

DMX, It's Personal (Here We Go Again)

[DMX]

Come on!

[DMX]

We all got guns, we all got dogs (what?)
We all gon' make that trip to the morgue (yeah!)
We all find it harder to see through the fog (yeah!)
We all know the difference between right and wrong (c'mon!)
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 (uh-huh!)
I seen cats get down like, "Yo, them some bad motherfuckers"
I see fake niggaz and the games they play (what?)
Aiiyo, I deal with that bullshit e'ry day (c'mon!)
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 (yeah!)
Let through niggaz in the door after me
Yo, somebody stop me; (what?) please, somebody come and get me
If I go, I'm taking niggaz with me!

[Chorus: Styles P]x2

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

[Styles P]

Dog nigga, what up?
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
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 livewire
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

[Chorus w/ Jadakiss adlibs]x2

[Jadakiss]

Uh, yeah, uh, yeah, yo,
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, aiiyo 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

[Chorus]x2