

Brothers (feat. King Chip & A\$AP Rocky)

Kid Cudi

If my niggas don't fuck wit' you, I don't fuck wit' you
That's just a code in my hood, don't let these guns hit you
Be a man of your word, don't ever let 'em play you
Stand up for your shit, make sure these haters pay you
Can't nothing stop a room full of real niggas
I got some bad rich bitches, they my real niggas
It's like working four jobs not to kill niggas
My little niggas love to ride by and spill niggas
If y'all fell out over some chips that ain't your real nigga
If y'all fell out over a chick that ain't your real nigga
Before I be a house nigga be a field nigga
I gotta Port Arthur chick, call it my trill nigga
I met Duke in 92 and we still niggas
Rockin Hilfigers before they was like chill niggas
Living well me and my niggas go'n eat
Before you hate, hit the brakes with both feet
Hey yo, all right
This is how it's supposed to be
Hey yo, all right
This is how it's supposed to be
Hey yo, all right
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Hey yo, all right
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Hey yo, all right
Max with the homies, try to teach them things
Teach them how to make a piece of change, even keep the change
But they neva change, bought a set of chains with another chain
Upgraded to a better chain, that Beretta sing, I ain't playing
Shoes on the 'rari start to look like hooves
Pigs by the crib start to look like wolves
Money neva change me only change the situation
The paper I be chasin got them sucka niggas hatin
Started from the pavement, basement Satan,
Couldn't match my claims so they compare me to a mason
Free like slaves but they based and crazy
We talkin' bout crack or we talkin about blacks?
Spliffing the blunt up, then they pickin the gun up
Motherfuckers is trippin if it in in the run up
Then they gettin the come up, yup bitch
And they do with the sun up
And this is for my niggas and my gang
Through the fortune and the fame

Only thing that never change is my niggas
 Hey yo, all right
 This is how it's supposed to be
 Hey yo, all right
 This is how it's supposed to be
 Hey yo, all right
 This is how it's supposed to be
 Hey yo, all right
 This is how it's supposed to be
 Hey yo, all right I got the niggas that I need with me
 Any issues my nigga you know to please hit me
 No question no hesitation when it comes to holding fam down,
 If you creep me the fuck out you probably ain't around
 Now you can hate on the side lines, I'm skippin past
 You got me fucked up, keep talkin and kiss my ass
 No sweatin the ho shit, too in tune with the family
 I do got the ones that do know Scott
 They give me the love that a nigga need
 If its a place to stay or a dime sack of weed
 Word to Dennis, ridin' thick and thin until we finished
 Focused to keep the pockets replenished, clothes on our kids
 And keep my niggas from goin away on a bid
 Only wanted all the fly shit when we got big
 Chasin these hoes up in they ribs at they momma crib
 Beat niggas up so 'bout it, 'bout it they go blind about it
 We all grown, families of our own
 Providing for 'em real niggas, real morals that's the code
 Perform so long as I am my brother's keeper
 He will provide me with a nine if I need or a street sweeper
 The love I have for my niggas is another type
 You gotta real nigga down with you for your whole life
 Love for my niggas
 The brothers that I never had made my life a lot less sad my nigga Hey yo, all right
 This is how it's supposed to be
 Hey yo, all right
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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