

# Me & My Friends

Apathy

[Verse 1: Apathy]

I remember in the '90s it was all about forties and blunts  
Nas cassettes, Das EFX and Reebok pumps  
Punk motherf\*\*kers that were claimin they got tecs  
And rockin ski masks like Q-Tip in Hot Sex  
Before them underground rappers with complex  
When Mobb Deep and Jay still lived in the projects  
There wasn't Escalades floodin the streets  
It was all about Lexus Coupes and the Jeeps  
Yup, what I wouldn't give to see it again  
Doin stupid-ass shit, just me and my friends  
Like callin up bitches, if (?) got pissed  
We'd pop shit cause caller ID didn't exist (Click)  
I can still remember dancin to Kane  
Every day with Dewayne, LJ and Charmaine  
Life's changed, but this is how it be till the end  
Still doin dumb shit, just me and my friends

[Chorus:]

(Hey hey hey

Try to take the crew and we don't play play

Say say say) -> Lauryn Hill

It's just me and my friends

(Hey hey hey

Try to take the crew and we don't play play

Say say say)

It's just me and my friends

(Hey hey hey

Try to take the crew and we don't play play

Say say say)

It's just me and my friends

(Hey hey hey

Try to take the crew and we don't play play

Say say say)

(Goin out, just me and my crew) -> Biggie Smalls

[Verse 2: One Two]

Yo, the crew I roll with - cold as hell  
We own the streets like OG's own the jails  
Mack college bitches, they know us well  
But now that I'm 23 I feel old as hell  
Suave motherf\*\*kers with the fliest of hoes  
Peepin bitches (Yo Ap, keep your eyes on the roooooad)  
Nothin's really changed, we work fast on it  
Since hats with silver plaques that said 'RAP' on it  
Ignorant little punks provokin a fight  
Kinda like stickin a pipe through the spokes of your bike  
Cruisin down Franklin, tappin the brakes  
Hey yo Rube, put that dutch down, we passin the jakes  
Spot didn't get hot or jump until we came  
A fridge full of forties like Nuthin' But a 'G' Thang  
Rap pack of Godz and we willin to pop  
And stick together like waffles when they still in the box

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Celph Titled]

You couldn't tell me nothin back in '92 when I was wildin, duke  
Rockin British Knights, gold chains and Cross Colors suits  
Me and Joey boostin bikes out of front yards  
We'd smack you up just for doin nothin, we was dumb hard

Known from Armenia Ave and back down to Egypt  
Like in Tampa you either showin your balls or you don't show your face  
Strictly Miami Bass hits playin from Disco Rick  
And gangsta shit from the Geto Boys, they minds was playin tricks  
We used to load up at Manuel's then  
And launch bottle rockets at people's houses until we'd burn our hands  
I gotta manage the jam, I remember like, "Damn  
I'm so proud to be a hip-hop fan"  
Started makin beats and writin raps, that's when the bug got in me  
Flipped out when my man [Name] pulled an armed robbery  
I ain't seen him since he went to prison, wonder how he's livin  
Heard he's out the pen, so one love to you my old friend  
[Chorus]