## **Friends**

## **Kottonmouth Kings**

It don't matter where you've been
Just focus on where you're going
Most people you think are friends
Ain't there when the tough gets going
Remember to keep your friends
Be wise with those you've chosen
'Cause only your closest friends
Are there when the going gets tough

When I think about it the definition change Back in the old days it wasn't quite the same Or maybe it was but on another level Still pushing dirt with a different type of shovel Loyalty, trust, unconditional foundation Builds everlasting bonds and relations I've got friends I haven't seen in years I'd die for tonight forget and have a couple beers On the other hand you never know where you stand With certain types of friends they'll sell you out for some ends Or some pussy or some weed or a business transaction  $\ \ \,$ Some use words but I prefer action I'm a break you off like an old school playa My x-ray vision helps me see through the layers Of you fakes, phonies, lies and deception Ask Matt Hall if you need a life lesson

I've been all around the world and I met a lot of people These fakes and phonies yo these cats I see through Dickheads and homies some others glad to meet you You better give respect to the ones that believed you And were there by your side when the going got tough And had your back when you got to fuck someone up And lent you a buck when you was broke and hungry And gave you a place to sleep living in their luxury Big Up to Chucky that's my dog for real though What up to Judge D since back in junior high school Johnny Rich' that's my man Mr. Brando My partner in crime with the gangsta flow Daddy X, Big Pak, B, Lou, Munch, Kev, Flo Cause if ya don't know now you know Fuck the rest What's up though P.S. to my shoulder blade Alison Marie What up baby Fuck what ya'll think

To make it in this life you got to know who your friends
Your boys, your dogs, the ones with you 'til the end
The ones that never crack it, they never even bend
I mean like when your ass is broke they got the money to lend
The type that when you need a ride they give you the car
You don't worry about them running 'cause they'll always stand hard
Late night, can't drive, man you never too far
Barbeque by the pool chilling in the back yard
Stepping out on a Friday never leave you behind
The first to call you up when they're hitting the kind
None the less don't stress 'cause it'll always be fine

Like everything I got is yours and what you got is mine
Walk in the front door like they own the crib
But hey, what's theirs is yours and what's yours is theirs
I can't explain it no better that's just how it goes
Real friends can't be bought it's got to come from the soul so