

# Y'all Ready Know

## Slaughterhouse

Yo, yo, yo  
This your man Royce Da 5'9"  
This your dude Crooked I  
Man, Jump off Joe Beezy  
It's Joell Ortiz Ya'll ready, ya'll ready, y'all ready know, Slaughterhouse Little niggas get your  
weight up fuck y'all, pay up  
My bars just as slick as my dick and both stay up  
Nicer than me, say what? Wait up, straight up  
I finish niggas right off the bat like a layup  
I seen a lot of come, I seen a lot of go  
But y'all know where I'm from, B-R double O  
You know the rest pimpin', yeah, I was bred different  
Here come pops with the NY bop, you know, the leg limp'in'  
My ice mug frozen till it's stiff  
Grimy nigga, might [?] hold onto your bitch  
I got a way with women, I faithfully play with women  
Let 'em suck on this bottle and pray that I throw a baby in 'em  
I might just throw 'em a gold fronts  
Pour up a cup of E & J and light up a dro blunt  
I was never soft, never saw me flinchin' when they lettin' off  
Never had to retaliate cause I set it off  
Ya'll ready, ya'll ready, y'all ready know, Slaughterhouse Ya'll know my name, bitch, never  
change up my language  
I'm just a rich nigga from a city that's bankrupt  
First we take oath  
Then I'm pulling turquoise strings in my LeBron corks In Turks and Caicos  
I came from wicked chair fame wearin' short sets  
I learned that money can't buy happiness  
But I decided I'd rather do all my cryin' in the Corvette  
Make a dollar, buy a suit  
Have a child, and have 'em follow suite  
Wavin' that weatherchange things  
Make the winter fall, coming through with everything to lose  
Taking everything from you know  
Let him finish his fall in his draws  
And pray that he land on that minute hand in my Hublot  
I'm about that Art Of War gospel  
That Basquiat Picasso drawing a roscoe  
Using the blood of a usual thug who was told die slow  
Your money on me, bet it all, you know I'mma set it off  
Ya'll ready, ya'll ready, y'all ready know, Slaughterhouse Let's skip the small talk and get right  
to the wealth

Truth is I give a fuck, but it's right to myself  
Fuck fame, keep the shit I write to myself  
If what I do is therapeutic, man, the slightest shit helps  
Made angel dust my freshman year  
Gave it a try, cool, little did I knew  
Had the wrong meaning of high school  
Teachers called him a sociopath and a liar  
Fuck them, only went to class for the cyphers  
Now I'm gettin' bills for  
The same thinking they tried to prescribe pills for  
They said I needed a wrench, I'm a loose screw  
Vital, suicidal, said I would kill mi amour  
Wasn't speakin' in French, said I'd let it off  
Never know who or what you might get  
Main reason they never want me to set it off  
You now dealing with four niggas that's never off  
All bets off, so nah, you won't be better off  
Ya'll ready, ya'll ready, y'all ready know,  
Slaughterhouse  
Jewish tats arm on my arm like a Semitic boss  
Egyptian art hanging, uh, that's my Kemetick cross  
Slaughterhouse set it off  
Even got bitches wavin' our flag, Betsy Ross  
Old school Chevy, the head is off  
Decapitated Impala  
Heavy lack from the weight of the llama  
Still bear arms like a shaven koala  
How you thinkin' like a faded neurology student  
Is prudent when chasin' a dollar  
So never mind, a clever rhyme  
I'd rather find a better grind, forever times  
Sittin' behind me because I'm ahead of mind  
In this era I'm livin' outside of the paradigm  
I'm comin' outside with a pair of dimes  
Sharing and caring lines  
Share a line then they share a 9 inch, never mind  
I probably shouldn't even keep going  
Cause these rappers keep hoein' with their teeth showing  
I set it off  
Ya'll ready, ya'll ready, y'all ready know, Slaughterhouse  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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