

## Mo Thugs

### "Ain't Nut'in Personal"

Visit "[Ain't Nut'in Personal](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Kill kill kill

[Snoop]

How many killas you got on your mother fuckin pay roll  
nigga?

Snoop Dogg, C-Murder, and Silkk the Shocker  
No limit (biatch)

[C-Murder]

Nigga nigga I'ma rida  
Ride with G's  
And ship keys over seas by the three's  
Keep an eye on my enemies  
Snoop and Silkk  
In da back of the Lac  
With that AK  
In da blue tint, with a infer-red  
Mother fucker gonna die tonight  
That's why I smoke weed, get high tonight  
Cuz I'ma No Limit soldier  
With TRU datted in blood  
I went to jail for years, for movin, burnin da drugs  
Murda murda, kill kill  
If you put me in danger  
I aint trippin noo  
No limit niggaz no strangers  
I'ma tank representer till im history  
Making playa hatas into a mother fucking memory  
So throw'em up if you a soldier  
And Snoop Dogg pass tha mother fucking dolja  
I know you mother fucking feel me  
C-murder aint gonna die, till a bitch nigga kill me

[Chorus x2]

Kill-kill-kill  
Murda-murda-murda  
Ain't nut'in personal tru  
See it's all about respect  
Kill-kill-kill  
Murda-murda-murda  
Im never got slippin

Keep my heat on the dash

[Snoop]

Now, how many niggaz you know that can fuck around  
And die and come back  
They get hooked up with the number one rap label  
And rap, like that  
Shit I can't be duplicated  
But I'm highly playa hated  
And I been reinstated  
And I thank god that I finally made it  
Fated many niggas, just to get one back  
Remember im that young nigga  
That put gangsta rap on the map  
Never craps, only five duices  
Mix that moet, white star, with them orange juices  
I hang out with real niggas  
Like Silkk and C-Murder  
TRU niggas, do niggas  
Like you niggas  
Ghetto ass, lower class  
Never hesitate to blast  
And im so serious about my hustlin  
Gots to have my cash  
Can you imagin if I was broke  
Shit I wouldn't be bustin no raps  
Id have my strap, running up in your door  
Takin all your dough and your gold and your cars  
Cuz big snoop Dogg, Aint no mother fucking rap star  
See ima gangsta(gangsta) and you a notch(you a  
notch)  
And you a sucka(bitch ass nigga), and I rock  
Im draped in my army fatigue  
Blowing on green trees  
In the navigator, and keep the heat for them playa  
hatas

[Chorus x2]

[Silkk the Shocker]

Now look at murda, murda, murda  
And this kill, kill, kill  
This shits real  
Stay strapped and capped, to get pealed  
And mama always told me  
If you aint down to ride with god  
Down to die with god  
You aint no mother fucking soldier  
No limit datted on my back and my stomach  
Cuz ima mother fucking fool  
Uhhh, show me love

Cuz when I make music with thugs, I make moves  
Well im coming out hard  
I was coming out large  
Seen this guy named van  
I bring the pain  
Look everybody coming out stars  
See now me, C, and Snoop in da coupe  
In da house thinking about loop  
I told niggas  
Rap shit isnt bad, I blast'em, So I ask'em, I shoot  
Just a young nigga bout raising hell and makin mail  
If you a trip  
I told you I was making this shit on bail (that's cool)  
Back up nigga, cant flame that shit like drugs  
And see ima nigga, im gonna hang like a nigga  
Bang that shit like it was crips and bloods  
Now deal weed nigga  
Strapped up in my fatigue  
Cant hold me down  
Don't even trip my nigga Snoop  
If you a soldier now  
Do what ya think bitch  
For this tank bitch  
I stay quick and work  
And I got No Limit scattered on my fucking forehead  
That's why I do so much dirt

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