

READY ROCK

FEVER 333

Be careful, they knockin' at your doorstep
But they cannot walk in
And if you invite them in
Biting is what they do best

Hmm, speaking of knocking
Beat was so off and out of the pocket
But somehow they lined them by lyin'
And we ain't impressed

Is it really that bad?
Or is it just that
They're afraid we'll take it all back?
That's a fact
We got a bad hand
We still gamble and bet it on black

Yes, Lord, let me bless 'em
Let me bless 'em, yeah, one more time again
I said one mo' 'gain

See the truth is-
You ain't shit and never be shit
Wouldn't have them hits if you we ain't give you them shits, bitch

Is it really that bad?
Or is it just that
They're afraid we'll take it all back?
That's a fact
We got a bad hand
We still gamble and bet it on black

Even if I don't get it
The homie gon' take from
The hands of those indebted
To your favorite song
Oh, oh, let go of everything you think you know 'cause
Behind everything that you love is a history of hate
I know this shit is hard to hear, but yo, it's really that-

Bad
We realize that
They don't care about giving it back
Don't be sad
That black magic we have
Won't vanish by slight of white hands
Of course, they're calling it voodoo
They could never do what you do

I'm not sad
I ain't not mad
I just have some demands