

# 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