Ready

Black Rob

Ready on the left, ready on the rightYo, BR, what up my dog
What up, okay
Yo kick that thing you kicked in the studio
Aight, yeah yo, what's that joint?(Intro)
Round town, I'm bound shake the ground
Shake the town, wave the pound lays you downRound town, I'm bound shake the ground
Shake the town, wave the pound lays you down(Verse One)
And that's how we approach these faggots
Trying to grow and be fly, but they still maggots
I'm sure all I gotta do is call my man
Forty Cal, watch yourself, I'll spoil your plans
I'm the uptop gangsta, the star in the hood
One of the few mu'fuckas that ain't scared of Suge
Fam, that was 9-5, man fuck the past
See niggas out there frontin, bodyguards up they ass, man
(Chorus One)
He's Black Rob, he's okay
Play and you'll get robbed today(Verse Two)
Ya'll know how I'm coming through the Source Awards
"Somebody's jewels got jacked," man it must've been yours
Ya'll dudes be talkin out the side of your mouth
So I put the gem star on the side of your mouth
Ya'll ain't sell no records, made no cash yet
Fuck dude, cause my niggas is goons in every aspect
And don't get beside yourself
A lot of shit gonna be fucked up beside your health, man(Chorus Two)
He's Black Rob, he's a thug
Fuck with him you'll get fucked up
(Verse Three)
Fam, I don't threaten dudes, that's a promise
That's honest, you can kiss my ring and pay homage (*kiss noise*)
Or get smart, read books by Nostradomus
Meanwhile, I'm deep-sea diving, oceanomics
I seen green, more green than the Sonics
More green than the Geico lizard, the grand wizard
The 9-mil stalk, I walk up on a nigga
Put the 9 to his throat, watch him shake like the Pope (brrrr)(Chorus Three)
He's Black Rob, he's our friend
(?) is back again(Verse Four)
Aw man, ya'll niggas done got me hype
That's it, we fit the same stereotype
If a nigga wanna wild, we can do that too

Fuck the model bitches, well we can screw that too
Yeah, man, notice I said "We," she's a J-U-M-P
Man, off top, fam, I got figures
In the game she's fuckin with all the top niggas (It's true)(Chorus Four)
He's Black Rob, he's our man
If he can't do it, NO ONE CAN!(Verse Five)
Yeah, bout to put the whole game on smash
Alumni, I put the whole name on smash
After this, they gon' wanna lace me plenty
Who's your man, cause they can't make a JC Penney
Who's your Bad Boy? BR, back with the nutritious
Black attacks like a pit bull - vicious
It's goin down, fam, I'ma bout to shake the ground
It's uptown, holla at your manReady on the left... ready on the right
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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