

## 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