

Lil' Kim F/ Missy Elliott

"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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