

# Ready Or Not

Skrapz

Uh, and this track, feauturing Toxic, P Dubbz and Streetz, Ready or Not, by the Fugees

CSB, ICB, free up my people, check me out, boom

Ayo I hustle for the future of my family, it's not a joke  
I told myself when I was young I'll never die broke  
I'm tryna make a little rap money so I flow dope  
Where these other rappers that are coming like they can't cope  
Coming like they can't float, like their boat's got a hole in it  
I shoot man like their chest's got a goal in it  
And if you hear another rapper with a flow like Skrapz  
Then the mother fucker's stolen it  
Boom  
And even though I'm a star  
I keep some petrol in the [?] in case I've gotta blow up the car  
I'm in a world of my own  
Things is moving kinda' slow right now but I'm glad to be home  
Their acting like they never know man a pro  
We was moving like the Wu-Tang Clan at my first show  
I'm glad I never hear bang at my first show  
Shutdown, and flew straight back to Church Road

Coming at you if you're ready or not  
Them man are talking  
They ain't ever come through licking off shots  
Always keep a bally round me, I ain't going out hot  
But it's a cold world when you get caught up with [?]  
Stayed all about this money, ain't no girl that we love  
And if we do, she's certified, she ain't a hag on the block  
Money talks, make a nigga change his stance on the spot  
Old friends turn snakes, gotta' stay on my job  
See I don't change friends, that just ain't my style  
I put my hand on the bible, still lie in trial  
That's cause I don't rate the system and the judge in his gown  
'Nough time I bust case and came home with a smile  
One time for my niggas that didn't make it  
Knowing they're behind doors, and it's just patience  
Bruddas out on the road, still tryna' make it  
Yeah I'm one of them  
Road name Tox, can't call me by my government

Ready or not  
Something like no introduction  
We're heading straight to the top  
Scooping every pound to function  
Yeah I do it for my people  
Do it for my people  
Try to hold up order  
And keep everybody equal  
It's like it's straight to the top for me  
I told my mum we can't wait on the lottery  
We ain't mice caught in a trap  
There ain't nothing holding me back  
They're saying, how you gonna' make it Dubbz  
Tell 'em hopefully rap  
But lately, I had the same dreams for a few months

Me flooded with money like it was goosebumps  
Feeling like a zombie, staring at a box, so I lick off my telly  
But money's just like [?], you feel you've gotta get it  
My niggas hanging round here  
When there's cops sitting, itching, planning on handing out years  
To the youth, that's stuck in the roadside tryna' get by  
With no guidance because every one provides a wet lie

Aye, listen this is news flash  
You know I do [?]  
I'll have your boo mad  
Just from a few tags  
And don't front like your crew's bad  
I'm on roads, have your body exposed like nude mags  
Start talking in code cause it's less to pull  
If my niggas got weed, I mean vegetables  
And if they want two balls, I mean testicles  
I was down for too long, I had to bounce back  
Fiends want me cutting shapes, they some house cats  
Youngers on the strip, moving them ounce packs  
Breaking up cheese like they setting up mouse traps  
I should be drunk the way I drank off brandy  
Who's got the fiends loving me like Sandy?  
Plus these pagans wanna' see my team not breathing  
Chicks who slept on me once, carry on sleeping  
Chicks who slept on me once, carry on sleeping