

T. Rex**"I'm Serious Feat. Beenie Man"**

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[T.I.]

Ay take a good look at me - Now picture me unhappy
No cash and outta fashion, not flashin
Picture me doin bad even if I wasn't rappin
Picture me even breathe on the mic not snappin
I'm fire hot not lukewarm, my arms frozen
Picture me in a room full of hoes unchosen
Picture me with no P.O. and no 'dro
Picture pimps walk with some broads and ain't gettin no
'tho
L.A. gone and I ain't gotta deal no mo' (Picture that)
A ghetto vision ain't real no mo' (Picture that)
Ah T.I.P. ain't work for MIA no mo'
He still so-so (picture that) he still po'
Nigga picture that, ah matta fact picture T.I.P.
Gettin anything other than rich
Now can you picture this, young, pompus, African son
of a bitch
Labelled as anything less than "the shit", I can't see it

[Chorus - Beenie Man]

Dis bad man you get shot, anyways
Bad man nuh tek back chat, no day
Jamaican bad bwoy seh dat zigga, zigga
We always gonna stay 'pon top always
Dis bad man you get shot, anyways
Bad man nuh tek back chat no day
Jamaican bad bwoy seh dat zigga, zigga
We always gonna stay 'pon top, always

[T.I.]

Pull up in a blue coupe that's damn near clear
And Polo gear that won't drop 'til next year
Be like this here, Cartier frames and Pierre Jouet
wristwear
T.I.P. your majesty's right c'here
Notice when I came the dames disappeared, ya lames
listen here
To play me, ba-by, hey he,
Gone need a track from God featuring Jesus or Jay-Z
Go on floss; ball where it cost

Smile for the cameras, take your shirts off
Y'all niggas actin, take ya skirts off
Hoppin bomb-ass nigga and he ain't wanna work boss
I'm gettin sick and tired off these phony rendetions
Wonder why I don't consider them no competition
There's no vision - lil' ambition
How I feel about these niggas, and my word, are ya
kiddin?

[Chorus]

[T.I.]

Some niggas wonder what my goal is
They think it's goin gold havin hoes sweatin me
Fuck that, I'm in it for the longevity
Picture me as one of the greatest that'll ever be
Compare me to, Tupac, B.I.G., and Jay-Z
Work with legends like, Organo, I.Z., and J.D.
Neptunes, they even flow on one of Dre's beats
Fly to Miami, chill with Luke and we can trade freaks
I freak shows, just peep hoes under shade trees
Huh, but KP say just keep it top-notch
And make sure that the club is jumpin like it's hop-
scotch
Floss rocks and in the summer keep the top dropped
Ten thousand dolla work for clo', when I go shop
In the Apollo on them 'boes so the hoes jock
Especially when I rock that linen suit with no socks
In Polo skippers, they undo zippers,
And they shows cock, to show shot shit
Bitch, I'm serious

[Chorus]

[Beenie Man]

Well it's a Neptunes sound (ha-ha-ha-ha-ha)
Zagga-zagga-za, na-na-na-na-na (T.I.P.)
Whoa na-na-na-na (Beenie Man)
(Zagga-za-za-za, Oh we dat shit)
An a ziggi-ziggi-zagga (Bad man sittin)
Straight from Jamaica (Alright lemme give this to ya)
Alright lemme tell them somethin (See it's goin down)

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