# Ain't Nut'in Personal

## C-Murder

Kill, kill, kill
How many killas you got on your mother fuckin' pay roll nigga?
Snoop Dogg, C-Murder and Silk the Shocker, no limit biatchNigga nigga I'ma rida, ride with G's
And ship keys overseas by the three's
Keep an eye on my enemies
Snoop and Silk in da back of the Lac
With that AKs limosine tint with a infra-redMother fucker gonna die tonight
That's why I smoke weed get high tonight
I'ma no limit soldier with tru dated in blood
I went to jail for years, for movin' bundles a drugsMurda murda, kill, kill if you put me in danger
I ain't trippin' on and ain't be needin' no strangers
I'ma tank representer till I'm history
Making playa hatas into a mother fucking memorySo throw 'em up if you a soldier
And Snoop Dogg pass tha mother fucking dosha
I know you mother fucking feel me
C-murder ain't gonna die, till a bitch nigga kill meKill, kill, kill, murda, murda, murda
Ain't nut'in personal tru you see it's all about respect
Kill, kill, kill, murda, murda, murda
I'm never got slippin', keep my heat on the dashKill, kill, kill, murda, murda, murda
Ain't nut'in personal tru you see it's all about respect
Kill, kill, kill, murda, murda, murda
I'm never got slippin', keep my heat on the dashNow how many niggaz you know that can fuck around
And die and come back?
Then get hooked up with the number one label and rap, like that?
Shit I can't be duplicated but I'm highly playa hated
And I been reinstated and I thank God that I finally made itFated many niggas, just to get one mack
Remember I'm that young nigga that put gangsta rap on the map
He never craps, only five deuces
I mix that Moet, white star with them orange juicesI hang out with real niggas like Silk and C-Murder
Tru niggas, do niggas like you niggas
Ghetto ass, lower class never hesitate to blast
And I'm so serious about my hustlin' gots to have my cashCan you imagin' if I was broke? Shit I wouldn't be bustin' no raps
I'd have my strap running up in your fuckin' throat
Takin' all your dough and your gold and your cars
'Cuz big Snoop Dogg ain't no mother fucking rap starSee I'ma gangsta and you are not
And you a sucka and I rock
I'm draped in my army fatigues blowing on green trees
In the Navigator and keep the heat for them paper hatasKill, kill, kill, murda, murda, murda

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Kill, kill, kill, murda, murda, murda
I'm never got slippin', keep my heat on the dashNow look at murda, murda, murda and this kill, kill, kill
Shit's real, stay strapped with capped, do get pealed
And mama always told me if you ain't down to ride with God
Down to die with God you ain't no mother fucking soldierNo limit datted on my back and my stomach
'Cuz I'ma mother fucking fool, uh, show me love
'Cuz when I make music with thugs, I make moves
Told you I was coming out hard I was coming out large
Seen this guy named Van I bring the pain 'em
Everybody coming out starsSee now me, C, and Snoop in da coupe
Conversatin' about loop
I told niggas rap shit isn't bad, I blast 'em 'fore I ask 'em, I shoot
Just a young nigga 'bout raising hell and makin' mail
You a trip I told you I was doing this shit on bail, it's coolBack up nigga, can't flame that shit like drugs
And see I'ma nigga, I'm gonna hang like a nigga
Bang that shit like it was crips and bloods
Now deal weed nigga strapped up in my fatigue can't hold me down
Don't even trip my nigga Snoop if you a soldier nowDo what ya think bitch
For this tank bitch I stay quick and work
And I got no limit scattered on my fucking forehead
That's why I do so much dirtKill, kill, kill, murda, murda, murda
Ain't nut'in personal tru you see it's all about respect
Kill, kill, kill, murda, murda, murda
I'm never caught slippin', keep my heat on the dashKill, kill, kill

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