

I Really Mean It

The Diplomats

(Woman singing in background)

[Intro: Jimmy Jones]

You see man

Let's get off of that lame man

Let's get into what we like to do man

This what we do preferably man

We bring that powerful music to your table man

Killa, let 'em know something

[Cam'Ron]

Young Guru, Just Blaze, Killa, Diplomats, huh

Juelz Santana, Jim Jones, Freaky Zekey

Hoffa, Dash, huh, Killa, huh

Ya'll niggas dreamed it, I have seen it

Body warm, heart anemic (I really mean it)

Coke, a nigga steamed it, fiends I leaned 'em

Beemer leaned it (I really mean it)

Guns, really beaming, rarely miss, what's really good?

Bikes, wheelie and creamin' (I really mean it)

I'm a genius, poppadopolis, never leaning

On your Zenith (I really mean it)

Killa, bury more mutts, they actually all ducks

Caddy more trucks, its daddy Warbucks

And you Orphan Annie

Ma, take off your panties

Sea soft and sandy (I really mean it)

Yeah, let's get lost in candy

I got lost in Boston, Austin, flossin' of course Miami

Reno, Nevada sip pino colada

Mama I'm seen on the Prada (I really mean it)

I rock more in Phoenix road to glory

Seen it, you seen it (I really mean it)

The game abuse it, its pain in music

But this year, wrist wear remains the bluest

I get lame and lose it, beef came to do it

Aim and shoot it, flames 'til your brains the fluid

Ya'll just kids, see what I just did, take a couple bars off

Let Just {Blaze} live

[Jim Jones]

Yeah, now that's powerful music man
You need to pop something and roll something (I really mean it)
Killa we did it man, I got your back forever, Dip Set (I really mean it)
And them lames, we pop them sideways and drag them faggots (I really mean it)

[Cam'Ron]

Ok, we back in
Mami listen (I really mean it)
Hey yo lock my garage, rock my massage
Fuck it, bucket by Osh Kosh Bgosh
Golly I'm gully, look at his galoshes
Gucci, gold, platinum plaque collages
From collabos, ghost writing for assholes
Want to use my brain, than give Killa mad dough
It's all good, increase Killa cash flow
Increase my fame, that's why Killa smash hoes
You'll get side swiped, look at my life
First movie ever, merked out Mekhi Phife
And papi got jerked out of pies twice
Dip Set, we working with five dice
Cee-lo and craps, see-notes and stacks
I send bodies with, read this note attached
Ya youngin' fucked with boys in the hood
Gave her a son like Ricky, from 'Boyz in the Hood'
On the couch bloody, old lady sighing
Wifey screaming (I really mean it)
Pissy little baby crying
Fuck upped man shit, there you seen it (I really mean it)
Fam man, you terry cloth, that mean you very soft
Gravy Mercedes, add the cranberry sauce

[Jim Jones]

Yeah, gangstas ride man, Flex we got you, guns up (I really mean it)
And all my ladies man, the ghettos a diddy, I need you, I want you (I really mean it)
Oh, pop something, roll something, get twisted, that's on Jim nigga (I really mean it)
Harlem! Man we here to stay, it's nothing left to say man (I really mean it)
Eastside, and as for that lame man, now see I ain't even gone say your last name
'cause that's mine, I catch you, you know what it is
You faggot!
I ain't gone get to hyped over you man, we gone bury you
Holla!
See if you bout it, bout it

'cause we is (I really mean it)

NYC!

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