

Ready '24

J. Cole

Yes (Yo, Killa, Killa)
Flee Farms, boy
(Yeah, we leavin', uh, Tuesday, we gon' fly to London)
Fuck with me, Harlem (Yeah)
I promise niggas
I guarantee it, I put my stamp of fuckin' authenticity, nigga
Ain't no nigga better than me in this fuckin' planet, I swear to God

Bitch, I'm on my shit again
I don't be sittin' 'round thinkin' what I could've been
I'ma do it now, I told mama I'ma do her proud
I do what I want, you niggas do what you allowed
My dog blew the loud into a cloud
These verses heinous, so of course they trainers threw in towels
Cole World, I got too much style
Designer or not, I just pulled your bitch with no line-up and Crocs
Where I'm from, fiends line up for rocks
Young niggas line up for Glocks
Talk slick, one shot, aw shit, forensics outlinin' your socks
Poor decision, mortician alpinin' your box
Raw pitchin', court vision, dishin' pounds on the block
You think you're 'bout to get this shit over-the-counter? You're not
Ain't no prescription for this shit, you can't just dial up the doc'
My nigga wicked with the wrist, he whipped it out of a pot
From a powder to rock solid, then count up the profits
You ain't gotta sell that shit no more, I got it on lock, I told you

Woo
Ooh, shit, nigga

I ain't finished yet, not by a long shot
Cole never snooze, won't even stop my alarm clock
Shout to Ryan Coog', that shit was scary to view
'Cause a nigga's worst fear is gettin' stopped by the wrong cop, uh
Or gettin' shot on his own block
That's why niggas keep the chrome cocked, my palms cocked
Homes in three different timezones, it don't stop
Olympic-level divin', bitch, I promise I won't flop, uh
This how it feel to be on top
I used to see fiends lookin' for crack like they phone dropped
So fuck what you talkin' 'bout
I aimed for the stars and hit, shit was a long shot
I'm tryna get more bread than Patrick Mahomes got
Short-term vision ain't gon' get you the long yachts
'Ville nigga, used to cash my check at the pawn shop
My second worst fear is stickin' dick in the wrong thot
'Cause child support supervision is gon' knock
It's crystal clear, bitch, I got the vision y'all don't got

Yes (Stupid), yes (Killa, Killa)
Here we go
I'm ready, I'm ready (Uh)
Been ready, let's go (Look)

Homie thought he caught him a killer, I intercepted her (Swish)
Deceptive, not at all, I wasn't with disrespectin' her
But I stood my ground, I wasn't with all the beggin' her

Know that I'm flee and nothin' I do is regular (Matter fact)
Matter fact, do irregular on the regular
With the trappers, robbers, next day, at the senator's (True)
But what to do with us? (Us?), gettin' loot with us (Yes)
Then the coupe with us (What else?), then hit the stu' with us
You see my crew, boo? Yeah, it's only a few of us (True)
You gettin' money, honey? That'll make two of us (Woo)
Takin' what I'm supposed to get, not all, most of it
Paper tags, poppin' tags, no tag, you know I'm it
I don't know if you people noticed it
But niggas had to give me six feet before the COVID hit (Swear they did)
Or you'll be six feet deep like when I load the clip (Baow)
Early bird, and the can of worms, you opened it (True)
Still hittin' old girl (Girl), still make her toes curl (Curl)
Killa Cam and Cole World, y'all niggas ready? (Yes)