

# So Serious (produced by C4)

Joe Budden

You niggaz couldn't fuck the broads I choose  
Couldn't push the rides that I cruise, niggaz couldn't tie my shoes  
I've been all around the world  
You niggaz ain't men, y'all are girls, niggaz couldn't bench what I curl  
Shouldn't be a question about your favorite rapper  
And my label got me questioning my favorite rapper  
So I, broke hard, one man gang, no squad  
No Cailis needed to go hard, listen  
It's not rappin, I'm spittin bout everythin that happened  
In a few bars, twenty five years get packed in  
No regrets til my days up  
Can't be Pat Ewing lookin back on that lay-up  
When you hood like me, you pull up in that Taurus  
Still turnin down pussy, you get too many offers  
My guards up, too many crossed us  
Nowadays, not enough chiefs and it's too many bosses  
I'm forreal wit itEverybody can't be a boss man  
Everybody can't have weight  
Somebody gotta have bags  
Everybody can't have a brick, somebody gotta have an O around here somewhere!  
Man lets just be forreal about itAs if y'all needed to be reminded  
I don't look for trouble, I just help a nigga find it  
A & R feel like everybody the one  
I walk around feelin like everybody my son, one  
Shorty feelin the God, I can't blame her  
And kicked down the door and came through like Kramer (word)  
Now find a nigga better than that  
I walked out the movie "Source" and started settin my trap  
And I don't yap about how I move wit all the guns  
Like a hustlers dance, can't do that where I'm from, son  
Talk to me, if it's about a buck, heavy cream  
On my Eric Bana shit, fuck everythin!  
They thought I would go astray, but I won't  
David Banner may have time to play, but I don't  
Cause I spit the cane wit ease  
And I can't just freeze not until this whole game's febrezed  
Muffuckas

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>