

## The Superjesus

### "Personal"

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[E-40]

I gets a phone call about a neighbor  
Daylight savings time seven o'clock at night  
Three-way conversation 40-Water family member,  
cousin  
"Dude did you receive my card" - "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 around 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 machete, 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 for hire 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  
Get out the 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 send they ass first  
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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