

Y'all Ain't Ready

Mike Will Made-It

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Ear Drummers

Automatic weapons and Giuseppe's
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Automatic weapons and Giuseppe's (y'all ain't ready)
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Five pack, ten pack, twenty pack (twenty packs)
Thirty pack, forty pack, fifty pack (fifty packs)
Know to make a mill straight off from scratch
I can pull your girl with my hand tied behind my back

Flipping packs, I'm a silver-back, ain't no monkey shit
Go just rolled up a joint, that last 40 minutes
Andale, ain't no bullshit, this that real life
When Puerto Rican Johnny left, it didn't feel right
I come from straight from the trenches
You know my Spurt off the hinges
When you come through we don't talk to you
Everyone know that you snitchin'
This is a different dimension
Whatever I want get attention
My partner stay with the pistols
Them pistols stay with extensions
I done got my hustle in the trap (in the trap)
Another star bustin' in the trap (in the trap)
I got head in the trap (in the trap)
I done got my bread in the trap (in the trap)

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I can make a mill up, straight from scratch
I can take your girl with my hand tied behind my back

Rap shit, trap shit, recorded this, sorta did it
All my 16's crackin', you gon' need soda with it
Big boulder on my pinky, get oral sex off a winky
Took so much designer shit on a cruise, the boat started sinkin'
Well, hit her with the D, now she hooked like Phonics
Chopper by the high heels in the damn closet
Baby mama got a damn whole bunch of bags
She know her baby daddy got a whole bunch of mags (y'all ain't ready)
Valentino, Saint Laurent, Dolce, Gabbana
Giuseppe shoes, Jimmy Choos, and damn red bottoms
Got a .38 in my damn Nike box
What the if and end, I'ma damn wifey's socks
Ain't no competition, I'll be damned I'ma stop (y'all ain't ready)
Do I talk to lames, I say damn, I do not
Automatic weapons get to sprayin' out the car
Brand new fuckin' necklace like I'm payin' for a car (uh)

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Automatic weapons and Giuseppe's (y'all ain't ready, y'all ain't ready)
Talking 'bout competition, ain't no competition (y'all ain't ready)
Talking 'bout competition, ain't no competition (y'all ain't ready, y'all ai
n't ready)
I'm in the magazine you can get your issue
Pull up on your scene with a thousand pistols
(Fuck is my ransom, homie?)