

## Billy Jo Spears

### "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 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)

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