

Beanie Sigel, You Ain't Ready For Me

Ghost, Sigel, real niggaz load up
Throw your fuckin' hoodies on, it's goin' down
Nah, you can't hang, nah, you can't bang
You better get yo' gang
If you see me on the road better switch yo' lane
If you see me on your strip, bitch, get yo' thang
Fuck that before rap had to flip cocaine
Knockin' EMPD, nigga, it's yo' thang
Had the fisherman hat, with the 40 bottle twistin', the cap
Outside all night pitchin' the crack
But now things are a lil' bit different
I could start the car without the key in the ignition
Now I be Vivo sippin', nigga, strapped with the mac
In the book bag bitch, when I go road trippin'
You ain't ready for me, you ain't ready for me
You ain't ready for me, yeah, what?
You ain't ready for me, you ain't ready for me
You ain't ready for me, yeah, what?
You ain't ready for me, you ain't ready for me
You ain't ready for me, yeah, what?
You ain't ready for me, you ain't ready for me
You ain't ready for me
The bully harder than them bars in the lifer's house
You don't know me, see the Ghost when the lights go out
Kill yo' ass while you daydream, nigga
I put your big man to sleep and let him fly like the A-Team nigga
You niggaz puss, dick startin' to get hard
Man, we always strapped, catch shit when you run in the bitch raw
I go off when the shit's off, I usually turn it up when it go down
If you didn't you know now, you know it's the Ghost
And the bully in this bitch, two hawks up
You know I got the fully in this bitch
In the best shape of my life, I know I could roof niggaz
I send 'em back down Sig', I know you 'The Truth', nigga

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You ain't ready for me
Ghost and Sigel, P-89 and the Eagle
Get stretched by the skinny or diesel
Hardest two out, so it's gon' be plenty of evil
So run and tell all of the people
Yeah, what? Gun check, rope check
Hit the club, rob shit during coat check
Just for the fuck of it, nigga
I like the four-door big
Heard you bust with it nigga like to blow a pound of weed
Heard you puffin it nigga, let anybody front and we touchin' it, nigga
Yeah, what? I get berserk when I'm high on them perks
You fuck around like, you don't want your kidneys to work
I get the family, the doggie, the kitty get murked
Man, what you know about puttin' in work? Yeah, what?
And you know you ain't ready for me
Got a young boy, turn your shit to spaghetti for me
You ain't ready for me, you ain't ready for me
You ain't ready for me, yeah, what?
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