

A Friend

KRS-One

The beat was sposed to drop right there
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Yeah yeah yeah, uhh

I send this one out, to my right hand man
Or mens, or women's, the whole crew
The real fam

We can count the dough or kick a flow
Or chill out watchin videos
Or actin really silly yo but really doe
All that can end
Whether at the bar with superstars
Or cruisin in the trooper car
I really don't care who you are
All I really need is a friend

If we can't have trust then you can't hang with us
We respond to those who show respect with respect
We respond we connect on the same deck
Same intellect, my man, never shifty, thinks quickly
If you can't understand, we boys we boys
We could stand on the corner with a hat sellin toys
It ain't about your Benz I hope it ain't about mine
My man, I be dissin in my freestyle rhyme
Gettin G's around the world, I can trust you with my girl
My man, we chillin at the jam, what's the plan?
I'm not a yes man and none of my friends are yes men
Or women, I'm drivin, I see my peeps yo get in
Where you fit in? True friends are quick to sit
In the beginning of all trouble, and when your bankroll doubles
Fred Flintstone and Barney Rubble
Still I got my own space like Hubble

Cause don't nobody care about us, all they do is doubt us
Until we blow the spot then they all want to crowd us
And want to shout us, but you my man from way back
I just gots to say that, actin large I don't play that
But I can't say that, where I play at isn't fast-paced
A friend can acquire the taste to become two-faced
And that's a disgrace there ain't nothing you can say to us
When the kid you grew up with betrays your trust
When we used to ride the bus we had trust
Now we cash checks and drive Lex, and can't show respect to one of us
Yo the heads I hang with ain't tryin to just get
What they can get, sit quickly backstabbin the click
I roll thick, but only some are friends really
Down to the end, my right hand men and women
Mutual support, from the beginning
Been in, exactly what I've been in

Back to back we attack corporate America
Gettin fees that amount to G's in every area
You my man I ain't gotta drag you along
You pull your own weight, yeah you definitely got it goin on
I don't see nothin wrong wit a little bumpin car system

Thumpin, between the crew we always got sump'un
But if we had nuttin no frontin whatever
We'd still be crew you and me, me for you together
Word, fake people ain't worth a turd
They only want to be your friend because of what they overheard
I send this record to the well respected
Friends that I've collected, I hope I am what you expected
Yeah, so check it, so check it