

# Ready

The-Dream

Yeah, we got them motherfuckin' towels, nigga  
Ain't even come here for all this, but

She only 22, but I think I done met my match  
Head to toe Balenciaga, 22's up on the ac  
Shawty love a father figure, and my figure's at the max  
Hope your daddy don't get mad at me if I don't bring you back  
Girl, I need that in my crib, put that thing on me for real  
Hope you with that shit, like yeah  
Fuck the bed up off the rails  
Bet you think that you a player  
Wasn't tryna hone in on your skills  
Shawty, you better know the drills, yeah yeah

I hope you ready 'cause I don't think you ready  
But she get what she wants, she get what she wants  
I ain't them lil niggas on your phone  
This ain't what you want, this ain't what you want  
I hope you ready 'cause I don't think you ready  
But you want what you want, you want what you want  
'Til your back get tore out 'til the morn  
This ain't what you want, this ain't what you want  
Girl, you not ready

Way you in here dancing, I can't lie, I'm lovin' it  
And man, that shit's so fat, I can see that shit from the back  
I only wrote one verse and I already got off track  
She baggin' that shit up while she backin' that shit back  
She'll be your Lois Lane in the morning  
And plays Wonder Woman at night  
Ooh, your body might be callin', but I see it in your eyes  
Girl in disguise, playin' with that vibe  
They say chemistry don't lie, lie

Girl, you not ready (Ain't ready)  
'Cause I don't think you ready (You're not ready)  
But she get what she wants, she get what she wants  
I ain't them lil niggas on your phone  
This ain't what you want, this ain't what you want  
I hope you ready (I'm ready)  
'Cause I don't think you ready (You're not ready)  
But you want what you want, you want what you want  
'Til your back get tore out 'til the morn  
This ain't what you want, this ain't what you want  
Girl, you not ready

Done got caught up with a bad bitch  
If she sold her pussy, man, I swear I'd be a addict  
Way she shake her ass, I swear she should work in magic  
I'm jumpin' out the car, in my feelings, stoppin' traffic  
I told her later on, I'ma come through and kill it, casket  
Shawty put that shit on me and fucked me through the mattress  
Pussy fat, pussy deep, pussy skeet, Gladys, all night  
And that pussy taste like vanilla wafers

Girl, you not ready (Ain't ready)  
'Cause I don't think you ready (You're not ready)

But she get what she want, she get what she want  
I ain't them lil niggas on your phone  
This ain't what you want, this ain't what you want  
I hope you ready (I'm ready)  
'Cause I don't think you ready (You're not ready)  
But you want what you want, you want what you want  
'Til your back get tore out 'til the morn  
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