

E-40, Personal

(feat. D-Shot, Suga-T., The Mossie & LeVitti)

[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, cousin
"Dude 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 ect. 9-4-5-9-1"
Damn, shit what the fuck is goin' on around here
Dude 'nem got some paper work out on you
They talkin' about makin' your ass disappear
Not like that, not my sa-hid-nab
They way to sharp
Guess again, you know your so-called homie
Your best friend

[D-Shot]

What 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 fellows
Oh 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 piss

(Chorus) [Levitti]

(Personal, life ain't no rehearsal
Personal, this is what I jack for
Personal, life ain't no rehearsal
Personal, this is why I hustle)

[Levitti]

All 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 two
Laid '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, yeah

[Suga T]

I 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 saw
Why 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 Vallejo
Oh, 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)

(Chorus)

[The Mossie]

(Kaveo):
Here 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 town
Where murder for hire ain't no thang
Water splittin' 'caine, bring the pain
When niggas get out of line and get to actin' kinda shady
Niggas 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' kisses

(Young Mugzy):

You 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 twelve
Shot 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 me
I 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 bleed

(Tap Dat Ass)

We 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 task
Get 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 snitch
On your whole team
For sellin' ounces of cream
You got emotional, that's why it's personals, bitch!!!

(Chorus)