

Serious (feat. Petey Pablo)

Timbaland & Magoo

Wha-what, what-what-wha-what, wha-what, what what-wha-what
Wha-what, what-what-wha-what, what what, what-wha-what
Put in that thang, put me in that bank, whoo
Put me in that drank, put me in that thang, what?
Put me in that drank, put me in that thang
Whoo, whoo, whoo, freaky-freaky-freaky, uhhPut me in that drank, put me in that game, yo
Put me in that Range, better yet that Phillies, yo
Put me with them clothes, Coogie at the toes
Tim about to let us know, whoa, whoa, whoa
Put me with them models, put me in new models, yo
Gimme face lifts, manicures you silly hoe
You was bowlegged now you walk pigeon-toed
You came in the front, I kick you out the back do'
I'm a landlord, drug dealers cockroach Who got the forty-five, I got the crossroads I'm chillin' in Cuba, chillin'
in the Pocanos
We some down-to-earth fools, who don't act first
We gettin' rowdy and we bust them things yo
That's what you get, for messin' with us country folk
I'm from V-A and I got it locked yo
I'm from V-A and I got it hot yoIt's serious, we came to handle our business
Handle these niggaz, handle these bitches
It's serious, only game we playin' is ours
And we ain't gon' never foul outIt's serious, we came to handle our business
Handle these niggaz, handle these bitches
It's serious, only game we playin' is ours
And we ain't gon' never foul out
It's serious
Put me in that Lex', let her give me head in it
Put me in the room, hit her on the bed in it
Get me on the corner I'ma sell the whole load
Niggaz try to rock when the nine out unload
Unload my world like a St. Louie Ram
Put it down like a Florida at the screen jam Y'all fuckin' with the ultimate
Shit in the park punk and now you eatin' itRip off your shine, take out the hardest line
You me actin' funny like a Valentine
You fuckin' with wilderbeasts when you come to VA
You niggaz ain't even try I know you niggaz don't spray
Uhh, put me on the corner liquor store with whores
A slice of white bread and a Mary Jane warehouse

I know I spit on the track, walk around a pimp fox
One all in my cash, rubbin' on my fuckin' socks
It's serious, we came to handle our business
Handle these niggaz, handle these bitches
It's serious, only game we playin' is ours
And we ain't gon' never foul out
It's serious, we came to handle our business
Handle these niggaz, handle these bitches
It's serious, only game we playin' is ours
And we ain't gon' never foul out
It's serious
Timbaland, I'm that man
Watch that man, stop that man
Bitch, don't you dare grin
No favors, you been what I been
I'm a hot tomale no you a hot tomale
Don't give a hell what they say or read about me
I'm a rich man, invest in stock man
I buy land from the white man
(Freaky, freaky) I move to Atlanta with Country Grammar
And move to 'bama with nails and hammers
To put the posters on Havannah
Move to China to move through miners
Then move to shirts, drawers, pants, and to the panty-liners
I got them cars, I got them thangs
I got them planes, I got a whole squad entertained
Timbaland, I'm the man
So ladies, wave ya hands, what
It's serious, we came to handle our business
Handle these niggaz, handle these bitches
It's serious, only game we playin' is ours
And we ain't gon' never foul out
It's serious, we came to handle our business
Handle these niggaz, handle these bitches
It's serious, only game we playin' is ours
And we ain't gon' never foul out
It's serious

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

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