

Bleach

"Take it Personal"

Visit "[Take it Personal](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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 foully dust
Let me take and watch ooh your man got bombed here
I snatch the shit up tha closet
Put some ends in my pockets, bitch I'm strugglin'
On parole but she don't know or won't know
Cause I'm hustlin'
Pays me if you knew me I know she wanna fuck
I ain't one about to trippin', I got the bitch ???
The pussy tight
The next time you ride tell him I said it's all right
Stay out the jail finna I'm ??? to you personal

(Chorus)

[MAC-11]

I'm just as dirty as they come
M-A-C double one
Mac-11 ain't no telling when it's 7 to get they yellin'
You gon' stop to listen
I can't afford to be missin'
No strikes is hazardous to my killing
I ain't tryin' to see prison
You must be blind to the fact that I'm your baby pops
Don't make me act a
Muthafuckin' fool
When I walk in your spot
I got a rough ride style
Been gone for a while
But when he see me he smile
My lil' voice run ???
And you don't want to see me the same grown what's
up with that?
You was the reason why I laugh, did you tell him that?
I know you raised him on your own when I was locked
down
But I was hustlin' to take care of you when I got shut
down
Sure like that I take it personal
And you wanna trip
He got to care mom

But I'm his daddy, fuck that bullshit
And ain't got to fuck with you to take care of mine
You can't keep him ??? or let me with him in the
summertime
If you run up
And take my boy away
I'm takin' it personal bitch
And this is what I gotta say

(Chorus)

Visit [Bleach](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.