

Lil' O, I'm Ready

(*talking*)

These niggas funny bunny man, funny ass niggas
With all these, funny ass hugs, funny ass handshakes
All this, hey what's up ah nigga, I ain't your motherfucking friend nigga
I know you wanna see me all feet broke, looking bad nigga
Or dead in these streets, but you know what nigga
It's fuck me, naw nigga it's fuck you nigga
I don't like nan one of you cocksuckers nigga
This year it's all about me bitch, I'm one deep nigga
A bunch of money, a bunch of hoes, a bunch of guns nigga
Getting ready for you cowards nigga, I knew the day was coming nigga
I knew one day it was all gon boil down to this nigga
So, I've just been getting my shit right, waiting for you punks

(Lil' O)

I got a call from my dog

(Poppy)

Oh, word on the street

These niggas plotting on you baby, want you murdered this week
Man I was up at Cornbread's, when I heard from a freak
Jackers gon try to wet you, from your shirt to your feet

(Lil' O)

I burst out my sleep, hopped up adrenaline pumping
Like a dick in a bitch, man I knew they'd be coming
Wanting my bricks, want dough, wanting my onions
And the way my wife look, they'd probably want my woman
What left to do, but mob up and get your crew
I got dressed, and I hopped in a Lexus Coupe
I called Poppy on the phone (oh, what next to do)
Meet me at the Texaco, don't forget the tools
I got my hard hat on, we bout to put in some work
These niggas bout to get put in the dirt
I'm like a AIDS needle, nigga in your jugular, I put in the hurt
You niggas bout to get put in the church, motherfuckers

(Chorus - 2x)

Cause niggas wanna get me for my life, but I'm ready
Jackers wanna get me for my ice and my feddy
You must think I'm soft in the streets, I'm deadly
4-5 steady, nigga I'm ready

(Poppy)

Man I'm coming with the L the same, touch open it's hell to pay
I got something for those, who wanna take our wealth away
Niggas I'm through talking, there ain't got nothing else to say
I won't stop spitting, till your physical health decay
Until you dead from the belt down, plotting to jack
And trying to catch my nigga slipping, and put glocks to his back
Snatch his clothes, his jewels and them knots that he stack
And leave him naked, face down with shots in his stocking cap
But it ain't popping like that, we leave jackers brain dead
We ready for y'all, don't make me put a flame through your head
My niggas open, mine only know to make your brain lead
Till everybody call you Kool-Aid, cause your shirt stain red
Y'all better move around, black or stay back
I know cats that spray gats, ready to make you faggots lay back
I got something for you cowards, trying to take our chips
I'll have you needing body work, that Maco can't fix

(Chorus - 2x)

(Lil' O)

We got a tip they at the butt naked
How ironic, cause we gon leave em butt naked
With some bullets in they skulls, and they but taken
Cause my niggas into torturing and butt raping, we ain't right
Pulled up at the club, it's a murder at late night
Caught em coming out with they partnas, to take flight
And even though I know it ain't right, to take life
I got my chopper ready to cut em, like steak knives
Hopped out saying, playboy you looking for me
Half a second, that's how long it took him to peep
One second, that's how long it took him to flee
One and a half, how long it took me to squeeze
Say goodbye, why do jacking niggas always think that they fly
Think they bulletproof, think they can't die
Had to show him, fuck with O you'll get done in the blink of a eye
Now you dead bitch, think I'ma cry, cocksuckers

(Chorus - 2x)