

Friends

Jeru the Damaja

Friends is a word that I use loosely
Because you never know who these people may be
Some you just miss them, you know from way back
When you used to dig brock and snatch chains and sell crack
Rollin every day, getting high-er than a ball
But when you play them too close they'll be your downfall
Fast going to the picture, many things have changed
Now the same old friends start acting strange
You probably, fox with me
You even pop shots with me
But now you hissing like a snake so friends turn enemy
And it really dont matter what you've been through
Cause your friend will f*ck your bitch and put a bullet in you
Sleep in your bed, drive your car, spend your ends
But these are the people that we call friends

Friends
How many of us have them
I have none
Thought I had one
Friends
How many of us have them
Thought I had one
But I have none
Friends, friends

I re-member, we started out together
Back then I said yo we be down forever
I always thought I was a brother to you
We were friends, tight, like the Awesome two
But now look whats happened to you
Putting your trust in the shady individuals
And get screwed, still I hope you fine
Sometimes you cross my mind
Constantly reminded by the sword marks on my spine

They say all wounds heal in time but not mine
Nightmares of my friends creeping up from behind
Bloody murder, while the crimes un-solved
A friends a friend until loot is involved
Sell you out, for a house and a job
And spit on your grave in the end, but
These are the people that we call friends
Friends

First things first
Stop the jealousy and envy
I depend on minds, offkey, to fool enemies
Like your homeboy with your wifey
You cant believe it
Seeing is one thing
But hearing its some shit
Every which way she dip
Every thought was unpleasent
I got, carried away, did you free OJ
Cause I want her ???
I heard she did tricks

Like Vanessa suck your dick
On sunset strip
And my man flip
Like see low dice on six
We used to sell crack
And do sticks for bricks
Bustin shots at all, other criminals care
But they scared to do a mother f*cking bid
Listen
Now we rock
Got a block thats hot
Like b-boys on the block thats got all watch
Dont get knocked, that my man
He had me here
Could this be my hollow saying your my fam
But damn, you should have used kung-fu
A .22 or some type of voodoo
To snatch out my heart
Cause friends are really enemies from the start