

## READY TO COOK UP

Future

Ready, ready, ready, ready to cook up  
Uh, I'm ready to cook up (Got that dope)  
Ready, ready, ready, I'm ready to cook up (Yeah)  
Ready, ready, ready, I'm ready to cook up (Mixtape Pluto)

Cut the Rolls-Royce truck in half, pull up Spectre  
I'm gettin' certain amount of cash, look like a sex symbol (Yeah)  
Heard my name been ringin' bells 'cause I'm a gang member  
Can't say too much on these tracks 'cause I'm with grave diggers (Ayy  
, say, gang)  
Need a 'script for 'methazine and some pain pills (And some pain pill  
s)  
I got fame, but with these streets, nigga, I stay real  
They got switches on these glees, I feel safe here (Feel safe)  
Young nigga put you on a tee, you a plate for real (Ayy, say, gang)

Dropped inside the water, spent some dollars on a 'vert (Ayy, say, ga  
ng)  
Got a thousand pounds on order, told 'em, "Hit that shit with terps"  
Paid a thousand for a line of Wock', I just poured a cup of syrup  
I been cookin' dope so long, it smell like cocaine on my shirt  
Niggas don't pop no pills no more, they ready to crush and snort the  
Perc'  
Might pull up in helicopter, dressin' like I'm going to church (Ayy,  
say, gang)  
80 pointer diamonds shining, solitaires on my shirt (Fuck these hoes,  
bruh)  
Said the hood ain't want the Quagen, so we had to send the turtle

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I'm gettin' certain amount of cash, look like a sex symbol (Want a li  
l' somethin')  
Heard my name been ringin' bells 'cause I'm a gang member  
Can't say too much on these tracks 'cause I'm with grave diggers (Yea  
h, yeah)  
Need a 'script for 'methazine and some pain pills (Say, my dogs)  
I got fame, but with these streets, nigga, I stay real  
They got switches on these glees, I feel safe here (Ayy, say, gang)  
Young nigga put you on a tee, you a plate for real

Everyday we been gettin' throwed, sipping Texas (Ayy, say, gang)  
On the wrong side of the road, drivin' reckless  
I know how to use a Pyrex, I finesse it (Ayy, say, gang)  
Take the dirty money, clean it at the washhouse  
So many bad bitches, this come with the lifestyle (We some rockstars)  
When you flyin' like a pilot, bring the pipe out (Bring that chopper)  
I'll post up in another nigga hood, all my ice out (Brrt, brrt)  
Totin' a stick like a guitar, ready to rock out (Brrt, brrt)

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