

## **DMX f/ Jadakiss, Styles P.**

### **"It's Personal"**

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[DMX]

We all got guns, we all got dogs  
We all gon' make that trip to the morgue  
We all find it harder to see through the fog  
We all know the difference between right and wrong  
We should all live life by one fact  
Before you doin dirt, the dirt gon' come right back  
I seen cats go out like suckers  
I seen cats get down like, "Yo, them some bad motherfuckers"  
I see fake niggaz and the games they play  
Aiyyo, I deal with that bullshit e'ry day  
But that ain't gon' stop me from doin what I'm doin  
I got things beside bullshit to be pursuing  
It's that craft for me, the half of me  
Let through niggaz in the door after me  
Yo, somebody stop me; please, somebody come and get me  
If I go, I'm taking niggaz with me!

[Hook: Styles P.] - repeat 2X

Dog nigga, Ghost nigga  
Hop the bar with the toast nigga  
It's like the Lord getting close nigga  
It's personal, now we gotta smoke niggaz  
It's personal, now we gotta host niggaz

[Styles P.]

(Dog nigga, what up!) Nigga fuck the cop and the warrant  
You get a chance, poppin, informing  
All I need is a glock and I'm touring  
Hit every hole in the wall, have me a ball  
And then slide the fuck out in the top of the morning  
If you hear me cockin it on 'em, I'm poppin it on 'em  
I don't fuck around nigga, better stop it and mourn 'em  
And who the fuck asked you to rhyme?  
I'm the Ghost, when I come around, they throwing up the hazardous sign  
And you ain't around chemicals, just around generals  
Who spend, passing they time, blasting they nine

Rather die with my man then the five for ya livewire  
Spend half of ya time, smashing ya spine  
Other half we getting money and more money  
You think about cars, I got "goin to war" money  
That P and that dog money, we still in the front of the  
store, money  
And if anybody slip, they getting sent to the morgue,  
money

[Hook w/ Jadakiss adlibs] - repeat 2X

[Jadakiss]

It's like lately I've been feeling so weak at the knees  
And speaking to niggaz is just like speaking to thieves  
So I keep the hawk ready to eat 'em  
Guess already? Then meet 'em  
I'm fair game, but I'm ready to cheat 'em  
The streets ain't right now, the Colgate White is light  
brown  
These niggaz ain't nice, they nice clowns  
That's why I'ma start layin them right down  
And have 'em there layin in the casket, ice down  
Jacob watch on 'em, mortician must've been hazed up  
'Cause you can see the makeup spots on 'em  
This is way beyond ya Avion  
The Golden King, more like Polo Spring  
And what makes it even worse, aiyyo it's that it's  
personal  
Maybe even ya Earth can go  
I'll make it where they can never find the bitch  
Right outta the bar, with all kind of shit

[Hook] - repeat 2X

[Outro: Styles P.]

Yeah, y'all niggaz can get caught up in the hype if you  
want  
Bodies drop over here, this is not a game man  
You wanna get caught up in the hype again? Then you  
can fall in the hype again  
This is a movement, Double R, nigga you know what's  
up  
And if you don't, you gon' get to know what's up  
Yeah, we ain't playin wit' y'all niggaz this year  
'06, '07, and on, nigga what's up?  
Pop off! You know how I work!

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