

# Bad Azz, Personal Business

(feat. Val Young)

[Intro]

Handle yours  
Ey... life is a Personal Business  
This here what I'm handlin', it's Personal Business  
You handle your Business  
Before I handle you, you heard me?  
Val holla at 'em

[Chorus: Val Young]

Take care of your Personal Business  
Don't never let the game catch you slippin'  
Take care of your Personal Business  
Don't let the game get you, it'll drive you insane

[Bad Azz]

This here life of mine down this one way street, it's so unpredictable  
Tryin' to run into a dollar, drama all I seem to get into  
Can't rewind time, so the problems that's mine -  
It's either solve 'em, or deal with 'em tomorrow  
Can't borrow, ain't got a job, money ain't circulatin'  
Cops hot, spot dropped, so it ain't no work in yay (what's up?)  
What's up? I'm thinkin' "Damn, I need a dollar"  
I feel stuck and the hard times make me wanna holla  
God help me out here, oh no, I'm with my last  
Knowin' I can be the next to die, gone with the pass that  
I don't wanna feel like real life's hard and live fake  
Cause when they do me, ay, this ain't no movie, ain't no "take two";  
You ever think about where your life gon' take you?  
Ain't you - grateful to be alive?  
Oh, you wanna die cause life hates you?  
Don't let it take you, or make you, or break you

[Chorus: Val Young]

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[Bad Azz]

Oh yeah, the game'll get ya, hit ya hard and make ya fall  
And leave ya broke with no hope and, no get back  
Let's try hard to see success and not to stress and get there  
You stay persistent long enough, you probably have shit where?  
Everything you need'll be exactly where it need to be  
To me the streets and peace are never seen in gleamin'  
We - seemingly forgot about the kids doin' what we did  
Caught up gettin' high, watchin' time go by  
Now they wanna smoke and drink and ride on by  
Catch a case, be at their place, and it's a long cold ride  
Judge just gave Shorty Mack 1-0-5  
And I doubt that he'll live to be a hundred and thirty-three  
They try to tell him that he gon' die off in the penitentiary  
He mentioned he - needed me to send him a package  
I'ma shoot it to ya, man I know the game'll do it to ya  
Yes it will like that (like that)

[Chorus: Val Young]

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[Bad Azz]

For me, it's been a long time comin' with a stretch up ahead  
And I ain't scared but I don't wanna be dead  
I caught the game tryin' to kill me and found out it's been several attempts  
It hurts to know this shit gettin' so personal  
It's worse as though you know you can't do nothin' about it  
Least you know the world will never be crowded (ha ha ha ha)  
The same thang that make you laugh'll make you cry  
The same game that got you rich will make you die  
Fuck the truth, we like livin' in a lie  
It ain't no time to try to find my lost mind  
I'm on the grind, I got rent, I need nickels and dimes  
Would I be sent, and life is a personal business  
Sell your service, not your soul if you ain't got no doe  
Nah, I ain't tellin' you to go and try to sell your brain  
If you ain't got you a scale and a barrel of 'caine  
I'm just sayin', got to use what you got to get what you want  
And most folks don't, I gotta handle mine  
You better -

[Chorus: Val Young]

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