

Frienemies

Jim Jones

This shit is fucked up 'cause some niggas call it tough love
It's crazy 'cause you might know a nigga all your life
And he got a twisted alterier motive
And he just wanna see you do bad

See a smile on your face all day
So he just acting like your friend when he is really your enemy
Or your best friend can become your enemy
Through the, through the the jealousy so we call those frienemies

Knew him since a child, played cops and robbers
My best partner grew up to be monsters
Stayed in my crib, ate out my fridge
We was on a grind, even wore the same clothes

My brother, fucked the same hoes
His beef was mine, even had the same foe
We was inseparable, joined at the hip
I let you get the checks, I kept the joints on the hit

And what happened, the sneaky hating
Niggas in your ear and a plan deviating
Snakes in the grass just waiting for the moment
Niggaz on your team and they're really your opponent

Play the game and you know goes boonents
Mama said friends come by the dozen
Know I'm feeling for their guns when I hug em'
I hate them from a close, from a distance I could love em'

Frienemies, frienemies
The ones you kept close, the ones you love the most
Frienemies
You know who you kiss, you know who you lift
This shit is getting scary

Frenemies, frienemies
The ones you kept secret, you had plans to make it
Frienemies
You can smell the danger
Over the money best friends become strangers

Bailed you out of jail, wait, let me backtrack
First you came home then I got your ass a deal
Fresh out the can, signed a quarter mill
Running through the paper, buying copes and popping pills

Money got low, you started acting ill
You grew desperation, once again you got nailed
Someone got killed, conspiracy
And even still I bailed you out of jail

Without me you would be facing in a pale
But who knew dis, you would be Judas
But in the process flew you in the world
Put diamonds on your neck like you was my little girl

Put money in your pocket like you was my son Su
Food in your stomach like you was my son Pooh
The streets talk, heard you partnered Tru
Now you talkin' shit like you really wanna do it

A will-wack the type that deceive you
Your mama should have told you never bite the hand that feed you
Caught me off guard, I met you through my man
I let my guards down and accepted you as fam

Told you get a chair, let you eat at the table
Never thought that he would be ungrateful
But guess what, I own the pub and the label
So if a nigga feeling itchy, I got killers on the paper

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Hope y'all paying attention, keep y'all eyes open
Hope I ain't wasting my breathe
About this shit that I'm talking about 'cause it's so real
You gotta watch these niggas around you
'Cause you never know whose who now a days

And all of our love we be showing
They might not be showing the same type of love back
Matter of fact they might not be in there for your best interest

See an alterier motive is hard to see when
You've known a person for so long
Or you've became a custom to their ways
But you gotta stay on fifty, you gotta stay on fifty

'Cause you got some people that think like
If niggas is moving fast like that then karma will get em'
But sometimes karma don't come around fast enough
To handle the situation
But sometimes for us to learn a lesson we go way to far

Then the consequences become way too heavy
That's what I'm trying to let learn from experience
And please don't be naive to the fact that the nigga next to you
Could be the nigga that set you up for failure or even kill you

You know how the game go and you gotta watch these bitches
These trifilling bitches, man, they set you up for failure too
You know, they're in there for the money, man, gold digging bitches
It's a fucked up world but you probably won't even get a chance
You know, might put you up in a gang

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