

# Got Friends (feat. Miguel)

## GoldLink

She said...  
All of my bitches got friends, yeah  
All of my bitches got friends  
And they bad, they bad, so we good  
It's enough for the clique, word  
All of my bitches got friends  
You don't need to pick, nah  
All of my bitches got friends Look, I ain't really gotta rap about it  
I just talk about it 'cause I live it now  
So let me tell you 'bout this PYT  
That I seen this week, I had to take a bow  
5'2" with a brown fur and her hair tied with them light eyes  
And she would make me throw it all away  
For a fun time and the right prize  
Bad as fuck, ass fatter than an hammer truck ask her  
Prolly keep my hammer tucked  
The type to slide 'em down and then the panties stuck  
I'll run 'em up, wanna kick it with you  
Get a house and a picket with you  
Pop up on you at your work place, not your birthday  
Just to let them niggas know I'm buildin' with you  
Your best friend, always coming through  
With that Macaulay Culkin when you're home alone  
And I ain't even tryna dog you out  
But can you feed a nigga just a little bone?  
One of you, one of me, you and me  
We make three or maybe four, and just two more just to even score  
Step to her, had to play chess, had to hit her with the full press  
Then I told her I'd do anything just to chat with her for a quick sec'  
Let it sit, let it process, then she went and said, Sure, yes  
Whispered in her ear and told her,  
Baby I want less drama and more sex, but  
She said...  
All of my bitches got friends, yeah  
All of my bitches got friends  
And they bad, they bad, so we good  
It's enough for the clique, word  
All of my bitches got friends  
You don't need to pick, nah  
All of my bitches got friends Look, all of my women got friends  
Most of 'em like with a blend  
And most of 'em off in the ends

And they don't care who they offend  
Look, I had a girl who was tatted up from the neck down,  
she was super crazy  
Met a shorty with an ill grammar, who would fight alot  
And she a '90s baby  
Complain about me, always on the road  
And talk to other women and she wanted babies  
Had to shake it like a common cold  
Then I had a show and then I saw you, baby  
Then I book you, now we textin' back-to-back-to-back-to-back with no indication  
Now I'm flyin' to you,  
Takin' you across the world to see a couple different faces  
Hood nigga dreams, fuck like movie scenes  
Hit it from the back, boost your self-esteem  
Heard you left to visit cuz and 'em,  
Reconnectin' with your mom and 'em  
Now you want me to fly to Sweden after, fly you to the Motherland  
You was mine and I am yours and you still mine when I go on tour  
I ain't really tryna play no games,  
I can win the battle, you can win the war  
I'm just tryna fuck and love you either on the bed  
And we can take it to the floor  
Crazy how this all started out  
'Cause I saw somethin' that I can't ignore  
She said...  
All of my bitches got friends, yeah  
All of my bitches got friends  
And they bad, they bad, so we good  
It's enough for the clique, word  
All of my bitches got friends  
You don't need to pick, nah  
All of my bitches got friends If you and all your girls bad as fuck, put your hands up  
If you and all your girls bad as fuck, put your hands up  
If you and all your girls bad as fuck, put your hands up  
Yup, put your hands up, what? Put your hands up  
If you and all your girls bad as fuck, put your hands up  
If you and all your girls bad as fuck, put your hands up  
If you and all your girls bad as fuck, put your hands up  
Yup, put your hands up, what? Put your hands up

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