

I'm Ready (Y'All Ain't Ready for This)

will.i.am

For all my Down South, West Coast, East Coast club
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Baby, betta cut you a rug

For my dimes, doves, hustlers, thugs
Posted outside of the lines of the clubs
Clubs, clubs, affectin all of y'all
Fights at night, right clutchin my jaws
Laws get broken, hoppin on the first thing smokin
Rhymes in the marinade soakin
Kin folks all at the bar, yo put the bottles on ice
And let 'em who you are, you a star
Tash got cash, Supernat' rollin up stacks
Phil-a react on a will.i.am track
Back to the basics, 501s with the Asics
Rap City rhymes from The Basement
Cement blocks, still on my Lox
Money, Power, Respect, still on my licks
I get the whole crowd wet
Betcha bottom dollar, we top dollar, Rotweiller
Hip-hop scholars, disc jocks holler

Ah naw (y'all ain't ready for this)
Hell naw (y'all ain't ready for this)
Cause y'all ain't ready, you steady try to
("Pick it up, pick it up!") but it's just too heavy for ya
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And I'm a shark in the water searchin for that place
Swing around baby girl, swing that ass re-way
Me and Ick lit the wick to the dynamite stick
It goes..."SSSSSSSSS, ss-ss-ss, phoo"..
Kamikaze, paparazzis dodge me
Walkin through the club, I look drugged up like Ozzy
I leave 'em in the dust then it's, ashes to ashes
Y'all sport Jordans? Jordan sports Tashes
Alas is, me and Supernat is runnin' through 'em
We don't [*gun cocks*], we just sue 'em
CD to the wax, the wax is to the MiniDisc
We walk in Benz dealerships like "Yeah {bitch}, gimme this!"
And roll off that drop top off the lot
I'm beatin down your block, what the fuck y'all got? (Woop! Woop!)
Catastrophe and the Black Eyed Peas
I'm comin through straight FADIN on you wack emcees, it's like...

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Stars, cars, wars, clothes
Tearin down stages, late night shows
Chips, whips, tips, kicks
Posted in the club, flicks, chicks
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Tearin down stages, late night shows
Chips, whips, tips, kicks
Posted in the club, flicks, chicks, c'mon

The club is packed, it's filled with smoke
My fits are fresh, yo I'm 'bout to make my approach
It didn't hit the stroke of twelve, I'm under the spell
'Bout to make my move to the corner, twist up an L
The DJs' playin' my shit, start rollin it fast
So I can get to the bar and start toastin with Tash
Play this joint in the club, get the party on smash
My interest is Grand, yo and I'm a Master like Caz
Predators in the club, lookin straight for the stab
Ready to get freaky-deaky, go back to the lab
I love that it's club night, I'm gettin my rub right
Don't you hate when cats spoil it by havin a club fight?
But that's alright, one cat don't stop no show
Bouncers, do your job, Phil, pass that droll
We gonna, do it to death, then do it some mo'
Look at the way the shortys movin out there on the flo', whoa

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