

# Black Rob, Ready

Ready on the left, ready on the right

Yo, BR, what up my dog  
What up, okay  
Yo kick that thing you kicked in the studio  
Aight, yeah yo, what's that joint?

(Intro)

Round town, I'm bound shake the ground  
Shake the town, wave the pound lays you down

Round town, I'm bound shake the ground  
Shake the town, wave the pound lays you down

(Verse One)

And that's how we approach these faggots  
Trying to grow and be fly, but they still maggots  
I'm sure all I gotta do is call my man  
Forty Cal, watch yourself, I'll spoil your plans  
I'm the uptop gangsta, the star in the hood  
One of the few mu'fuckas that ain't scared of Suge  
Fam, that was 9-5, man fuck the past  
See niggas out there frontin, bodyguards up they ass, man

(Chorus One)

He's Black Rob, he's okay  
Play and you'll get robbed today

(Verse Two)

Ya'll know how I'm coming through the Source Awards  
"Somebody's jewels got jacked," man it must've been yours  
Ya'll dudes be talkin out the side of your mouth  
So I put the gem star on the side of your mouth  
Ya'll ain't sell no records, made no cash yet  
Fuck dude, cause my niggas is goons in every aspect  
And don't get beside yourself  
A lot of shit gonna be fucked up beside your health, man

(Chorus Two)

He's Black Rob, he's a thug  
Fuck with him you'll get fucked up

(Verse Three)

Fam, I don't threaten dudes, that's a promise  
That's honest, you can kiss my ring and pay homage (\*kiss noise\*)  
Or get smart, read books by Nostradamus  
Meanwhile, I'm deep-sea diving, oceanomics  
I seen green, more green than the Sonics  
More green than the Geico lizard, the grand wizard  
The 9-mil stalk, I walk up on a nigga  
Put the 9 to his throat, watch him shake like the Pope (brrrr)

(Chorus Three)

He's Black Rob, he's our friend  
(???) is back again

(Verse Four)

Aw man, ya'll niggas done got me hype  
That's it, we fit the same stereotype  
If a nigga wanna wild, we can do that too  
Fuck the model bitches, well we can screw that too  
Yeah, man, notice I said "We," she's a J-U-M-P  
Man, off top, fam, I got figures  
In the game she's fuckin with all the top niggas (It's true)

(Chorus Four)

He's Black Rob, he's our man  
If he can't do it, NO ONE CAN!

(Verse Five)

Yeah, bout to put the whole game on smash  
Alumni, I put the whole name on smash  
After this, they gon' wanna lace me plenty  
Who's your man, cause they can't make a JC Penney  
Who's your Bad Boy? BR, back with the nutritious  
Black attacks like a pit bull - vicious  
It's goin down, fam, I'ma bout to shake the ground  
It's uptown, holla at your man

Ready on the left...ready on the right