

## **Crips - Nationwide Rip Ridaz II**

### **"Take it Personal"**

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[MAC-11]

I come to put it down  
Rob, kill and destroy  
Fuckin' your baby momma, your record label and your  
dead homeboy  
You got me fucked up  
I break you down like a bomb sack  
Split your shit  
Roll you up, put some hit to that  
Jump that ass like asses  
Fool you gets no passes  
I can see clearly now  
And ain't leaving wearing glasses  
I'm from the East Side, where we ride  
Niggas die - we stay high  
Fuck a drive-by  
I'm in your house with your family tied  
Honey I'm home so is this chrome and I kill her  
Swellin' like your bitch in a Sherm stick  
Nigga what did you do to her?  
I ???? cause she was ???? don't ????  
Relax, bucks, she hard ???? want me ??  
I need the kids to your bomb  
I'm sendin' the ho' to the tracks  
Ain't send your kids to a fuss the home death come  
quick  
To a mark that they don't know  
But if you leave a foul as you I take it personal

Do you pay the plate?  
Now tell me how d'you parlay?  
Do you down 'gnac?  
Or swallow Tanqueray straight?  
Do you love to kick it?  
Do you hating any fashion?  
If you fit the ????  
You be the nigga I be smashin'...

[MAC-11]

What's your name baby?  
And where you stay at?

Where your man locked up?  
You shouldn't have never told me that  
I know you're cravin' for some balls and your jaws get it  
on  
Don't pause down my dick, it's gettin' tall  
Don't fall, turn around  
Jack that ass up in the bed, uh  
Bitch I'm young bleek and strong and just drunk a fifth  
of 'gnac  
I ain't thinkin' overcomin' 'em I'm trying to break some'  
And bein' the nigga I am  
Mack double 1, bitch, I'm takin some of that f

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