Personal

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, cousinDude 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 9-4-5-9-1Damn
Shit what the fuck is goin' on around here
Dude 'nem got some paper work out on you
They talkin' about makin' your ass disappearNot like that, not my sa-hid-nab
They way to sharp
Guess again, you know your so-called homie
Your best friendWhat 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 fellowsOh, 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 pissPersonal, life ain't no rehearsal
Personal, this is what I jack for
Personal, life ain't no rehearsal
Personal, this is why I hustleAll 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 twoLaid '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, yeahI 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 sawWhy 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 VallejoOh, 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)Personal, life ain't no rehearsal

Personal, this is what I jack for
Personal, life ain't no rehearsal
Personal, this is why I hustleHere 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 townWhere murder for hire ain't no thang
Water splittin' 'caine
Bring the pain
When niggas get out of line and get to actin' kinda shadyNiggas 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' kissesYou 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 twelveShot 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 meI 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 bleedWe 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 taskGet 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 snitchOn your whole team
For sellin' ounces of cream
You got emotional
That's why it's personals, bitchPersonal, life ain't no rehearsal
Personal, this is what I jack for
Personal, life ain't no rehearsal
Personal, this is why I hustle

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