

Ready (feat. Gunna)

Lil Baby

Metro Boomin want some more, nigga In that fast thing, speedin' through the city (Skrrt, skrrt)

Panoramic brain, and my dash digi' (Dash digi')

Motherfuck the fame, all my niggas litty (Lit)

Backwood to the face, I don't smoke no Philly (Nah)

Drip, drippin' sauce like I'm chili (Sauce)

Let that mink hang to the floor when it's chilly (It's
chilly)

I got three big booty broads at the Telly (The Telly)

And they know from the start who was ready

I can't fuck with none of y'all niggas, y'all disgust me

When you with your maggot ass friends, don't discuss me

FN with extended clip, I hope them try to rush me

I hear 'em sayin' such and such, a nigga ain't gon' touch
me

Big body Benz, 'member I used to be dusty

Now I want my money all hundreds in a rush please

I was sellin' weed when they came out with white tee

Now I put a whole half a ticket on my white tee

Whole hood poppin', other niggas, they don't like me

Made her eat it up, she told her friend, "He gon' wife me"

All my niggas thoroughbred, I don't fuck with crossbreeds

Free all of the bros down the road and on Rice Street

In that fast thing, speedin' through the city (Skrrt, skrrt)

Panoramic brain, and my dash digi' (Dash digi')

Motherfuck the fame, all my niggas litty (Lit)

Backwood to the face, I don't smoke no Philly (Nah)

Drip, drippin' sauce like I'm chili (Sauce)

Let that mink hang to the floor when it's chilly (It's
chilly)

I got three big booty broads at the Telly (The Telly)

And they know from the start who was ready (Ready) Put some fine bitches in Margiel-y's
(Margiel-y)

Two new glass tinted, these baguette-y's (Baguette-y)

Ain't gon' bash you bitches, I ain't petty (Nah)

Just know we fuckin', we ain't goin' steady (Goin' steady)

I don't wanna sleep, I need more Addys (Need more
Addy)

I ain't have no kid but I'm her daddy (I'm her daddy)

Better shake her ass like it's Magic (Like it's Magic)

Twenties in my pocket look like cabbage (Yeah)

Carats everywhere, I'm a rabbit (I'm a rabbit)

I ain't Shawty Lo, but what's happenin'? (What's

happenin'?)
We was taught to go, keep that cannon (That cannon)
I'm on fuckin go, I can't panic (I can't panic)In that fast thing, speedin' through the city (Skrrt,
skrrt)
Panoramic brain, and my dash digi' (Dash digi')
Motherfuck the fame, all my niggas litty (Lit)
Backwood to the face, I don't smoke no Philly (Nah)
Drip, drippin' sauce like I'm chili (Sauce)
Let that mink hang to the floor when it's chilly (It's
chilly)
I got three big booty broads at the Telly (The Telly)
And they know from the start who was readyMoney conversations, check my feng shui
I buy Dolce Gabbana, Chanel, I'm on straight
Supermodel, her body gon' be my entree
I been runnin' with hitters, my youngins gun slang
Cars of the day, brand new Wraith
My life circle, mines ain't straight
Bills ain't late, paid no notes
I ain't no joke, they want smoke
We exotic, start a riot, we gon' riot
.223's, drakes outside
We don't get tired, we gon' die
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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