

Don't Need Friends

NAV

(Weezy outta here)

I don't need friends
They don't wanna see someone like me doing better than them
Still can't believe it, I really got rich
Tell a bitch or a hater to suck on my dick (Suck on my dick)
Never give focus on hate I receive (Yeah)
I could achieve more than they dream (Yeah)
I know they ain't tough enough to be me (Yeah)
Making money like magic, got tricks up my sleeve
Too many vibes, I brought sand to the beach
Test drive 'em all, but I don't wanna keep
Pop me a X 'cause I gotta get geeked
Talking 'bout sleep, I get two days a week
They say they drippin', I'm kissin' my teeth
They burning it out, ain't no chrome left for me
When I was broke, I was feeling uneasy
Now I get paid, and I'm feeling relieved

Call up a thotty, I hit when I please
Whatever it take, I just pay her to leave
My bitch Latino, my choppa is Russian
Wheezy on beats, that's expensive percussions
Can't get no Act', so we sippin' on red
Can't talk my bro 'cause he still in the feds
Can't get these demons up outta my head
Can't slide on the opps 'cause they already dead
What I can do (What you do?)
I can go get some money
Whole pool heated up and it cost a hunnid thousand
'Cause I left the shit running (No cap)
I can turn nothing to something
Book me a show and I fly out the country (Let's go)
I eat at Nobu when I get the munchies (Let's go)
Driving in bucket seats, had to serve buckets
I put the top down and I let her suck it

(Friends)

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I gave a round of applause to myself
I put the baddest lil bitch on the shelf
I went '21 wagon and sat it on F's

I don't gotta brag this shit speak for itself
I got stripes in my hood, run the game, I'm the ref
I keep the fire up under my belt
And I run with some real ones who bang to the left
Marching band, baby, I know how to step
I can't speak on the business it's quiet as kept
Look like a diva, I know how to treat her
I know how to keep her, she fine as hell
I spent a quarter millie on a Richard Mille
I keep quiet, I'm never gon' tell
I put my life savings in a brown box
I was getting that shit in the mail
I keep a mill cash for the best lawyer
I ain't worried about going to jail
I just spent 8K on some Hermès bags
50K more on Chanel
I got the ball now, ain't gon' ball hog
I'ma pass it to bro for the lay up
I just went Prada tee shirt with the Prada jacket
You can tell I'm a motherfuckin' player

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