

Bad Azz

"Personal Business"

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F/ Val Young

* send corrections to the typist

[Bad Azz talking]

Handle yours

Ay, Life is a Personal Business

You see what I'm handlin'

It's Personal Business

You handle your Business

Before I handle you, you heard me

Val holla at 'em

[Chorus: Val Young]

Take care of your Personal Business

Don't never let the game catch you slippin'

Take care of your Personal Business

Don't let the game get you and drive you insane

[Verse 1]

This here life of mine down this one way street

So unpredictable, tryin' to run into a Dollar

Drama all I seem to get into, can't rewind time

So the problems that's mine, is either solve 'em

Or deal with 'em tomorrow, can't borrow, ain't got a job

Money ain't circulatin', cops had the spot dropped

So it ain't no work in yay(?), What's up?

I'm thinkin' "Damn, I need a Dollar"

I feel stuck and the hard times make me wanna holla

God help me out here, oh no I'm with my last

Knowin' I can be the next to die, gone with the pass that

I don't wanna feel like real life's hard to live

Fake cuz when they do me, ay, this ain't no movie

Ain't no take too, you ever think about where your

Life gon' take you? ain't you grateful to be alive

Or you wanna die cuz life hates you, don't let it take

you

Or make you or break you

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Oh yeah, the game a get ya, hit ya hard and make ya
fall
And you get broke with no hope and, no get back
Let's try hard to see success and not the stress and get
there
You stay persistent long enough, you prolly have shit
where
Everything you need'll be excatly where it need to be
To me the streets and peace are never seen in (?)
See really forgot about the kids doin' what we did
Part of gettin' high watchin' time go by
Now they wanna smoke and drink and ride on by
Catch a case, be at their pace and it's a long cold ride
Judge just gave Shorty Mack 1-0-5 and I doubt he'll live
To be a hundred and thirty three, they try to tellin' me
he gon' die
Yo, in the penitentiary, he mentioned he needed me to
send him a
Package, I'ma shoot it to ya, man I know the game'll do
it to ya
Yes it will like that, like that

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

For me, it's been a long time comin' with a stretch up in
here
I ain't scared but I don't wanna be dead
I caught the game tryin' to kill me and found out it's
been
Several attempts, it hurts to know this shit gettin' so
personal
At once, don't they know you can't do nothin' about it
Least you know the world'll never be
crowded(*laughter*)
The same thang that'll make you laugh'll make you cry
The same game that got you rich will make you die
Fuck the truth, we like livin' in a lie, it ain't no time
To try to find my lost mind, I'm on the grind, I got rent
I need nickels and dimes would I be sent and life be as
a
Personal business, sell your service not your soul
If you ain't got no dough, Nah I ain't tellin' and try to go
And try to sell your brain, if you ain't got you a scale
And a barreler cane, I'm just sayin' got to use what you
got
To, do what you want and most folks don't
I gotta handle mine, you better

[Chorus]

[Bad Azz ad-libs]

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