

Brothers

Kid Cudi

If my niggas don't fuck wit' you, I don't fuck wit' you
That's just a code in my hood, don't let these guns hit you
Be a man of your word, don't ever let 'em ever play you
Stand up for your shit, make sure these haters pay you
Can't nothing stop a room full of real niggas
I got some bad rich bitches, they my real niggas
It's like working four jobs not to kill niggas
My little niggas love to ride by and spill niggas
If yall fell out over some chips that ain't your real nigga
If yall fell out over a chick that ain't your real nigga
Before I be a house nigga be a field nigga
I gotta Port Arthur a chick call in my trill nigga
I met Duke in 92, and we still niggas
Rocking Hilfigers before they was like chill niggas
Living well me and my niggas go'n eat
Before you hate, hit the brakes with both feet

Hey yo, all right (8x)
This is how it's supposed to be

Max with the homies, try to teach them things
Teach them how to make a piece of change, even keep the change
But they never change, bought a set of chains with another chain
Upgraded to a better chain, that Beretta sing, I ain't playin'
Shoes on the 'rari start to look like hooves
Pigs by the crib start to look like wolves
Money never change me only change the situation
The paper I be chasing got them sucker niggas hating
Started from the pavement, basement Satan,
Couldn't match my flames so they compare me to a mason
Free like slaves but they based and crazy
We talkin' bout crack or we talking about blacks?
So for the blunted, then they picking the gun up
Motherfuckers is tripping if it in in the run up
Then they getting the come up, yup bitch
And they do with the sun up
And this is for my niggas and my gang
Through the fortune and the fame
Only thing that never change is my niggas

Hey yo, all right (8x)
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I got the niggas that I need with me
Any issues my nigga you know then please hit me
No question no hesitation when it come to holdin' fam' down,
If you creep me the fuck out you probably ain't around
Now you can hate on the side lines, I'm skipping past
You got me fucked up, keep talking and kiss my ass
No sweating the ho shit, too in tune with the family
I do got the ones that do know Scott
They give me the love that a nigga need
If its a place to stay or a dime sack of weed
Word to Dennis
Riding thick and thin 'til we finished
Focused to keep the pockets replenished
Clothes on our kids

And keep my niggas from going away on a bid
Only wanted all the fly shit when we got big
Chasing these hoes up in they ribs at they momma crib
Beat niggas up so bothered 'bout it they go blind about it
We all grown, families of our own
Providing for 'em real niggas, real morals that's the code
So long as I am my brother's keeper
He will provide me with a nine if I need it or a street sweeper
The love I have for my niggas is another type
You gotta real nigga down with you for your whole life
Love for my niggas,
The brothers that I never had made my life a lot less sad my nigga

Hey yo, all right (8x)
This is how it's supposed to be