

Friends

Pimp C

Be careful, cause you can't trust these so called friends out here
They be jealous

What about your friends will they stay on they grind?
What about your friends will they be around?
What about your friends will they let you die?
What about your friends?
With friends like that I don't need enemies

I had a lotta niggas that was down with me
Or should I say a lotta niggas hang around with me?
But when I took my fall
I found out I really didn't have many friends at all
When I was out there rollin' in the Benz and ball
My momma used to get a lotta telephone calls
Niggas tryna see how we was, I had a buzz
But all that shit stopped when I got popped by the fuzz
A couple niggas kept that shit true indeed
But not the ones I used to bail outta jail and feed
We used to smoke weed and get drunk off brew
I went to TDC, nigga, I couldn't find you
You couldn't find me that's what you told yourself
But you couldn't tell that bullshit to nobody else
But when they asked you how I was doin', you told 'em I was cool
Knowin' you ain't talk to me since I went to the pen, fool
No pictures, no conversary, money to eat
And now you think it's all good, cause I'm back on the streets
I'm back on these beats and still blowing like the wind
But these is the niggas that we call friends

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In these streets and these traps, nigga you better be strapped
Niggas out here plottin' be prepared to shoot back
Nigga ain't no rules, nigga it ain't no love
A nigga put a knife in your nigga, could be your blood
Kill a nigga over money, kill a nigga over drugs
They killing niggas over hoes be careful who you fuck
One false move and you fucked and out here on that bullshit
Catch a fuck niggas and they hit his ass with the full clip
(What about your friends)
Niggas ain't real
Niggas ain't trill
Niggas be jealous
Over the hoes, over the whips, over the crib
Niggas be broke, pockets be hurt
Nigga be stressed
Nigga be learning
Whoop your friend, you gotta murk 'em
Payback it's closed curtains

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It's so ill, pop no pills
Straight Henn' a toast to Pimp C , now on to fake friends
Tina best friend husband fucking her cousin
Her cousin, she think her baby by Tina husband
But Tina had a miscarriage by me
Ten months later, Tina had a baby, it's deep
Soon the whole hood to be related
Like an African tribe, misplacement situated
13, she's already ripping
So whoever daughter she is, she will bout to be in grandpa position
And pot, no pot to piss in
Man, stop and listen
Your man from the sand box, he on the stand snitching
His John Hancock, got 'em lamb chops with his misses
Home exonerated cause he cooperated
I peep the bullshit coming, the streets taught me
And in abundance, now my circle a hundred

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