

# Personal Party (feat. Curren\$y)

## Smoke DZA

Flying down the west side  
Joining my air  
One bout to get lid up, I'm about to disappear  
In thin air, feeling untouchable  
Tommy bond, sincere, you think I give a fuck about a red light  
Niggers can't do us, so they dead tight  
Hating on a young slick nigger, for getting there  
Fly shit I mastered it, nothing like your average  
Cookie patch rugby bucket low like Smith  
A nigger gotta eat, powerful million in my box  
Just like Monopoly, I need propriety  
I ain't trying to end up like them previous lames  
Caught up, no bail money, in the game  
Watch niggers life flush down the drain  
The results of not playing they lane  
for the money or fame  
I said I'm in for the legacy, triple my change, nigger  
Right, minus the ball, life is great  
Super high, out of space, mind blowing got me on freeze  
Plus everybody got they own trees, it's a personal party  
Ah, light up at your own pace, cause this a personal party  
Ah, I'm taking this one to the it's personal party  
2 hoes for paper, write these rhymes on a steel plate  
His words hold weight nigger, spit up  
From el Salvador to the el rey  
Jet life on the billboard never forget that day  
Man, everything going just ask playing  
My driver rolling up at the airport cause I'm  
My girl left my hideout up  
She hear that dough slam that pussy waking up  
As I'm stepping up, she ripping off her clothes for  
Now homie is it clear enough  
I say get money, fuck bitches cause I get money  
Them bitches want fuck  
Is it clear homie, is it add enough  
Right, minus the ball, life is great  
Super high, out of space, mind blowing got me on freeze  
Plus everybody got they own trees, it's a personal party  
Ah, light up at your own pace, cause this a personal party

Ah, I'm taking this one to the it's personal party  
Levitating on get well soon, kush god speed  
Got these niggers sick, take a long z's  
Matter of fact, this one's on me  
For everybody that I lost this year  
You know what lovers do, this one's for you  
And the I got choices  
Voice of the voice list I speak for the unheard  
And got to say one word I got you  
Be a fake nigger, not true  
Nobody keep it real like I do  
Everybody's praying its survival  
Do or die, niggers don't abide rules  
It's a cold world, ain't nothing else to do but pray  
Little nigger got shot in the mouth broad day yesterday  
Life what is worth to you?  
Question deep enough for me to light a personal  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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