

Ready to Die

Dope D.O.D.

What happened, what happened?
I see a whole lot of niggas here napping
Who's sleepin? What's cracking?
You're dreamin', I cash it
See I'm the captain, I'm the captain
Of this goddamn ship, I won't crash it
You gonna do some? I don't think so
I'm a Starr nigga - Ringo
When I'm hittin' these niggas like pinball
Nigga that lingo hard like indo
I get it in though, she know how to go like the wind blow
Reaper got flow and the Wendos
Keeping that ho like Orlando
Me and my gringos throwing that bitch out of window
She flyin' like a flock of flamingos
Shit no, shit yeah, cause shit happened
I'm Binladen and I've been rappin' for eight years
And I'm still graphic, still mad and I'm still standing
Any rappers in the way will get peeled backwards
If you wanna match this, let me ask you

Is you ready to die? (Tonight)
Spirits gon' fly (Tonight)
I'm gettin' high (Tonight)
And I'm ready to die (Tonight)

I'm ready to (die), so I'm tellin' them (why?)
Half of these actors been tellin' them (lies)
Claimin' you (fly) American (life)
You have to be touched for the very first (time)
Better re-(wind) every (line)
Over your head when I leave 'em (behind)
Enemy (lines), Ketamine (high)
Hell of a (time) I never De-(cline)
I'm so fucking sick with the pen, I'm master like Ishii O-Ren
Grill in like Dolly Cohen, I fill 'em with bloody omen
My restless consists of horny plans and a pitchfork
Let's hand 'em the rope with the Slipknot
You better beware watch you wish for
We mobbin' like it's Gotham, got 'em carbon copy coffins
So line 'em up and drop 'em - end of discussion
Dead or alive, head to the thrive - hear the spirits whistle
Riddle me this, riddle me that
Cock the pistol is you ready to die?

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