

# Ready

Jacques

Sunday mornin', bright lights  
Lookin' off the top of the yacht, lost at sea just a lifestyle

I'ma hit her with my chains on  
Money dancin', you'll get rained on  
This a Maybach not a Range Rover  
And you niggas see it ain't though  
I'm with all my people  
I brought all my people  
Niggas ain't seein' me, niggas ain't seein' Que  
When you in first place  
Make the niggas wanna hate you  
Tell all them niggas we ready  
Did you not know we're ready?  
I got money in the bank  
She fuckin' with me cause I'm rank  
And we gon' throw it in your face  
Too much money in your face

I think that I won the race  
I think all these niggas hate  
If I want it then I got it  
I ain't never had to wait  
It's some killers right beside you  
Fuckboys we despise you  
We ain't even finna fight you  
They gon' do they best to find you  
Fuck your bitch all day  
Send her back your way  
Young Cash Money nigga, never fade away  
I be on the rise, be in different states  
Fuck these niggas I'm rollin', havin' shit my way

Shoot the gun, boom-boom  
Yeah, my niggas shoot the gun, boom-boom  
I don't really know you, swear to God I don't really know you

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New whip, paper plates  
Money make a nigga hate  
Niggas knowin' that we straight  
Chop him dead in his face

Glass plate, new place  
100 bricks, big face  
A rich nigga on the water  
Versace jacket for my daughter  
Big B, red boss  
Stunna man floss cars  
If you ain't made Forbes nigga  
What the fuck is you talkin'?  
I don't need no introduction than this  
It's Stunna man, young and we gon' bang on a bitch

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105 on a yacht, you understand me? Jacuzzi on some Scarface shit.  
Just a normal lifestyle, palm beaches and bitches and bottles and models, nigga.  
They love a nigga with money and power, nigga dead