

## Maxx

### "They Got Me"

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[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' !

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