

# Friends (feat. Snoop Dogg & Warren G.)

## Nate Dogg

Friends, how many of us have them?  
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Friends, how many of us have them? Every since I could remember, I had friends I could  
depend on  
Clothes to lend 'em, money to spend on  
But as time went by, my life got a little strange  
And the rules in this game seem to change Trust, honesty and devotion  
And money, money, money is the poison potion  
There's no way that I can even say that this game  
Has been good to me or even bad to me It had to be 'cause tragically  
The way this shit cracked off for Doggy Dogg was magically  
And now I'm gettin' everything I'm supposed to get  
But my friendship with niggas always ends up as bullshit  
I listen to my momma though  
She always tried to prepare me, and warn me for the drama now  
But how could she do what I, I mean I'm do or die  
But my life on the streets, that shit is suicide So to cope I got a Dogg and a Locc  
And keep my heat close in case these jokes go for broke  
I'm mashin' with the click 2-1-3 that is  
They my homeboys ever since kids, real friends to the end Hangin' out with my homies, how  
many of us have them?  
And I'm feelin' just fine, how many of us have them?  
I've been ponderin' lately, lately, how many of us have them?  
A lot of different things on my mind, how many of us have them? It seems lately my friends list,  
how many of us have them?  
Done took a slight decline, how many of us have them?  
And if you wanna know the truth man, man, how many of us have them?  
Them wasn't no friends of mine, how many of us have them?  
You jackin' me up, you takin' my cash  
All my life LBC, for my city I mash  
All those OG's and BG's and wannabe's and L-O-C's  
The only friends I got is my 2-1-3's That's my nigga Snoop D Whoop and my nigga N-A-T-E  
I can't forget about my nigga H to the Dizzy  
Pressure and strikes, don't wanna take no lives  
But these jaw-jacks and hood cracks 'll make you break some dizzacks "Whassup homie, can I  
borrow some cash?"  
Last week I gave you 500, so kiss my ass  
I got a baby to feed, a family to see through  
And shake busta snitches, tweakin' like gizzoo Homies and friends, that's what they bizzo  
Stayin' tight and money right and bustin' with a .44 Hangin' out with my homies, how many of  
us have them?

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