

## Friend or Foe

8Ball & MJG

(Anyway, it doesn't matter much how you feel  
You know what you got to do, I'm here to do it  
How about you?)

Our age, five-years-old  
We were young bucks  
Scrubbin' each others backs in the bathtub  
Babysitter would send you to bed  
But she would make me stay up  
So she could give the young playa some viscious head uh  
Early symptoms of  
Time of nightway  
Gigantic factor from the  
Carquinez Bridge team  
Some had it all though  
But less unfortunate  
You had an alloy spoke Mongoose  
And I had a Huffy  
You owned a green machine  
Three different lunch pails  
I had a go-cart that I built from a bunch of used nails  
We grew up in the church together nigga  
Sunday school  
Now I heard you off into jackin nigga  
That ain't even cool  
I used to be conned, racked, fucked around  
And ripped bad  
Barking up on the wrong tree  
Talking about runnin up in my pad

Niggas have hateful thoughts  
But they can't stop me from strivin  
Suckas be shakin salt  
All in his game falsifyin'  
Some fools be gettin crossed  
Victims of faultiness  
Man all that drama you come with  
I swear you on some shit  
Whether it's morphine or cocaine  
Doja or doggfood  
That have these marks betrayin' macks  
Fuckin off my high breakin rules  
You got ya P's mixed up  
You ain't no pimp  
You's a phoney  
I spit for major mints  
While you make tapes for ya homie  
And then you work up tha nerve  
To speak foul words  
The pimpatrators be instigators  
That's why I wrote this verse  
For every youngster with his mind on his meal  
Young playa just chill  
And take a look at what these fakers call real  
Nigga

I trust no man

Cuz man will let you down every time  
That's why I take it upon myself to thank god in every rhyme  
Cuz I've seen better times  
And I've seen worser days  
When some of my so called friends  
Wasn't around when I ain't have a verse to say  
I quench my thirst today  
With righteous thoughts of mind  
Cuz righteous thought of mind will leave mark ass niggas far behind  
I seen it every time  
They come and go  
That's why I drop to my knees  
And ask god to distinguish friend from foe  
And what do you know  
By the time morning comes I can see the light  
And then I'm thanking god once again for making everything all right  
He made it tight and now I'm back up on the scene  
Countin' greens  
Straight from H-town to New Orleans  
New human beings puttin it down like a mic or not  
Replace the slot open up shop  
We 'bout to make it hot  
Stop  
With ya devilish doins  
Because ya devilish doins will only bring forth ya ruin

Friend or foe, you just will never know  
Who can you trust, in a world that's oh so cold  
Playa hatin is everywhere I go  
Friend or foe you just will never know

Listen  
I'm tryin to tell you my nigga to watch cha back  
And trust few  
Cause ain't no nigga gon watch ya back for you like you  
When someone is broke and down and out without no clout it's rough  
At least you know who you can and who you cannot trust  
See let me explain myself and clear up the point I'm tryin to make  
Don't want no bustas around me  
Playa hatin or actin fake  
Don't ever be wantin nobody to get to close  
I don't know if it's effects of  
From the marijuana that got me noid and trippin'  
See nowadays tha nigga be rollin' thick with hella loot  
But if my loot was gone would I be all alone?  
See, my partners who used to ride with me  
And smoke that dank, and fuck with hoes  
Would they be them same niggas if I didn't have shit to roll?  
Maybe they will, maybe they won't  
Who is to say what a nigga will do  
Who is to say if you help someone it's guaranteed that they'll help you  
See what I'm sayin, listen to me and see if you can dig this  
Smilin' faces replaces friends when people recieve ends  
Now all of a sudden I'm actin funny because my moneys loaned  
But there was no drama when I was livin' at my momma's home  
But I'm not tellin' a nigga nothin you don't already know  
Personal business, you got to watch who you friends is

I'm thinking about hard times  
Freeing my mind  
Who in the fuck goin be my crutch?  
Holdin me up, helpin me out  
Makin sure that I stay in touch

Where do I sleep, who do I turn to?  
When I be low on my cash  
Who am I down with when fifty niggas be talkin bout kickin my ass?  
Who is my friends who is my foes?  
Who do I ask, when I want to know  
Somethin about somethin but I don't know nothin  
My ignorance be keepin me out in the cold  
Who do I call when I'm in need of a ride?  
In somebody elses car  
How do I get from point A to B if B is just to far?  
Where can I get a loan, where can I use the phone?  
Who's goin to give me the permission to make a decision  
To come up in they house and live  
When will I drive a BMer takin my clothes to the cleaner  
How can I know  
Will I forever be payin my dues, will I forever be singing the blues?  
Where will I find a shoulder when I be wantin to lean  
Know what I mean?  
When I be needin some justification  
Stuck in the fuckin same location  
Who is the friend that is helpin me?  
Who is the busta thats hurtin me?  
Who can I trust?  
Will you be there when the goin is tough?  
Will I be hangin with dick in the dust?  
Who wanna share my load when it's too heavy to carry?  
Or will I go crazy pullin the load alone?  
Constantly gettin my hustle on  
When will I finally see, kinda suspect  
Or even actually know  
Who is my real friend thick and the thin?  
And who in the fuck is the foe?

Friend or foe, you just will never know  
Who can you trust, in a world that's oh so cold  
Playa hatin is everywhere I go  
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