

Ready Player One

Bryson Tiller

Ready
Player One

Steady aim, ready play
You ain't the one, my nigga, don't step in my lane, nah
Ready to make the game
Before you would've thought that was arranged
Boy, you about high as you can't let in the game, nah
I said forget all the fame
Fuck, leave the boys [?] my name
So I came in with that new strat, then everything changed
Pressure came, and I overcame
Everything, but I'm still over the game
Niggas talk shit, I know it's a game
Kill 'em with every song, got range
And I got a full clip, I'm blowin' his brains out
Now they know what he thinkin' about
I don't show no remorse for him
I'm better off scorchin' him
And I put flame on a track, DeLorean
I got me on repeat, I'm bored of him
Played out like accordion
And I'm laid out with my shorty in Malibu
I tell you the beef I got with you
None at all, but it's a must
I kill him with a 1v1, Rust
And I'm with a [?] trust
I'ma get money, let's run it up
Paper plane, say my name, and I'm Candyman
Niggas be like "You vanished, man"
But I told you I really can't stand the fame
And I told you I gotta handle things
Told you I gotta handle things and I'm done

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