

# They Ain't Ready

Bubba Sparxxx

Uh-huh, now what we gonna do  
Take it from the Eastside to the country  
Ya feel me? Ya feel me?  
Ya feel me? Tchka-tchka-tchka  
Check the chorus...

Jada talk so good, but they brain is not ready  
They don't know know  
Bubba talk so good, but they brain is not ready  
They don't know know know

Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh, yeah  
Yo, uh, yeah, yo...  
Aiiyo, this I'll make ya head hurt  
When the hawk take the day off  
I make the lead work, I'll put you in the red dirt  
Ice make 'em look like stars, they comin' through  
On the bikes, but they look like cars, it's somethin' new  
And Jada talk soo good, but 'cha brain is  
Nowhere next to ready for this stainless  
It's no helpin' you when them thangs melt in you  
And way down in Athens, Jada's a bell ringer  
I'ma bring the hood to the farm  
Bless 'em with some purple hay  
Remove the wood from the barn  
Introduce them to the yak and cranberry  
And make sure Bubba Spark good, then I'm gone  
Even if we run the war, I'ma still run the raw  
You can come and see me, I got 'em for twenty-four  
Double R and Beat Club, who hard as us?  
R3: In The "R" We Trust, c'mon

Uh, uh...  
Boy, silly if you saw them crackers ridin' with them pigs  
And thought I might would hit this robe for less than twenty-five a gig  
Doin' sixty-five, I sled off acid and shitty bourbon  
Took a minute to adjust, but right now this big shit is workin'  
I'm white just by chance, but I'm country by God's graces  
Nowadays I find myself doin' laundry in odd places  
But still, I keep it Bubba even into Mr. Kiss and them  
Brought 'em down to Athens, let 'em cut with my sister's friend  
Now we gettin' blist again, back on the block in Yonkers  
And Tim done laced a track, man this shit is hot as bonkers  
Kiss, not to flaunt ya, but just tell 'em Bed has come here  
I'm doin' for my family, but y'all are really done here  
But Bubba is the truth and perhaps this is discussion  
Of wither I'm that deal or a product of Tim's percussion  
Y'all know to him is bustin', so just dap me up and frown on  
Me and Kiss is necessary, that much you can count on, yeah

How did him and Bubba rise from this dirt and this cow feces?  
To show you folks the hope for this changin' shall be me  
Notice how he see, the picture for it's painting  
And poured you up of this mixture before it was tainted

See I was rydin' ruff only when me and D became aquatinted  
And I pledge to maintain it, be damned if I'ma change it  
This shit is anus, ain't it? Fuck 'em, Kiss bring it home  
I ryde or die with Beat Club, won't bend for the sake of this song

The streets is still mine, I stay with the still nine  
And it's still long and if I'm stronger than corn like I pinkeyed  
Niggaz pretend to be weeded, that's what the industry needed  
Kiss flippin' his flow, enemies heated  
But we gon' let the gats pop  
From the old rifles on the dirt road to the handguns on the blacktop  
Don't get the plot wrong, this ain't a black or white politic thing  
Cocksucker, it's a hot song