

E

"Personal"

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E-40]

I get a phone call about a neighbor

At daylight savings time six o' clock at nine

Three way conversation 40 water family member,
cousin

"Dude did you receive my car"

"When did you send it"

"Yesterday, should've been there by now

9-4-5-9-1 Vallejo, California mail box ect. 9-4-5-9-1"

Damn, shit what the fuck is goin' on 'round here

Dude 'nem got some paper work out on you

They talkin' about makin' your ass disappear

Not like that, not my sa-hid-nab

They way to sharp

Guess again, you know your so-called homie

Your best friend

[D-Shot]

What I do, believe me you wouldn't wanna know

For what I did I opened up a drugstore

By all means, the scratch was the common goal

To cover team, I hooked up my fellows

Oh what it seems, some fools get some paper and trip

They stick they ass in the air just like a bitch

Now whats the definition of bitch

A punk ass bitch that sit down when he piss

(Chorus) [Levitti]

(Personal, life ain't no rehearsal

Personal, this is what I jack for

Personal, life ain't no rehearsal

Personal, this is why I hustle)

[Levitti]

All this shit I gotta deal with

And every time I look around I'm fonkin'

When I strap on it, now there's work to do

Blood on my hand, I took a life or two

Laid 'em down like a hog

Bucked a nigga down at the mall

Semi-autos, macks, glock full lines

Quick to send you to the mortuary, yeah

[Suga T]

I put this on my folks, it takes nothin' but a call

I jack for the beats or paper, cars, skank and all (dog)

Down for the cause, just like I'm down for a dog

Damn what you heard, It's all about what you saw

Why you up in draws, can't no you can't go skinny
dippin'

why you lookin at me silly hoe

Cause I'm makin' moves, clockin dough

Suga T, supa nice, from Vallejo

Oh, oh broken up like Freddy

When you really wanna see me in my teddy (teddy)

I got my mechede

Y'all ain't ready (ready)

(Chorus)

[The Mossie]

(Kaveo):

Here they come slow it down mossey on the passenger
side

Wit about a hundred and fifty rounds

That'll lay 'em down

See we from the town

Where murder fore ain't no thang

Water splittin' 'caine

Bring the pain

When niggas get out of line and get to actin' kinda
shady

Niggas don't give a fuck, we'll dump on you when you
with your lady

Known to be vicious

A nigga will break your dishes

Government AK out the window blowin' kisses

(Young Mugzy):

You den fucked around with some riders

Hill Siders, rippin' on chests and guts

Oh how you fuck around with the quietest nigga and he
went nuts

See I den fucked around and been in shoot outs since
the age twelve

Shot my house up on graduation day and damn near
killed my first born and my

sister

You gotta make more to play more that's what they told
me

I could give a fuck about you intended cops, that's what
my daddy told me

I put that on my only son, my other seeds

You fuck with me I gone make your body bleed

(Tap Dat Ass)

We got some funk with these niggas that can't stick in
they chest

We chief the heat

The garlic hollow tips with the vest

Bulletproof ski mask

Raid they ass like the task

Get the jewels and the cash and their Adverse class

To a six foot ditch

We trippin off that bitch

And that's the same punk hoe that was ready to snitch

On your whole team

For sellin' ounces of cream

You got emotional, that's why it's personals, bitch!!!

(Chorus)

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