

They're Out To Get Me (Feat. Mr. Porter)

Busta Rhymes

[Mr. Porter]

I'm just playing wit y'all niggas, I'm just playing wit y'all niggas
I'm just playing wit y'all niggas, I'm just playing wit y'all niggas! They told me to! [echoes][Chorus: Mr. Porter]

They see my name and lifestyle and say I changed (how I be so raw)

They so cold, I know, that they're out to get me

And all those people I call my friends, let it go

That's why I never call on y'all, to be around

'Cause you see how this money can change your friends' faith[Busta Rhymes]

Yeah! See I done came a long way and now I got me a chauffeur

Keep my enemies close, keep my friends even closer

Motherfuckers that I grew around, thought I could rock wit 'em

Watch my cake so hard, they burn a hole in my pocket

I see 'em coming from afar because I been through so much shit

They plot a lot, hard or not, they see my dough come quick

Invested in my niggas, took the realtor route

Gambled on the wrong niggas, had to filter 'em out

Type of dudes that see my mother and they greet her respectful
behind her back and see her son and try to give me a quick full

It's cool though, I fucks wit 'em even though I ain't wit it

That's why the gats be in the house whenever niggas come visit

Serve 'em drinks and welcome all to the law

For let ya drunk friend to show his true side until ya forced to cut him off

I seen it one too many times, they disbelieved and they speechless

Sometimes having certain friends can end up being a weakness

See now my dogs turn to wolves and try to front me and surround me

Come up out they sheepskin and act all different around me[Chorus][Busta Rhymes]

Listen! Sometimes I smoke a cigarette and then I think and I choke on

how niggas steal this funny style and I was struggling broke

Even though it don't surprise me, shit it's still kinda funny

When I ain't have, a nigga still would come and try to take from me

Instead of cutting my losses, being smart and just end shit

niggas was trying to be loyal, just to maintain a friendship

In the wrong situation, plus there's always a sequel

I'm with the wrong motherfuckers, plus they 'pose to be people's

As I get more money, days get colder

I learned to realize that power only lies in the hands of the beholder

So then I start the heart-on-my-heart as I walk like a soldier

Moving so militant, you think I had a chip on my shoulder

Living by morals and principles mainly

Having heavy thoughts to a kill a brother every time a fucker betrayed me
But now I'm winning with the strength of the nation
I promise that they not even foreseeing the size of the shit they'll be facing
I'm Aftermath now, shit's getting worse
Now when those same "friends" see me goin hard that shit be making 'em hurt[Chorus][Busta Rhymes]
Instead they getting together with me so we both can get rich
When I'm outta town, these niggas busy trying to fuck with my bitch
Same niggas spend they money 'til the shit'll diminish
I hit 'em off and turn around and come right back when it finish
I said I'm tired of these niggas, that'll owe me so much shit
that they can't pay me back for, fuck all the dumb shit
Sometime we can't forgive whatever balances off
'Specially when niggas cross the line that niggas never should cross
Realized and thus I state the same shit, get the Range
The more money niggas get, shit around you will change
Even though niggas'll flip and say, "He the one changed"
Fuck you, the dude'll just'll justify, taking his shit from you
The more money I get, I get more dangerous stupid
'Cause I been broke before, and I refuse to go back to it
And while I sweep these niggas up under the rug with a broom
If I never see these "friends" again, that shit'll be too soon
Shit is real like every wind in my breath
And that's on everything I love, blood of my blood! Flesh of my flesh!

Songwriters

Porter, Denaun M / Smith, Trevor / Chavarria, MikePublished by

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