

Cell Ready

Juicy J, Wiz Khalifa & TM88

Man this volcano bag get you high as fuck
Yo TM, you know what I'm saying mane, Its time man you know
Finna get the whole world high man
Let them feel these side effects
This shit finna be deadly bruh
Fuck with my fam, this shit gon' get deadly
They gon' have to get my cell ready
Play with my paper, this shit gon' get deadly
They gon' have to get my cell ready
Short me on my dope, this shit gon' get deadly
They gon' have to get my cell ready
Fuck with one of my niggas, this shit gon' get deadly
They gon' have to get my cell ready

[Verse 1: Juicy J &

What these niggas on,, hand me my chrome
Goin back to snatching niggas out they Cadillac and send them home
Smoke em' like a bong, then its back to counting money when I'm stoned
Or I send a hit through the phone and my dudes will come get you and they'll never leave you
alone

My niggas official like refs with a whistle, I just make one call back to top off your dome
Off with your head, bitch I'm a king I got shooters with 2's protecting my throne
One shot then you gone, you should've known. I'm a real nigga I cannot be cloned

I'm filthy rich still don't let a penny go
I be up all night like I'm Arsenio
Freaky bitches take the dick in any whole
Now they famous cause they in my video
Who you foolin' I don't buy
I don't judge I just go off vibes
When I touch the sky then hop in this ride
Taylor Gang nigga we don't die
This world is mine I delete you guys
We all tryna eat we don't need your kind
And get that cash but family first
Be prepared to grind nigga put in work
Fuck nigga what would you do for this ice
You think its really worth losing your life
How bad you want stripes, my young niggas killers
If I give the word then they smashing you niggas
Bunch of youngins' coming from a broken home
Slanging rock n roll but ain't no rolling stone
Streets welcome niggas in with open arms
If I catch the charge I'm a post a bond

You god damn right I'm a certified boss I can cut the check or I can cut your throat
Put you on the table tag on your toe smoking weed till' I overdose
You don't want beef you ain't thinking clear. I'm too busy tryna make a fucking village
Dripping more cheese then a chicken Philly, Pittsburgh niggas really bout they business
I got niggas with me don't got any feelings
They just really wit it, they just into killing
Hard as hell on the internet but nigga in the streets you like Richard Simmons
My money long and my passport got more stamps then a nigga mail
It ain't a problem if I catch a body then I'm heading over seas I'll never see a sail nigga!
MAFIA
GANG!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>