

Its Personal (feat. Jadakiss and Styles P.)

DMX

We all got guns, we all got dogs
We all gon' make that trip to the morgue
We all find it harder to see through the fog
We all know the difference between right and wrong
We should all live life by one fact
Before you doin' dirt, the dirt gon' come right back
I seen cats go out like suckers
I seen cats get down like, "Yo, them some bad ****"
I see fake niggaz and the games they play
Yo, I deal with that **** e'ry day
Ain't gon' stop me from doin' what I'm doin'
I got things beside **** to be pursuin'
It's that craft for me, the half of me
Let through niggaz in the door after me
Yo, somebody stop me, please, somebody come and get me
If I go, I'm takin' niggaz with me
Dog, nigga, Ghost, nigga
Hop the bar with the toast, nigga
It's like the Lord gettin' close, nigga
It's personal, now we gotta smoke niggaz
It's personal, now we gotta host niggaz
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Nigga, f**** the cop and the warrant
You get a chance, pop an informant
All I need is a **** and I'm torment
Hit every hole in the wall, have me a ball
And then slide the f** out in the top of the mornin'
If you hear me **** it on 'em, I'm poppin' it on 'em
I don't **** around nigga, better stop it and mourn 'em
And who the **** asked you to rhyme?
I'm the Ghost, when I come around
They throwin' up the hazardous sign
And you ain't around chemicals, just around generals
Who spend, passin' they time, blastin' they ****
Rather die with my man then the five for ya livewires
Spend half of ya time, smashin' ya spine
Other half, we gettin' money and more money
You think about cars, I got 'Goin' to war' money
We gettin' that dog money
We still in the front of the store, money
And if anybody slip, they gettin' 'Sent to the morgue' money
Dog, nigga, Ghost, nigga
Hop the bar with the toast, nigga
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It's like lately I've been feelin' so weak at the knees
And speakin' to niggaz is just like speakin' to thieves
So I keep the hawk ready to eat 'em
Guess already? Then meet 'em
I'm fair game but I'm ready to cheat 'em
The streets ain't right now, the *** white is light brown
These niggaz ain't nice, they nice clowns
That's why I'ma start layin' them right down
And have 'em there layin' in the casket, ice down
Jacob watch on 'em, mortician must've been hazed up
'Cause you can see the makeup spots on 'em
This is way beyond ya Evian
The Golden King, it's more like Polo Spring
And what makes it even worse, yo, it's that it's personal
Maybe even ya earth can go
I'll make it where they can never find the ***
Right outta the bar, with all kind of ***
Dog, nigga, Ghost, nigga
Hop the bar with the toast, nigga
It's like the Lord gettin' close, nigga
It's personal, now we gotta smoke niggaz
It's personal, now we gotta host niggaz
Dog, nigga, Ghost, nigga
Hop the bar with the toast, nigga
It's like the Lord gettin' close, nigga
It's personal, now we gotta smoke niggaz
It's personal, now we gotta host niggaz
Yeah, y'all niggaz can get caught up in the hype if you want
Bodies drop over here, this is not a game, man
You wanna get caught up in the hype again
Then you can fall in the hype again
This is a movement, Double are, nigga, you know what's up
And if you don't, you gon' get to know what's up
Yeah, we ain't playin wit y'all niggaz this year
'06, '07 and on, nigga, what's up?
Pop off, you know how I work

Songwriters

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