

Personal Business

Bad Azz

Handle yours
Hey, Life is a Personal Business
You see what I'm handling
It's Personal Business
You handle your Business
Before I handle you, you heard me
Val holla at 'em

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 and drive you insane

This here life of mine down this one way street
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, is either solve 'em
Or deal with 'em tomorrow, can't borrow, ain't got a job
Money ain't circulatin', cops had the spot dropped
So it ain't no work in yay, What's up?
I'm thinkin' 'Damn, I need a Dollar'
I feel stuck and the hard times make me want to 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 want to feel like real life's hard to live
Fake 'cause when they do me, ay, this ain't no movie
Ain't no take too, you ever think about where your
Life goin' take you? ain't you grateful to be alive
Or you want to die 'cause life hates you, don't let it take you
Or make you or break you

Oh yeah, the game a get ya, hit ya hard and make ya fall
And you get broke with no hope and, no get back
Let's try hard to see success and not the 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
See really forgot about the kids doin' what we did
Part of gettin' high watchin' time go by
Now they want to smoke and drink and ride on by
Catch a case, be at their pace and it's a long cold ride
Judge just gave Shorty Mack 1-0-5 and I doubt he'll live
To be a hundred and thirty three, they try to tellin' me he gon' die
Yo, 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

For me, it's been a long time comin' with a stretch up in here
I ain't scared but I don't want to 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
At once, don't they know you can't do nothin' about it
Least you know the world'll never be crowded
The same thing that'll 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 be as a
Personal business, sell your service not your soul
If you ain't got no dough, Nah I ain't tellin' and try to go
And try to sell your brain, if you ain't got you a scale
And a barreler cane, I'm just sayin' got to use what you got
To, do what you want and most folks don't
I gotta handle mine, you better