

JamWayne - Ready

{Chorus 2X: JamWayne}

Fuck this bitch, I'm ready

My hitters on ready

All my guns on ready

Lock and load, I'm ready

Pullin' up on ready

Hoppin' out, I'm ready

Snatch your life, I'm ready

At your neck like cousin Eddie

{Verse 1: JamWayne}

Let's go get this shit

I kick and flip and rip that bitch

I beat it up 'bout, and I don't need a master cover this

I ride for mine for life

Come Boondock Saints your ass

And say a prayer for quarters on your eyes

To pay the reaper take you outta here

Ain't nothin' 'bout this life is fair

Got no remorse and I don't care

Ain't nothin' force this shit

Comes naturally like the fuckin' beard

Like supernaturally I'm hÐµre

Another casualty is clear

CausÐµ I be pinnin' lines with accuracy

And you should be aware

How I'm whippin' up this custard

This a travesty of justice

Got 'em mad at me and I ain't even barely scratch the surface

Just the product of Tupac and DMX and all my brothers

Who have killed the game before me

Now it's Jambo motherfuckers

{Chorus 2X}

{Verse 2: Adam Calhoun}

Whoa! That bass kickin' like a bull

I've been dealin' with my demons

Believe me my hands is full

I've been prayin' not for peace

But rather be the God of War

Fuck that shit you sayin'

I have conversations with the Lord (Oh Lord!)

Grab your armor and a sword

At your neck like spinal cord

Time to March like final four

April comes I let it pour

May you pray I don't become the man before

And look around, ain't no welcome mats on the door

I really lived in a trailer

Don't think it's cool to just say it

You try to take your ass to school

In shitty clothes and explain it

I've been to prison, you plain if

I lived the life you just paintin'

I'm at your neck like I'm stranglin'

Now what the fuck was you sayin'

{Chorus 2X}

{Verse 3: Adam Calhoun}

Whoa! That white boy, he got that flow

Hellcat fast, got extra gold

Friends got tattoo faces, ain't from Mexico

Got that gas, Texaco

Might light a match and let it blow

And that thing blasts
All it's leavin' is a big ass exit hole (Whoa!)
Got that dog in me
Never have the law with me
Rather call my rowdy friends
"Many Men", all 50
Out here runnin' routs
Like 4th and all they catchin' felonies
I ain't sellin' dreams
Your favorite rapper lie on melodies

{Verse 4: JamWayne}

No for me, against the world
So get it while you livin'
Stay on ready for whatever's comin'
Nuclear technician
Fission products, when I spit
Initiate a chain reaction
So much energy released
I beast and slit your Adam's apple
Tackle all authorities
To seek to chain of scuffin' shackles
When they fuckin' do the same shit
Crooked coppers, sneaky bastards
Buckle up, I'm strappin' up and ready
Get 'em cousin Eddie
Freddy Krueger when you sleepin'
Jason Statham when I slay 'em
Texas Chainsaw Massacre
We bang into the barn and skin their faces
Exorcism for you demons
Put you bitches in your place
Judgment Day, you get no pity

Execute, annihilate

Paint the walls up like Picasso

Fuckin' dump you in your grave

{Chorus 2X}