

Enemies

Saigon

When I first met you I thought that you and I was
friends to the end
People told me men you befriended just went to the pin
But I ain't listen to them, cause you promised
As long as I fuck with you I never be in the same
position again
Like you said they just jealous cuz we gone get rich
and they not
They work a lot, we play the block, still got more than
they got
Cousin guzzling hinny high, people say if I keep
fucking with you
I subsequently die, end up with twenty five
They claiming you claim many lives, with so many lies
With guys, innocent ladies, babies of any size
Nah I knew it wasn't the truth, cuz they ain't have
nothing for proof
They even blamed you for dozens of youths of substance
abuse
What kinda crap is that? Everybody knows that crackers
bought crack to our habitat
To attack the Latins and Blacks, never mind that fact,
something I know is wrong
You was there when my hopeless mom put me out in the
coldest storm
Even though you did introduce me to smoking dro
And so it was, you welcome Saigon with open arms
That's all I could focus on, the reason I wrote this
explosive song
To show even the closest boy, get torn
You tricked me all along, you had me thinking you was
my friend
You never loved Saigon

[Chorus x2]

With friends like you who needs enemies
Brought a nigga bad luck like the Kennedies
You had a nigga ass up in the penitentiary
With friends like you who needs enemies

Now we smoking new porces, dozens of whole forties we
force with
You taught the kid more than any school in New York did
Teachers teaching me social studies, but wasn't there
for Saigon
To cry on after the wakes of my closest trouble
I was grew up, I depicted this picture too up, was I
just a fool or just too young
I storm on the booze that you brung
Snatch my soul, put a whole in it, grab my mind took
control of it,
Made my heart as cold as the home it supposed to be
Funny when you wasn't around it was no incidents
That you telling all of that was simply coincidence
That's a thesis I doubt, 'fore I met you I wasn't kick
Theresa's eye out
Or had the police at my house, I wasn't needing the

keys to fly south
Murder rap would never ease from my mouth, I probably
be at peace with myself
Probably think what you did to me was sweet, laughing
at me like Kee-Kee-Kee falling for your tricketry in
this feet
Don't flatter yourself, it don't take a genius to spell
thug
Convince a kid at the mid-age of twelve to sell drugs
If you really had g, you had them white kids like you
had me
It was they great granddaddies that created you Daddy
They was the ones that flooded you with gats and liquor
stores
Mats, Pimps with the whores, straight cash for
intercourse
And of course these young niggas stay sucking you off
But I know the truth, so poof, I'm cutting you off

[Chorus x2]

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