

# Its Personal (feat. Jadakiss & 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  
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  
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  
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  
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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