It's Personal

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 motherfuckers"
I see fake niggaz and the games they play
Aiyyo, I deal with that bullshit e'ry day
But that ain't gon' stop me from doin what I'm doin
I got things beside bullshit to be pursuing
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 taking niggaz with me
Dog nigga, Ghost nigga, hop the bar with the toast nigga
It's like the Lord getting 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 getting close nigga
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Nigga fuck the cop and the warrant
You get a chance, poppin', informing
All I need is a glock and I'm touring
Hit every hole in the wall, have me a ball
And then slide the fuck out in the top of the morning
If you hear me cockin' it on 'em, I'm poppin' it on 'em
I don't fuck around nigga, better stop it and mourn 'em
And who the fuck asked you to rhyme?
I'm the Ghost, when I come around, they throwing up the hazardous sign
And you ain't around chemicals, just around generals
Who spend, passing they time, blasting they nine
Rather die with my man then the five for ya live wire
Spend half of ya time, smashing ya spine
Other half we getting money and more money
You think about cars, I got goin' to war money

That P and that dog money, we still in the front of the store, money
And if anybody slip, they getting sent to the morgue, money
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It's like lately I've been feeling so weak at the knees
And speaking to niggaz is just like speaking 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 Colgate 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 Avion
The Golden King, more like Polo Spring
And what makes it even worse, aiyyo it's that it's personal
Maybe even ya Earth can go
I'll make it where they can never find the bitch
Right outta the bar, with all kind of shit
Dog nigga, Ghost nigga, hop the bar with the toast nigga
It's like the Lord getting 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 getting 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 R, 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

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