I Mean Business

Diamond District

[Intro:]

I keep my chin up, back straight, check my shoulder
Remember what I told ya, I'm a soldier
I kick it when I'm down and I keep composing
And you never seen me sweat, but the sleeves might roll up
But when they roll up, nigga, I mean biz
And if I show up, nigga, I mean biz
And if you living holed up, nigga, I mean biz
And God is my witness, nigga, I mean biz

[Verse One: Uptown XO]

I mean biz, ain't too much I ain't dead
A gangster wanting mass appeal, well I ain't dig
From the streets so don't act like I ain't there
And nigga, to turn a threat into a promise, I ain't scared
They put the best away, my niggas is safe but I ain't where
Streets is still watching like Jay-Z said
In case you're listening, puzzled like I ain't hear
Hit me up and leave a message, but I ain't here
I'm thinking about that '09 BM you might see me in
So when I say I mean biz, I mean it
I see in the future, a sun I could be in
Or with a chick with nice long legs, in between them
Y'all know what my dream is
Y'all ain't coming between it
Undefined retaliation, show you the meaning
I went from [?] to [?] because of Allah
Still remember what I was told by my mama

[Hook:]
Keep my chin up, back straight, check my shoulder
Remember what I told ya, I'm a soldier
I kick it when I'm down and I keep composing
And you never seen me sweat, but the sleeves might roll up
But when they roll up, nigga, I mean biz
And if I show up, nigga, I mean biz
Wait a minute, hold up, nigga, I mean biz

And God is my witness, nigga, I mean biz

[Verse 2: yU]
You see I try to prepare myself
For this world outside
I get up early about five and do my exercise
Clear my mind, four sets is 25, the music loud
I write, I'm on the balcony watching the sun climb
To the top of the sky
That inspires me to scribe harder and talk to God right
Today when we alright, put on a right of pearls and the album on the server
State of mind, girl, in hopes they will try to curl you
I plan my day before stepping out there
Do this foolish eight hours just so I can count bread
And my daughter's mouth fed, that goes without saying
Co-workers cracking jokes but I been not playing
I got a plan in my mind, yeah I'm handling mine
And it's a habit to grind, to look me dead in my eyes
Put it all on the line, then I record it through rhyme
[?] think large [?]

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Oddisee]
We living in a system with no checks and balances

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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