

FRIENDS

Blaise Moore

Liquorice and liquor
Taste of your tongue got me feeling never sicker
Rolling Golden Virginia
I got the paper
That orange packet Rizla
Put your hands on me in the elevator, yeah
No, don't fall in love, he a panty chaser yeah

I ain't got no love for you
But you can be my friend
Boy, you can be my friend
You can be my friend
Boy, you can be my friend

I ain't got no time to lose
But you can be my friend
Boy, you can be my friend
You can be my friend
Boy, you can be my

Liquorice and liquor
Now he's singing bout a bout a bitch named Layla
Tell me, where did she came from?
Do you love her?
Do you trust her?
Tell me, did you fuck her?

Drivin' 'round the city in your Audi
Sayin' let's go back to yours 'cause it's too crowded
But really your intentions were to get me into bed
Yeah, you want to hear me say your name fucking louder

I ain't got no love for you
But you can be my friend
Boy, you can be my friend
You can be my friend
Boy, you can be my friend

I ain't got no time to lose
But you can be my friend
Boy, you can be my friend
You can be my friend
Boy, you can be my

Liquorice and liquor
Thoughts in my brain turned me to a fucking killer
Boy, I'm writin' murder
If I see her body, I'm not sorry, Imma catch her
I'm tryin' to be good
Bet you wish a bitch would, it's too late for him oh
It's just that you knew this
And still I went through this
Still think that I'm clueless?
The fuck you thought?

I ain't got no love for you
But you can be my friend, friend, friend, friend, friend

You can be my friend
Boy, you can be my friend

I ain't got no, got got no you
But you can be my friend, friend, friend, friend, friend
You can be my friend
Boy, you can be my friend