

**Busta Rhymes f/ Mr. Porter****"They're Out to Get Me"**

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[Mr. Porter]

I'm just playin wit y'all niggaz, I'm just playin wit y'all niggaz

I'm just playin wit y'all niggaz, I'm just playin wit y'all niggaz!

They told me to! {\*echoes\*}

[Chorus: Mr. Porter]

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

They so cold... I know... that they're out to get me  
And alllll those people I call my friends, let it  
goooooooooo

That's why I never call on y'all, to be around  
'Cause you see how this monnnneeyyy can change  
your friends' faaaaiittthhh

[Busta Rhymes]

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

Keep my enemies close, keep my friends even closer  
Muhfuckers 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 niggaz, took the realtor route  
Gambled on the wrong niggaz, 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 niggaz 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 niggaz 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  
Niggaz 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 muhfuckers, 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 niggaz busy tryna fuck with  
my bitch

Same niggaz 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 niggaz, 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 niggaz cross the line that niggaz never  
should cross  
Realized and thus I state the same shit, get the Range  
The more money niggaz get, shit around you will  
change  
Even though niggaz'll flip and say, "He the one  
changed"  
Fuck you, the dude'll just'll justify.. takin 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 niggaz 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!

[Chorus]

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