

# I'm Serious

T.I.

Ay take a good look at me - Now picture me unhappy  
No cash and outta fashion, not flashin  
Picture me doin bad even if I wasn't rappin  
Picture me even breathe on the mic not snappin  
I'm fire hot not lukewarm, my arms frozen  
Picture me in a room full of hoes unchosen  
Picture me with no P.O. and no 'dro  
Picture pimps walk with some broads and ain't gettin no 'tho  
L.A. gone and I ain't gotta deal no mo' (Picture that)  
A ghetto vision ain't real no mo' (Picture that)  
Ah T.I.P. ain't work for MIA no mo'  
He still so-so (picture that) he still po'  
Nigga picture that, ah matta fact picture T.I.P.  
Gettin anything other than rich  
Now can you picture this, young, pompus, African son of a bitch  
Labelled as anything less than "the shit", I can't see it

Dis bad man you get shot, anyways  
Bad man nuh tek back chat, no day  
Jamaican bad bwoy seh dat zigga, zigga  
We always gonna stay 'pon top always  
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Any bwoy flip dem a go flop

Pull up in a blue coupe that's damn near clear  
And Polo gear that won't drop 'til next year  
Be like this here, Cartier frames and Pierre Jouet wristwear  
T.I.P. your majesty's right c'here  
Notice when I came the dames disappeared, ya lames listen here  
To play me, ba-by, hey he,  
gone need a track from God featuring Jesus or Jay-Z  
Go on floss; ball where it cost  
Smile for the cameras, take your shirts off  
Y'all niggas actin, take ya skirts off  
Hoppin bomb-ass nigga and he ain't wanna work boss  
I'm gettin sick and tired off these phony rendetions  
Wonder why I don't consider them no competition  
There's no vision - lil' ambition  
How I feel about these niggas, and my word, are ya kiddin?

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Some niggas wonder what my goal is  
They think it's goin gold havin hoes sweatin me  
Fuck that, I'm in it for the longevity  
Picture me as one of the greatest that'll ever be  
Compare me to, Tupac, B.I.G., and Jay-Z  
Work with legends like, Organo, I.Z., and J.D.

Neptunes, they even flow on one of Dre's beats  
Fly to Miami, chill with Luke and we can trade freaks  
I freak shows, just peep hoes under shade trees  
Huh, but KP say just keep it top-notch  
And make sure that the club is jumpin like it's hop-scotch  
Floss rocks and in the summer keep the top dropped  
Ten thousand dolla work for clo', when I go shop  
In the Apollo on them 'boes so the hoes jock  
Especially when I rock that linen suit with no socks  
In Polo skippers, they undo zippers,  
and they shows cock, to show shot shit  
Bitch, I'm serious

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Well it's a Neptunes sound (ha-ha-ha-ha-ha)  
Zagga-zagga-za, na-na-na-na-na (T.I.P.)  
Whoa na-na-na-na (Beenie Man)  
(Zagga-za-za-za, Oh we dat shit)  
An a ziggi-ziggi-zagga (Bad man sittin)  
Straight from Jamaica (Alright lemme give this to ya)  
Alright lemme tell them somethin (See it's goin down)