

# We Ready (feat. Yung Joc)

## Boyz N Da Hood

Nigga get outta line and we gone fuck em up  
Fuck wit one of mine and we gone draw blood  
Nigga tryin to shine and we gone show em up  
Tryin to rep his side and we gone throw em up  
I'm ready, when you ready  
If yall ready, well nigga we ready  
I'm ready, if you ready  
When yall ready, nigga we ready A, who, I got a tag on my head dey wanna kill me  
A couple tones and I kick dem niggas remember me  
Dem niggas scared of me, dey don't wanna see my crew  
Dey talkin in code he sayin what dey finna do  
I let dem killas loose, try me Imma finish you  
Fuck it won't you say it den, motha fucka spray me den  
Where da hell Zone 3, damn there go Big Gee  
Homegrown red dirt, watch on head buss  
Why home tried us, I'd unside us  
Find on da blind side, half em tied up  
Task folks tried us, masked up 9 up  
Masked up, Blast up, Ass up partna  
Give a nigga a couple grand, have ya ass a wonderland  
Walkin with dat holy ghost, bushin up da motha land  
Ya already know my name, hood dey call me Big Gee  
Wit panicles on bicycles, on binnacles on Zone 3 (Edge)  
Nigga get outta line and we gone fuck em up  
Fuck wit one of mine and we gone draw blood  
Nigga tryin to shine and we gone show em up  
Tryin to rep his side and we gone throw em up  
I'm ready, when you ready  
If yall ready, well nigga we ready  
I'm ready, if you ready  
When yall ready, nigga we ready I got a mean appetite call me Starvin Marvin  
Cuz I trap all night, at da Starvin Marvin  
Chop neva scarred, not by far ho  
Da chopper spell my name out in yo Monte Carlo  
Suggest you keep it cool, keep it on da up and up  
Get yo front on da scope, and yo chest gone open up  
I leave ya shirt wet, like Slip N' Slide  
Fuck wit real niggas like Mr. Exit 65  
5, 4, 3, 2, 1, ya had a fair one, and hommie look what you dun done  
Now ya talking loud while ya runnin to ya car  
Before ya pop ya trunk, Imma have to pull ya card  
At the Amoco, over there on Boulevard

Somebody call the cops cuz I'm finna catch a charge  
Ya tried to play hard, its concrete from Jump Street  
Now ya slumped on ya front seats somewhere on Front Street  
Nigga get outta line and we gone fuck em up  
Fuck wit one of mine and we gone draw blood  
Nigga tryin to shine and we gone show em up  
Tryin to rep his side and we gone throw em up  
I'm ready, when you ready  
If yall ready, well nigga we ready  
I'm ready, if you ready  
When yall ready, nigga we ready I'm robbin everything, runnin through ya trap house  
First nigga move, turn into da Slaughterhouse  
Dats a lot of beef, ya shouldn't run ya mouth  
I got some killas on da West dat'll make ya walk it out  
Snap ya neck pussy nigga make ya lean back  
Big mess in da car couldn't clean dat  
Tappin through da CB, I'm tryin to get some feedback  
Hit da safe house, where da dope and da weed at  
Monkey niggas in da game, yall orangutan  
I'm Gorilla, civil back pentane  
45 spifin with some black John Wayne  
If a nigga wanna test em man dey wouldn't find a thang  
I don't give a dam, about you rappas feelins  
Aint nobody feedin me but junior hoes aint weed  
If you want it you can get it man, in case you get to squealin  
Dis is Boyz N Da Hood, Back in Da Chevy and we dealin Nigga get outta line and we gone  
fuck em up  
Fuck wit one of mine and we gone draw blood  
Nigga tryin to shine and we gone show em up  
Tryin to rep his side and we gone throw em up  
I'm ready, when you ready  
If yall ready, well nigga we ready  
I'm ready, if you ready  
When yall ready, nigga we ready

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