

Friends (feat. Juicy J & Nas)

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

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