ready for this  
You ain't ready, girl, you ain't ready for this  
You ain't ready, boy, you ain't ready for this  
You ain't ready

I got rhythm, wrapped around my little finger  
Sorry chump, no mad styles a dead ringer  
No way to peck cause I got eons of methods you can't touch  
And thank you very much, cutthroat  
Your imitation is the greatest form of flattery  
As you can see, undoubtedly I behouve the masses  
Classes I tutor for a fee  
I give chills multiplyin and I see  
I get nice, splice, be it dawn, be it dusk  
I terminate feeble peasants I don't trust  
I simply pencil-whip, I scrape MC's like knees  
I got some planets screamin: E's the beat!  
You'd wanna give me the mic  
For true, brah, I know how to handle it  
My pockets are swoll', bare feet can't sandal it  
At sixes and sevens, I'm callin spades a spade  
You can't hold a stitch to my boots of suede  
You ain't ready, I keep it simple, stupid, wait your turn  
You ain't ready, much to be learned

[ CHORUS ]

So predictable, damn, I slam pseudo psycho bitches  
I'm diggin holes, then I'm diggin ditches  
I look ahead so I don't fall behind  
I'm icky-sticky, talkin short and fine  
In my feet I walk a fret style camp  
Tricks can't tramp, no, not in my path I park  
I'm like a lyrical, lyrical, lyrical laxative  
I run MC's fast asleep I walk in miles

And methods can't quit-it-it-i  
I be the sound of poets on shit-it-it-i  
Nobody move suckers, I see change  
I'm into forties you drink estranged  
I rearrange your range to oblivion  
You walk in circles, I pyrric, back, back  
Don't ask around, I blow the wind out your asscrack  
I punk a track, I mack gullible cypha dude  
Do tell a friend, I surpass any human comin  
I be the muthafuckin lady woman  
Uh, this is the hour I gain bigger fame  
You ain't ready, what a shame

[ CHORUS ]

I bailar, dance, I take total control  
I'm with a son of soul, heads roll  
So the world wanna play my funk  
Then ( ? ) freaks and chumps  
Hookers in pumps, you better work  
And look at me wayneh  
I paint pictures of concrete  
Metal I detect on speck  
Hell hath no scorn like the fury of my tongue  
Come kitty come  
My lyrical status is above any pseudo-staged norm  
Calm weather storm, I inflict mental harm  
Why even test, I undress racial barriers  
I speak in funk cause I smooth wanna carry ya  
Into a place, I embrace hella bass  
No chick on this planet that can stand it, goddammit  
Dammit, I catch that ass like Pendergrass so fast  
Bury the hatchet ( ? ) black skin I'm in  
Black skin I'm in, black skin I'm in  
I got a lion in my pocket and it's ready to roar

[ CHORUS ]

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