

The Diplomats, I'm Ready

{*"I'm Ready" being sung in the background*}

(Juelz Santana)

Come on!

Jim Jones where you at baby?

Juelz Santana (I feel good right now man)

This is music right here

Once again where you at

I feel like Rocky or something

They try to box me in the corner 4 the longest

No keys, lock me in this corner for the longest but

(I'm Ready, I'm Ready, I'm Ready, I'm Ready)

Somehow I managed to creep from under the rock

Linkin' up with Cam and linkin' up with the ROC now

(I'm Ready, I'm Ready, I'm Ready, I'm Ready)

This is powerful music I bring to the table

The sequel to Able the way I slag Kane cause

(I'm Ready, I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready)

Y'all know I'm past then focus, incase you haven't noticed

Squeeze and blast them open as soon as the magnum open

(I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready)

Cam gonna make me star, I'm gonna make him a million

Jones is here, we invading the building and

(I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready)

I'm still on the corner grinding for them big stacks

Big coats, big gats don't ever forget that

(Jimmy Jones)

Yes sir, Yes sir

Oh yea nigga

My goal (??) the one on your charts

If it happens to be a (??) come with the arts

Everyone of my parts they still moving'

Hold the drums in front of the

I do this shit six lucky contestants

They don't give a fuck if you sixty

Still get coifed and arrested (click clank)

My justice is reched

You get knocked

Please, grab your crouches

Keep steppin'

Cause the game we done held back to long

The pain we done felt that to long

Cocaine we done dealt that to long

And my pops it don't help that you gone

Myself to move on

Its scary and I'm gonna need help

Streets flow at me

Dog marijuana don't help

Fiends junkies in the corners don't help

Knee deep in my grave on these blocks

I'm a goner my self

(Cam'Ron)

Killa, I'm here y'all

I'm ready, I'm ready

Hey yo

Was up buzzin' buzzin'

Birds flip a dozen dozen

Holla at your boy

Boy thought your cousin wasn't

(I'm Ready, Yes sir)

Jimmy Jones, Sessa Bones, Santana, Manefik

Y'all niggaz know holla at me if there's any beef

(Yes sir, gats, guns, knives)
I know its vic versa
We like murder we convicted the track
But yo if you got bitches to fuck
Hit me up dawg
(Yea I'm ready)
Far as lyrics go
They rocking the citlets
They won't stop till I'm on top with the title
Hustlin no stoppin the cycle
I'm shopping for rifles I'm not for the idols
The twin towers dawg we on top of the Eiffel like
La piece a pizza eating a piece of pizza
You can't be where I be dawg
You need a Visa
Come on chief we for
Please believe it
I will squeeze and leave ya
All bullets stay where we can seek ya
Harlem world I'm spoil my town
You a clown you can't tell by now

{*singing continues w/ ad libs until fade*}