

You're Not Ready

50 Cent

You said you're ready, you're not ready
We don't shoot no one on one's
Niggas'll clap, all that pack you
Either way your ass is done
When them shells hit you and they split you
You gon' scream like a bitch
In your dreams it don't feel
How it feels when you're hit

Momma baby boy is a killa
Ain't it funny how them guns get to pop for the scrilla?
Four bodies at 19, man I love that little nigga
For 5 grand niggas'll air the strip out
For 10 grand niggas'll run up in your house
Have you ass tryna talk with a gun up in ya mouth
New York has taught niggas to get money Down South
But get knocked in the commonwealth, stake your ass out
Fuck the captain, fuck the sarge
Fuck the king's that's in charge, bitch

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When my warriors come out and play, I'm Osirus
I eat, sleep, shit and catch niggaritis
And beat niggas down like the turtles on Riker's
I'm a cheap ass connect with some high ass prices
I've been totin'.fo-fo's and Mack-10's
Since Tim Dog was on raw, G ten
I'm the nigga on the strip that make feinds relapse
I'm the nigga on the strip that's a walking G pack

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I don't bash woman, but I'll throw a bitch in a sleeper
I been this way since Rakim was kicking a speaker
You can fly on holiday's like Christmas and Easter
The only way yellow ice is if you piss in the freezer
I'll put your partner in a case and park him off of pace
You suppose to be getting money, cheddar carpet off your face
I'm in the blaze, top runner in the race
Nike fanatic, spent spring summer [?]
Look what happened to Ma\$e, I hope you see them same lighters
And my tape pound from me, put you on tubes and vitamins

I might've been slunked in the G-5 drunk and
Thumpin' the chronic one ridin' with the Thump Jiva
I'm on the run from marriage to rolling the carriage
To go with the average, give me someone established
I'm performing if they come with the carros
These bitches want my son in their carriage
But I don't wanna feel dumb and embrassed, bitch