

# 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

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Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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