

# Over Here

## Mickey Factz

[Intro:]

Do me a favor  
Turn the lights down low  
Yes I mean it real low there we go  
Right there right there  
Also, see I'm trying to put my lighter up  
If you got a lighter turn that joint on  
Keep it on  
If you don't got a lighter  
Turn your cell phones on  
Point it to the TV  
It's Mickey  
Let's go

[Verse 1:]

Sup  
You don't fuck with a n\*gga no more  
How could you not fuck with me no more  
I ain't stuck in my feelings no more  
But let me tell you what did it hold on  
I looked out for you  
Little Rock got treated like family  
I even vouched for you  
My n\*gga cosigned with a jimmy handy  
What the fuck is wrong with you  
Hands up in the air if you relate then  
Dealing with the same dumb situation  
Help a mother fucker out and don't say shit when you need  
Damn that's cold  
I'm in the front seat sitting low playing Kanye West  
Drive slow with a screwed up voice cuz a n\*gga don't know  
How to feel with somebody that he thought was his bro  
Can't even come through  
N\*gga got dos  
I didn't put you on shows  
I didn't get a n\*gga flows  
Guess when you get grown everybody gets bold I don't know  
Can't lie I shed a tear when I'm alone  
Cuz I don't let people in  
I don't let people know

When you're playing with art you're playing with my soul  
You playing with my heart I ain't playing with you dawg  
I swear on my mom better get up on your phone  
And give a n\*gga a call about the shit going on

[Chorus:]

I see them fuck n\*ggas over there  
We don't fuck with n\*ggas over there  
I see them fuck n\*ggas over there  
We don't fuck with n\*ggas over there  
Over here over there over there over there  
See them fuck n\*ggas over there  
We don't fuck with n\*ggas over there  
See them fuck n\*ggas over there  
We don't fuck with n\*ggas over there  
Over there over there over there over there

[Verse 2:]

No no no  
Don't turn the lights up  
Leave them where they at  
They stay right there  
Y'all put your lighters back in the air  
Put your phones back in the air  
I need to feel that energy  
You know what I'm saying  
I was talking to Lupe  
Other day see we're trying to change lives  
With the shit that we say  
Teach people how to rhyme  
Gotta teach a new way  
Piece of me is like a funeral today  
Wrote it all out it's a beautiful decay  
I swear n\*ggas phony  
It's tired of my OGs  
Guess n\*ggas don't know me  
From the Bronx  
Where the pussy gets sold on the corner  
And the mothers can't ever find daughters  
And the sink never stopped dripping waters  
My man Pop got shot for a quarter  
Broad daylight no Diane Sawyer  
Where a n\*gga old bread act like he never saw you  
Looking out for yourself everybody is a void  
So I got tough skin  
Gotta watch you with a n\*gga girlfriends  
Now I see I gotta start being fake giving cold handshakes for the win  
No more pretend don't call me again  
That's what I told a girl being phony again

Bitch try to front like we homies again No  
You can never blow me again  
If you a Mickey Factz fan  
You know I don't curse  
You know I knows facts  
I keep shit real  
I never get mad  
But n\*ggas out here got it fucked up bad  
Word of my niece getting tired of you n\*ggas  
No more no more lying with you n\*ggas  
No more no more lying with you n\*ggas  
For real I ain't even got time for you n\*ggas

[Chorus]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>