

## Ready or Not

### Lords of the Underground

Ready or not, ready or not, ready or not (steppin on yo face)  
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Hey yo funke pack your bags once again, it's on  
Off on the road again, more like home  
Now make sure you pack a bag with the cappa rats  
And a head full of freestyles to prove it ain't a whack  
We're headin to the venues across the nation  
Due to last album's underground sensation  
Survive with the vibe what you feel inside  
Is it real? (It's real!) well then let it ride  
With the funk, still got that funk, always got the funk cause I know it's wh  
at ya want, um I  
Speak to my peeps with the beats from the streets  
I guess when on the road that's why they cling to our meats  
The girls be jackin', the guys be watchin, but no it's not The Lords, it's t  
he hype they're clockin'  
Weave our Glocks with hip-hop, so watch as they  
They know we don't care if they're ready or not

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When I'm pink in the bird do ya know I rocka socka... MCs  
You know I'm not havin it, my skills are well crafted  
My bounce to the ounce, my bounce in the mattress  
So catch me I'm leakin', and not when I'm thinkin, cause when caught with th  
inkin, I can catch up yer sneakin  
So back to the deala, the lord's a mag dealer and the rope is equipped with  
tips to get familiar so I'm never neglectin it even though it's hectic, it's  
something I love that's why I'm always struttin  
So I step to the comas, my pace is  
Just to get away from those who press my luck

Here's the back monkey let me get the microphone it's time to go again  
Mr. Funkyman, [?] is on the bird again  
That's right so have no fear  
Lords of the Underground are here, put your hands in the air  
And let me drop the microphone and kick the funky sound  
I'm out to make you party like its 1999  
Check it ass out make it funky for ya  
Step to the rear if you're hip to see the point  
Jackson, underground, shit was full of action  
Give them nothing but the facts and hear me keep ya satisfaction  
I rock it till the mic gets hot, ready or not, let me show you what I got no  
stop

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You just don't understand what it takes to make the Lords of the Under  
How we're keepin hope alive sometimes it makes me wonder  
Where in the world did I ever get the courage

To step onstage and send the crowd into a rage  
I say the rhythm comin that's when I commence the rotten  
When I move across the stage, it can look as if I'm plottin  
With my funk on, you put the funk on? I got to get my funk on. You gotta put  
your funk on  
I never been one to be jealous of what another man has  
I learn my own business and wash my own hands  
I never call girls hoes and bitches when I'm rapping  
Cause I'd rather not talk about it manage to survive without it  
To tell the truth, I got to much on my mind  
To waste my time just attack the women when I rhyme  
Either way the lord's house is gonna stack  
This hour will be fat, remember we'll be back

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Ready or not, ready or not, ready or not (face)  
Ready or not, ready or not, ready or not (step up in yo face)