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 febreezed
Muffuckas

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/