## Ruff Ryders, They Ain't Ready

[Timbaland] Uh-huh, now what we gonna do Take it from the Eastside to the country Ya feel me? Ya feel me? Ya feel me? Tchka-tchka-tchka Check the chorus... [Timbaland] Jada talk so good, but they brain is not ready They don't know no Bubba talk so good, but they brain is not ready They don't know no no Jada talk so good, but they brain is not ready They don't know Bubba talk so good, but they brain is not ready They don't know no no [Jadakiss] Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh, yeah Yo, uh, yeah, yo... Aiyyo, this I'll make ya head hurt When the hawk take the day off I make the lead work, I'll put you in the red dirt Ice make 'em look like stars, they comin' through

On the bikes, but they look like cars, it's somethin' new and Jada talk soo good, but 'cha brain is

Nowhere next to ready for this stainless

It's no helpin' you when them thangs melt in you and way down in Athens, Jada's a bell ringer

I'ma bring the hood to the farm Bless 'em with some purple hay Remove the wood from the barn

Introduce them to the yak and cranberry

and make sure Bubba Spark good, then I'm gone

Even if we run the war, I ma still run the raw

You can come and see me, I got 'em for twenty-four Double R and Beat Club, who hard as us?

R3: In The " R" We Trust, c'mon

[Timbaland]

Jada talk so good, but they brain is not ready

They don't know no

Bubba talk so good, but they brain is not ready

They don't know no no

Jada talk so good, but they brain is not ready

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[Bubba Sparxxx]

Uh, uh...

Boy, silly if you saw them crackers ridin' with them pigs and thought I might would hit this robe for less than twenty-five a gig Doin' sixty-five, I sled off acid and shitty bourbon Took a minute to adjust, but right now this big shit is workin' I'm white just by chance, but I'm country by God's graces Nowadays I find myself doin' laundry in odd places But still, I keep it Bubba even into Mr. Kiss and them Brought 'em down to Athens, let 'em cut with my sister's friend Now we gettin' blist again, back on the block in Yonkers and Tim done laced a track, man this shit is hot as bonkers Kiss, not to flaunt ya, but just tell 'em Bed has come here I'm doin' for my family, but y'all are really done here But Bubba is the truth and perhaps this is discussion Of wither I'm that deal or a product of Tim's percussion Y'all know to him is bustin', so just dap me up and frown on Me and Kiss is necessary, that much you can count on, yeah [Timbaland]

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Bubba talk so good, but they brain is not ready

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They don't know no no

[Bubba Sparxxx]

How did him and Bubba rise from this dirt and this cow feces?

To show you folks the hope for this changin' shall be me

Notice how he see, the picture for it's painting

and poured you up of this mixture before it was tainted

See I was rydin' ruff only when me and D became aquatinted

and I pledge to maintain it, be damned if I'ma change it This shit is anus, ain't it? Fuck 'em, Kiss bring it home

I ryde or die with Beat Club, won't bend for the sake of this song

[Jadakiss]

The streets is still mine, I stay with the still nine

and it's still long and if I'm stronger than corn like I pinkeyed

Niggaz pretend to be weeded, that's what the industry needed

Kiss flippin' his flow, enemies heated

But we gon' let the gats pop

From the old rifles on the dirt road to the handguns on the blacktop

Don't get the plot wrong, this ain't a black or white politic thing

Cocksucker, it's a hot song

[Timbaland]

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