

# It Ain't Personal

R. Kelly & JAY Z

Man, they go and tell me like  
You never know who your true friends until you, ah umm  
Both got a little bit of money  
I mean, 'cause y'all both broke Then there's no strain on the relationship, y'all both broke  
And if you got money and he ain't got no paper  
He still needs you so you'll never know how he really feel about you  
When y'all both get some paper, you'll see We used to get money together, phone honies together  
Pushin chromed out twinkies in custom coach leather  
You claim it's all love, but nigga it's whatever  
'Cause this is business, it ain't personal  
Same dream, same team, same schemes  
We even sold to the same damn fiends  
(How real is dat?)  
Ain't no rules in this war for this green  
This is business, and it ain't personal Look, I'm a grown man dog  
And I ain't got time to be runnin behind y'all  
I know when I first started it was crazy to y'all  
"He's gon' start his own label, he'll never be able" Well, nigga you've been wrong before  
And you'll be wrong again if you bet against him  
We move through the hood like identical twins  
But it just so happen that a nigga made it rappin You showed your true colors, y'all niggaz stay yappin  
That don't stop him, a nigga weigh platinum  
Stop through the hood, to say what's happenin?  
( 'Sup nigga)  
Fake hugz  
(Uh-huh)  
Fake whassup  
Fake love, fake fuck, fake thugs Gotta one myself for your fake shit, I raise up  
Hop in my wheels and I peel, streets are blazed up  
(Uh-huh)  
About my bid'ness dog, y'all need to stay up one We used to get money together, phone honies together  
Pushin chromed out twinkies in custom coach leather  
You claim it's all love, but nigga it's whatever  
'Cause this is business, it ain't personal Same dream, same team, same schemes  
We even sold to the same damn fiends  
Ain't no rules in this war for this green  
This is business, and it ain't personal I wish, I wish, that success, we could all  
Get a piece of it  
(Word)

But that ain't real dog  
(No)'Cause in these streets it's war, the industry much more  
But rich or poor, I'ma keep it real my nigga  
Invest in chips and watch my money hill get bigger  
And do things like, pull up to some clubs In the skirts with Jigga, and yellin out hey  
What the fuck, pop that Cris' my nigga  
And then he wants to know how many chips I done sold  
Well, it ain't y'all business what's behind my doors But y'all niggaz don't appreciate shit  
Helped you out and you still actin like a little bitch  
Then you wonder why I put yo' ass in the tenth row  
When you asked me for some tickets to my TP-2 show  
Lawd tell me, why we don't like to see us grow? We used to get money together, phone honies together  
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You claim it's all love, but nigga it's whatever  
'Cause this is business, it ain't personal Same dream, same team, same schemes  
We even sold to the same damn fiends  
Ain't no rules in this war for this green  
This is business, and it ain't personal A-alike  
(Uh-huh)  
Be alike  
(That's right) We don't vibe no more because we don't see alike  
And your mom got it twisted, she think Hov' changed  
Nope, Hov's still here like Rogaine  
Ask your boy what he did to the Hov' game How he jeopardized the whole game  
Now when we see each other it's so strange  
I don't know whether to hug him or slug him  
(Damn) I don't know whether to cap him or dap him  
I don't know what to think of him, I don't know what's happenin  
But what I do know, all the niggaz that you know  
Locked up doin a few doe, but who knows? Maybe it wasn't you, maybe I'm buggin too  
(Right)  
But I'm scared dog, I don't know what the fuck to do  
Do me a favor, place yourself in my shoes  
The game, no exceptions, gotta follow the rules We used to get money together, phone honies together  
Pushin chromed out twinkies in custom coach leather  
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