

# FRIENDS (feat. kiLL edward)

J. Cole

Cop another bag of smoke today  
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I got thoughts, can't control  
Got me down, got me low  
Rest my mind, rest my soul  
When I blow, when I blow  
Am I wrong, let them know  
Feels so right to let things go  
Don't think twice, this is me  
This is how I should be  
But I'm aggravated without it  
My saddest days are without it  
My Saturdays are the loudest  
I'm blowing strong  
Some niggas graduated with powder  
I dabble later, I doubt it  
My database of narcotics  
It's growing long  
But I'm aggravated without it  
My saddest days are without it  
My Saturdays are the loudest  
I'm blowing strong  
Some niggas graduated with powder  
I dabble later, I doubt it  
My database of narcotics  
It's growing long  
I wrote this shit to talk about the word addiction  
To my niggas out there sipping, I hope you're listening  
[?], I hope you listening  
This is for the whole fucking 'ville I hope you're listening  
Smoking medical grade, but I ain't got perscription  
All the way in Cali where they ain't got precipi-  
-tation, feeling like the only one that made it  
And I hate it for my niggas 'cause they ain't got ambition  
Fuck did you expect, you can blame it on condition  
Blame it on crack, you can blame it on the system  
Blame it on the fact that 12 got jurisdiction

To ride around in neighborhoods that they ain't ever lived in  
Blame it on the strain that you feel when daddy missing  
Blame it on Trump shit, blame it on Clinton  
Blame it on trap music and the politicians  
Or the fact that every black boy wanna be Pippen  
But they only got twelve slots on the Pistons  
Blame it on the rain, Milli Vanilli with the disk skip  
What I'm tryna say is the blame can go deep as seas  
Just to blame 'em all I would need like twenty CD's  
There's all sorts of trauma from drama that  
children see

Type of shit that normally would call for therapy  
But you know just how it go in our community  
Keep that shit inside it don't matter how hard it be  
Fast forward, them kids is grown and they blowing trees  
And popping pills due to chronic anxiety  
I been saw the problem but stay silent 'cause I ain't Jesus  
This ain't no trial if you desire go higher please  
But fuck that now I'm older I love you 'cause you my friend  
Without the drugs I want you be comfortable in your skin  
I know you so I know you still keep a lot of shit in  
You running from yourself and you buying product again  
I know you say it helps and no I'm not trying to offend  
But I know depression and drug addiction don't blend  
Reality distorts and then you get lost in the wind  
And I done seen the combo take niggas off the deep end  
One thing about your demons they bound to catch up one day  
I'd rather see you stand up and face them than run away  
I understand this message is not the coolest to say  
But if you down to try it I know of a better way  
MeditateMeditate, meditate, meditate, meditate  
Don't medicate, medicate, don't medicate, medicate  
Meditate, meditate, meditate, meditate

Don't medicate, medicate, don't medicate, medicateI got thoughts, can't control

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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