

## Friends

lamsu!

Let's make a beautiful song tonight  
Arriba, arriba  
Okay here it goes man

Woah, I'm tryna go  
I'm here to stay, I'm in control  
Fresh out the kitchen, hot off the stove  
And I never will sell my soul  
I got friends, I got friends  
Come hop in, go shopping

Niggas stealing swag I had to call him out  
My homie texting new collections so I bought 'em out  
I'm in the A, you go to jail about a quarter ounce  
Back in the bay where I belong, I'm blowing bigger clouds  
Can't trust a thot on Instagram 'cause they be wishy washy  
They tryna take me off the court, they wanna Chris Bosh me  
I need a presidential Rollie, need a Maserati  
Riding through the town, eyes open for the cop-ies  
Ooh, where you get your chain boy, the swap meet  
Ooh, set my GPS to the top please  
Su in that new Ferrari, they Lawry's  
Ooh, that mean salty  
Ooh, back up off me

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If you could see what's on my watch you'd say it's diamond time

She's got friends, she's got friends  
We fill up the Sprinter beds  
And get lost in my bed  
And now we like woah, I'm tryna go  
And they don't wanna see me grow  
But if you love me, let me go

Woah, I'm tryna go  
I'm here to stay, I'm in control  
Fresh out the kitchen, hot off the stove  
And I never will sell my soul  
I got friends, I got friends  
Come hop in, go shopping