

Me & My Friends

Apathy

[Verse 1: Apathy]

I remember in the '90s it was all about forties and blunts
Nas cassettes, Das EFX and Reebok pumps
Punk motherf**kers that were claimin they got tecs
And rockin ski masks like Q-Tip in Hot Sex
Before them underground rappers with complex
When Mobb Deep and Jay still lived in the projects
There wasn't Escalades floodin the streets
It was all about Lexus Coupes and the Jeeps
Yup, what I wouldn't give to see it again
Doin stupid-ass shit, just me and my friends
Like callin up bitches, if (?) got pissed
We'd pop shit cause caller ID didn't exist (Click)
I can still remember dancin to Kane
Every day with Dewayne, LJ and Charmaine
Life's changed, but this is how it be till the end
Still doin dumb shit, just me and my friends

[Chorus:]

(Hey hey hey

Try to take the crew and we don't play play

Say say say) -> Lauryn Hill

It's just me and my friends

(Hey hey hey

Try to take the crew and we don't play play

Say say say)

It's just me and my friends

(Hey hey hey

Try to take the crew and we don't play play

Say say say)

It's just me and my friends

(Hey hey hey

Try to take the crew and we don't play play

Say say say)

(Goin out, just me and my crew) -> Biggie Smalls

[Verse 2: One Two]

Yo, the crew I roll with - cold as hell
We own the streets like OG's own the jails
Mack college bitches, they know us well
But now that I'm 23 I feel old as hell
Suave motherf**kers with the fliest of hoes
Peepin bitches (Yo Ap, keep your eyes on the rooooad)
Nothin's really changed, we work fast on it
Since hats with silver plaques that said 'RAP' on it
Ignorant little punks provokin a fight
Kinda like stickin a pipe through the spokes of your bike
Cruisin down Franklin, tappin the brakes
Hey yo Rube, put that dutch down, we passin the jakes
Spot didn't get hot or jump until we came
A fridge full of forties like Nuthin' But a 'G' Thang
Rap pack of Godz and we willin to pop
And stick together like waffles when they still in the box

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Celph Titled]

You couldn't tell me nothin back in '92 when I was wildin, duke
Rockin British Knights, gold chains and Cross Colors suits
Me and Joey boostin bikes out of front yards
We'd smack you up just for doin nothin, we was dumb hard

Known from Armenia Ave and back down to Egypt
Like in Tampa you either showin your balls or you don't show your face
Strictly Miami Bass hits playin from Disco Rick
And gangsta shit from the Geto Boys, they minds was playin tricks
We used to load up at Manuel's then
And launch bottle rockets at people's houses until we'd burn our hands
I gotta manage the jam, I remember like, "Damn
I'm so proud to be a hip-hop fan"
Started makin beats and writin raps, that's when the bug got in me
Flipped out when my man [Name] pulled an armed robbery
I ain't seen him since he went to prison, wonder how he's livin
Heard he's out the pen, so one love to you my old friend
[Chorus]