

# 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  
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