

My Friend

Haystak

Hey, homeboy
Take this, and roll a blunt
Matter of fact, uh
Haha
We gon have a drink in this motherfucker, tonight
Yeah, a drink to all the snake in the grass, deceitful, ass bitches
You know
If you ever been stabbed in ya back, by a disloyal bastard
Betrayed by somebody ya trusted
Cheers, motherfucker

Or if you ever had a dude, ridin with you
Reppin hard, like he was down to die for you
Gangsta, gangsta, even do time for you
And when it goes down, you can't even find lil dude
They get ghost when it's time to fued
We been fooled by them kinda dudes, a time or two
But they stop playin, soon as we start kickin they asses
Restrictin they privileges, revokin they passes
Whoever brought you round, we gon get on they ass
Just for introducun us, to a snake in the grass
I smelled the fake in his ass, knew he was artificial
And I never went to meet up with him, without a pistol
[?]

You was my friend, man
Through thick and thin, man
If I had twenty in my pocket, you had ten, man
You was my main man, back then, man
So much changed man, you ain't my friend, man
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Ok, maybe I liked her, more than you were supposed to like a freak
But I'm just glad, that's when God chose to show me you was a sneak
Before I let you get too close, to my kids and family
And you did something, that woulda ended in tragedy
By the way, how's Emily, y'all still fuckin
Cuz a million dollars later, bitch doesn't mean nothin
I sucked it up, and just kept on truckin
Haystak, you ever heard of so and so
Uh huh, fuck em
When we was young dudes, dumb dudes
Dreams of being a millionaires
And if we were to die, who'd really care
Nobody gave a fuck about us, but us
Us was all we had
Wasn't doin bad, gettin money and the misery
I had somebody I depend on, who depend on me
And when you cross it, for the booty
I say, [?]
Haha

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They don't know what love is, let alone loyalty
Back stabbers, waitin for an opportunity to puncture me
Run it deep off in my lungs
Screamin, while I'm barely breathin
Now, look at you, ya done
Over the years, I grew eyes in the back of my head
Catch me slippin, my ass
Fuck with Stak, and ya dead
No exceptions, trust is a fabrication
Thinkin I won't buss, ya sadly mistaken
(Bitch ass)
I watched 'em, come and go
But the real ones, stay
A few of us stuck together, and a mil was made
And bills got paid, even when times was tight
And I represent my people, every rhyme I write
In this life, best friends turn into worst enemies
You don't believe me, ask that ball player, Dennehy
Oh, that's right, ya can't ask him
Because his best friend blasted him

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Naw