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Yeah
'Fore I even hit this joint I wanna say free C-Style, L
(Friend or foe)
We got things to do, we got money to get
We got bitches to hit, we got shows to rip
That's my nigga, uh
Street lights on the candy paint
Make them hoes on the stroll feel some kind of way
Lost 'em turned out, say she need a place to stay
But to roll with the winners, you gotta carry your weight
I never had a minute for lazy bitches, that's bad for business
Can't take the heat, get out the kitchen 'cause we always in here
With the stove on, pots whippin', scrapin' the side
We servin' pot sticker, my nigga, we never die
Jet Life, brick levels, original tough guy
Before you approach, know the history, it could get sticky
Always smoking, I'm always rolling
So when one done, the other one waiting for me
Like what up homie?
Freaky bitches and polices putting cuffs on me
Plus these niggas talkin' 'bout they gon' pull up on me
Get it together
Canal Street boys, we been the crew forever
Always outside like the weather
(Friend or foe)
We got things to do, we got money to get
We got bitches to hit, we got shows to...
Uh, friend or foe, you may never know
Until you let 'em get to close, they memorize your codes
Unlocking your doors, letting pistols blow
Left your body froze, the world today is cold all over the globe
Precious souls being sold, too much paper to fold
Too much to let the bank know
We gon' have to stash these millions in the floor
All our children's futures set, the streets layered in gold
Like my Presidential Rollie, all freshly waxed rose
It was you who chose to chill
While we was out there in the field
Runnin' suicide drills 'cause this shit real, L
(Friend or foe)
(Friend or foe)
East Side, '09, sits like every time
(Friend or foe)
Right here I want the broad to come through with that, "Statik Selektah"
(Statik Selektah)
(Friend or foe)
You ain't even know me and Statik was doin' somethin'
Y'all gettin' the scoop, I'm 'bout to sign out this motherfucker
I'm in here one take Jake and everything, too
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