

Queen Pen % Tracey Lee

"They Got Me"

Visit "[They Got Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Forte' - Chorus]

They Got Me killin with them
They Got Me sinnin' with them
Smokin' drum, holdin' arms, bustin' guns with them

They Got Me fearin' the pen, cuz I don't want to go in
It's going on-and-n-on-and-n-on- again!

[Forte' - Verse One]

Yo, Call my lawyer
They ran up on me son, ain't nothin' for ya
Two shots, my allabies, I'm with Joe and De La Hoya
Fight on, ran up in the crib and turned the lights on
Yo get this, Mothafucka! I don't leave no witness
Like Larry Fishburne, I'll meet in Hawthorne, pushin'
lefts
With no signal light on, yo word bond, I know the shit's
on!
Called Don Cartagena from the Pilan
Yo be war, lawyers and attorneys trying to hurt me
Indeed I, feel stressed
Clutched my shorty's chest smokin' C.I.'s
Truth or die, shoot the five, uncivilized to B.Y.'s
Muffled lives, like a pit bull at will
Sit still, or you're shook real, y'all niggas need to get
real, or get killed!
The 4-fifth, call the men still, alcohol's never distilled
A hundred proof vest, bulletproof!

[Forte- Chorus 2x]

[Fat Joe - Verse Two]

Ungh, yeah yeah...
I live a plush life
Nothin' on my wrist, crushed ice
Bumpin' the heist, in the GS with the bug lights
Just us guys, tough guys, the puff lye
Cut up pies from night, 'til the sunrise

If one of us dies, his fam gets a share
Every man's treated fair, no one's getting his hand
kissed in the chair
We all shine as individuals, ex-criminals, we trained to
not hate you for the
residuals
Now his interludes, reflecting how we was reppin'
Snappin' necks-n-----Charging the mob for our
protection
I'm still rejecting offers from half the forces
A corner office, and ten percent of all extortions
I'm still enforcing, but only when it's close to home
Do it for Tony, he taught me how to hold my own
But now I'm fully grown, and I got dreams of my own
My whole team on the throne, living like kings out of
Rome...It's on!

[Forte' - Chorus 2x]

[Fat Joe - Verse 3]

Ungh...Yeah..Yo....
For the right price
I'll put any rapper on ice
Over three gods, Terror Squad'll cough 'em up real
nice
Send him to Christ, taking his life's not a problem
I've been robbin' niggas and pullin' triggas way before
my album
Drowning my sorrows with bottles of Moe
Anybody can go, lose your control, end up a John Doe
You didn't know, my shit is game tight
The insane type to bust open your brain with a
drainpipe
It ain't right, but I don't give a - UNGHH!
Me and Punisher contemplate your death, like the
governer
My red dot that make ya head hot, disgusting wet spot
Blood gushing down your bumbleclot dreadlocks!

[Forte']

Ayo Joe! We suffocating with the headlock
Let's fly the kite to his Ma
You leave the key inside the breadbox
I hold the toaster, Fugee-Camou coats and penny
loafers
Glass table meetings with Dons, I'm nice wit' mine
No time to be fair, I build in this square
I'm holdin' it there, my corporation's like a million in
share

The gat push weak niggas back, from Brownsville to Flatbush
9- double 1 dialing shorty wildin'
She tryin' to send the god up to the island
Like the rest of my fam, the best of the damned
The Beast, who locked the rest of my mens
Lease a tenant, four pounds are fingerprinted
Louisville's aluminum invented, some dumb scent it
and peppermint it!

[Forte' - Chorus 2x]

[Destruct - Verse Four]

We're just thugs for life
Bustin' slugs for life
Forte', Brownsville, Gun tec unite
Fat Joe, BX you know the shit stay tight
Cap's casings, blast faces, and do what you like!
Cap's casings, blast faces, and do what you like!
My son drive a bust guns, though the shit ain't right
We're just thugs for life, bustin' slugs for life
Forte'! Brownsville! Gun tec, unite!

Brownsville! BX! (Repeat & Fade out)

Forte' !

Visit [Queen Pen % Tracey Lee](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.