

Archie Eversole, We Ready

[Chorus] [background in parenthesis]

We ready(what, what)

We ready(what, what)

We ready(we ready, we ready)

For y'all(come on, we ready, come on)

We ready(we ready for)

We ready(we ready for)

We ready(we ready for)

For y'all(we ready, we ready)

[Verse 1]

Ain't no question 'bout, who the best

Macy gon' lay the track and Archie come to do the rest

Step in the way, multiple shots are goin through your chest

You must have called Pastor Troy cuz boy, you is blessed

And I'ma take him out the game y'all

It ain't no thang y'all

You wanna buck I'll rip you up like a chainsaw

The game's raw, boy, please believe it

Keep your bible with you cause you gonna be needin Jesus

Fiendin for chart-toppin hits

And Archie ain't gonna stop droppin shit

I'ma make a million dollars then stand on the top of it

Rockin it, until the day I die in this game

Archie with the Phat Boy addin the fire to the fame

[Chorus x2]

[what, what in background]

[Verse 2]

A-T-L we bout that head bustin, we leave you dead cousin

Whassup, huh bitch nigga, you said somethin

If you ready why you stumblin to the floor, huh?

If you ready why you stutterin "I ain't drunk"

I'ma show em why they call us dirty

There is no mercy for playa haters cause he ain't worthy

Heard of me then, "Hell naw" before, bet you done heard of me now

Atlanta, Georgia where the dirty be found

See I done did this since my younger days

Only 16 but my pocket's never underage

So let's get paid, cause I stay ready for it, please

And you is crazy if you think you ready for me, so who ready

[Chorus x2]

[what, what in background]

[Verse 3]

You ain't ready for us, cause you ain't ready for me

Courtney B chop and knock a nigga down to his knees

Stay as crunk as can be

Who keeps it crunker than we

Nobody that's why we comin throwin bows and them knees

See our foes and they freeze

They be some suckas at heart

We ready for what you bringin so we bust ya apart

You bustas ain't hard, stack em up and knockin em down

Another cop in the ground, boy, who stoppin me now

Choppin em down, see how quick you drop to the ground

Playin to be raw with ya ball likes to knock you around

I done twisted up the game, there's a knot in it now

And if you didn't see it comin, Phat Boy lockin it down

[Chorus x2]