

Ready 4 Whateva

Lil' O

Ooh these boys hating, don't think I don't peep it
It's alright though, I'm ready I'm telling ya

You better know, when I'm up in the club
That I'm ready for whatever, I'm a G so what's up
Just because you see me out there shining, doing my thang
Don't think a player won't switch, and get to throwing them thangs
Get to throwing them hands

Hey look I'm ready for whatever, I'm ready for whatever
I'm ready for whatever, come on get up on my level
Hey look I'm ready for whatever, I'm ready for whatever
I'm ready for whatever, come on get up on my level

I'm Fat Rat, with the Cheese
I'm the one, hater please
In fact bow, on your knees
I been getting money, since 9-3
Triple O.G., I don't gotta talk to you boys
Make a hole, 'fore I come through and walk through you boys
I'll put a spark, through you boys
This old dog bite, I won't bark at you boys
I look good, I feel good
I talk like Barack, but I'm real hood
I check a hater, any player that's trill would
If the hands or shank don't work, then a steal should

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You think, I gotta loc's to be cool
Dang fool, I done stoked out the room
You don't know, I done plotted out your doom
If you wanna phone me, it's clean sweep like a broom
See I know, I got two bottles over there
And I see, I got my hood over there
And why you think, I'm standing close to these chairs
Lil' daddy I'm gutter, and I don't fight fair
I see you, checking out my Gucci 'fit
And I know you seen me balling, with my booshie bitch
But what you really don't know, is I'll bruise you quick
Better answer right, when my dogs asking who you with

Hey look I'm ready for whatever, I'm ready for whatever
I'm ready for whatever, come on get up on my level
Hey look I'm ready for whatever, I'm ready for whatever
I'm ready for whatever, come on get up on my level

A hater there, a hater there
I should buy em fuck me shirts, and call it hater wear
But ask me, do a player care
Why would I when they gal, whispering in a player ear
And she talking bout, doing some'ing

She like you, ya always talking bout doing some'ing
The only difference is she for real, you ya bumping
I'ma really take her to the room, and ruin some'ing
You won't get me stressed
We will tear this club up, and make a motherfucking mess
I want a hundred, nothing less
Now go on bout your bidness lil' daddy, God bless

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