

Jim Jones

"I Really Mean It"

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You see man, let's get off of that lame man
Let's get into what we like to do man
This what we do preferably man
We bring that powerful music to your table man
Killa, let 'em know something

Young Guru, Just Blaze, Killa, Diplomats, huh
Juelz Santana, Jim Jones, Freaky Zekey
Hoffa, Dash, huh, Killa, huh

Ya'll niggas dreamed it, I have seen it
Body warm, heart anemic
(I really mean it)
Coke, a nigga steamed it, fiends I leaned 'em
Beemer leaned it
(I really mean it)

Guns, really beaming, rarely miss, what's really good?
Bikes, wheelie and creamin'
(I really mean it)
I'm a genius, poppadopolis, never leaning
On your Zenith
(I really mean it)

Killa, bury more mutts, they actually all ducks
Caddy more trucks, it's daddy Warbucks
And you Orphan Annie, ma, take off your panties
Sea soft and sandy
(I really mean it)

Yeah, let's get lost in candy
I got lost in Boston, Austin
Flossin' of course Miami
Reno, Nevada sip pina colada

Mama I'm seen on the Prada
(I really mean it)
I rock more in Phoenix road to glory
Seen it, you seen it
(I really mean it)

The game abuse it, it's pain in music
But this year, wrist wear remains the bluest
I get lame and lose it, beef came to do it
Aim and shoot it, flames 'til your brains the fluid
Ya'll just kids, see what I just did, take a couple bars off
Let Just [unverified] live

Yeah, now that's powerful music man
You need to pop something and roll something
(I really mean it)
Killa we did it man, I got your back forever, Dip Set
(I really mean it)

And them lames, we pop them sideways
And drag them faggots
(I really mean it)
Okay, we back in, Mami listen
(I really mean it)
Hey yo lock my garage, rock my massage
Fuck it, bucket by Osh Kosh Bgosh

Golly, I'm gully, look at his galoshes
Gucci, gold, platinum plaque collages
From collabos, ghost writing for assholes
Want to use my brain, than give Killa mad dough

It's all good, increase Killa cash flow
Increase my fame, that's why Killa smash hoes
You'll get side swiped, look at my life
First movie ever, merked out Mekhi Phife

And Papi got jerked out of pies twice
Dip Set, we working with five dice
Cee-lo and craps, C-notes and stacks
I send bodies with, read this note attached

Ya youngin' fucked with boys in the hood
Gave her a son like Ricky, from 'Boyz in the Hood'
On the couch bloody, old lady sighing
Wifey screaming
(I really mean it)

Pissy little baby crying
Fuck upped man shit, there you seen it
(I really mean it)
Fam man, you terry cloth, that mean you very soft
Gravy Mercedes, add the cranberry sauce

Yeah, gangstas ride man
Flex we got you, guns up
(I really mean it)

And all my ladies man, the ghettos a diddy
I need you, I want you
(I really mean it)

Oh, pop something, roll something
Get twisted, that's on Jim nigga
(I really mean it)
Harlem! Man we here to stay
It's nothing left to say man
(I really mean it)

Eastside, and as for that lame man
Now see I ain't even gone say your last name
'Cause that's mine, I catch you, you know what it is
You faggot!

I ain't gone get to hyped over you man
We gon' bury you, holla!
See if you bout it, bout it
'Cause we is
(I really mean it)
NYC!

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