

Friends

Bishop Lamont

Grandmama always used to say, flip, yo tongue fall out
So I ain't trip if we ain't hang out
Then we flipped and wouldn't hang out
Word from mutual friends when you speak it's fuck me comin' out cha mouth
Fuck me? Nigga, fuck you
But damn I was the man whenever bills was overdue(shit)
Got my deal, I ain't even tripped once
I was da new mc hammer take ya niggas to lunch
Help homies, give them money when they caught in the crush
But what's funny were out of money and you ain't called me once
Now my childhood friends turned to childish ass men
Mad cause I ain't broke and fucked up like them
With thirty five kids and a dead end job
Trying to throw up yo trip like the shit my prob (na)
Now they mad they wanna hate on my shine
Who needs enemies when I got friends like mine

[Chorus:]

Had yo back but you didn't have mine
Act like you didn't now me half the time
Can't believe this now I see it that intention is not worth it

Smile in my face then stab me in the back
True homeboys don't get down like that

But you see seasons changes
Love changes
Best friends become strangers

Ain't you happy for me that I made it in rap
You rather see me join the army and get killed in iraq(damn)
You'll be glad if I died
Cause accuse you when I pass by in dat fancy ass ride
With a fine ass chick in the passenger side
You in some dusty ass honda and yo fat bitch ride
I remember my 85 maxima
You niggas filled it up but rarely ever put gas in a'
Early morning saw you niggas was weak
I did all the hard work putting down in the streets
Made all the contacts through yo time in the beach
You'djust come write a verse and kick up yo feet
I got the rumor going around that you made me
And I used you, nigga you crazy
Now before my homies hating saying bishop is wack
But bishop is signed, wheres your contract?

[Chorus:]

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You know wats funny to me, but it's sad though
This rap shit can turn yo friends into some assholes
And bitch niggas, yea they might be rocking panty hoes
You better check them, they can hide them under normal clothes
And out west a lot of rappers say they so hood
Yeah right more like west hollywood
And it's a small world I know most of these dudes
A few I consider friends but most I consider fools
Fools that think I'm fooling with the liars that tries to
Disguises they decide to use
But I am not amused
Gypsy ass rappers steady dick hopping crews
Wondering around kaniving on however they can use
Carli simmons you think this songs about you
But it's too many to name so just fuck all you
Hit begin with pain I end it with laughter
Now I see why pac made I ain't mad at you

[Chorus:]

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