

# Archie Eversole, We Ready (Remix)

(feat. Bubba Sparxxx)

[Intro underlies hook]

I feel the master, I feel him  
Y'all ready, they ready  
Well come on, well come on  
Y'all ready, they ready  
We ready, we ready  
Come on, come on  
We ready, we ready, come on  
Come on, come on  
Break bread ho, break bread ho  
Come on, break bread ho, break bread ho  
Come on come on, we ready we ready  
Come on in, we ready  
Come on in

[Hook: "What what" repeated in background]

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)

[Archie Eversole]

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 ya chest  
You must have called Pastor Troy cause 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 gon' be needin' Jesus  
Fiendin' for chart-toppin' hits  
And Archie ain't gon' stop droppin' shit  
I'ma make a million dollars then stand on the top of it  
Rockin' it, till the day I die in this game  
Archie with the Phat Boy addin' the fire to the fame

[Hook x2]

[Archie Eversole]

A-T-L we bout that head bustin', we leave you dead cousin  
What's up, huh bitch nigga, you said something  
If you ready why you stumblin' to the flo' huh  
If you ready why you stutterin' I ain't Joe  
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 pockets never underage  
So let's get paid, cause I stay ready for it, please  
And you is crazy if you think that you ready for me, so who ready now

[Hook x2]

[Bubba Sparxxx]

Yeah, yeah  
Bubba baby, trouble baby dip my thang, love me, hate me

All in London yellin' Georgia, Europe better suffocate me  
Hold it down for country crackers, leave them others up to Shady  
Give a damn if silly sisters think I'm good enough then pay me  
Tell em' Archie they don't want it, however they can get it  
Told em' bout that booty chatter, y'all better go on with it  
Infiltrated mainstream, maintainin' the same theme  
Polo shirts and pig shit, can't even get them stains clean  
Ain't too much I ain't seen in between LaGrange and Athens  
Ups and downs, rights and lefts all around me brains are scratchin'  
Any how we ready now, the new South has arrived  
We savages is fixin' to eat and won't stop till they satisfied

[Hook to fade]