

Slaughterhouse, Y'all Ready Know

Yo, yo, yo
This your man Royce Da 5'9"
This your dude Crooked I
Man, Jump off Joe Beezy
It's Joell Ortiz

Ya'll ready, ya'll ready, y'all ready know, Slaughterhouse

Little niggas get your weight up fuck y'all, pay up
My bars just as slick as my dick and both stay up
Nicer than me, say what? Wait up, straight up
I finish niggas right off the bat like a layup
I seen a lot of come, I seen a lot of go
But y'all know where I'm from, B-R double O
You know the rest pimpin', yeah, I was bred different
Here come pops with the NY bop, you know, the leg limp'in'
My ice mug frozen till it's stiff
Grimy nigga, might [?] hold onto your bitch
I got a way with women, I faithfully play with women
Let 'em suck on this bottle and pray that I throw a baby in 'em
I might just throw 'em a gold fronts
Pour up a cup of E & J and light up a dro blunt
I was never soft, never saw me flinchin' when they lettin' off
Never had to retaliate cause I'm settin' off

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Ya'll know my name, bitch, never change up my language
I'm just a rich nigga from a city that's bankrupt
First we take oath
Then I'm pulling turquoise strings in my Lebron corks In Turks and Caicos
I came from wicked chair fame wearin' short sets
I learned that money can't buy happiness
But I decided I'd rather do all my cryin' in the Corvette
Make a dollar, buy a suit
Have a child, and have 'em follow suite
Wavin' that weatherchange things
Make the winter fall, coming through with everything to lose
Taking everything from you know
Let him finish his fall in his draws
And pray that he land on that minute hand in my Hublot
I'm about that Art Of War gospel
That Basquiat Picasso drawing a roscoe
Using the blood of a usual thug who was told die slow
Your money on me, bet it all, you know I'mma set it off

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Let's skip the small talk and get right to the wealth
Truth is I give a fuck, but it's right to myself
Fuck fame, keep the shit I write to myself
If what I do is therapeutic, man, the slightest shit helps
Made angel dust my freshman year
Gave it a try, cool, little did I knew
Had the wrong meaning of high school
Teachers called him a sociopath and a liar
Fuck them, only went to class for the cyphers
Now I'm gettin' bills for
The same thinking they tried to prescribe pills for
They said I needed a wrench, I'm a loose screw
Vital, suicidal, said I would kill mi amour
Wasn't speakin' in French, said I'd let it off
Never know who or what you might get
Main reason they never want me to set it off

You now dealing with four niggas that's never off
All bets off, so nah, you won't be better off

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Jewish tats arm on my arm like a Semitic boss
Egyptian art hanging, uh, that's my Kemetic cross
Slaughterhouse set it off
Even got bitches wavin' our flag, Betsy Ross
Old school Chevy, the head is off
Decapitated Impala
Heavy lack from the weight of the llama
Still bear arms like a shaven koala
How you thinkin' like a faded neurology student
Is prudent when chasin' a dollar
So never mind, a clever rhyme
I'd rather find a better grind, forever times
Sittin' behind me because I'm ahead of mind
In this era I'm livin' outside of the paradigm
I'm comin' outside with a pair of dimes
Sharing and caring lines
Share a line then they share a 9 inch, never mind
I probably shouldn't even keep going
Cause these rappers keep hoein' with their teeth showing
I set it off

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