

Friends

Iamsu!

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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And I never will sell my soul
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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