

Friends Turns Foes

Lil' O

[Enjoli talking]

Y'all niggaz wanna play with us, we'll whoop all you hoe ass niggaz
Cock sucking ass niggaz, you wanna talk down
If you gon talk down, then grow in your mouth bitch
One mo' till you go, me and my niggaz riders
Screwed Up guerillas, wig splitters and cap peelers
And we gon let you hoe ass niggaz, know about yourself
How you love that, bitch

[Lil' O]

Hit the block masked up, hopped out of the Regal
In all black with the Mack, and bust like it's legal
Niggaz running jumping gates, suckers pissing they pants
(O let me talk), but I didn't give him a chance
See I'm raw playa, so I give him raw back words
And hit 'em with some shit, that'll make they ass hurt
See they ran up in my crib, cause they knew I had work
I swear I'll bury all them niggaz, in my backyard
Underneath the swing set, so where my nephews play
They'll be stomping and kicking, all over they grave
See I trusted them niggaz, cause they was my dogs
But I busted them niggaz, coming out my house
Came home early, cause I got roll like a pound
In the casino in Lake Charles, shooting craps out of town
If I had been up in the crib, they woulda filled me with rounds
These 'spose to be my partnas, how the fuck that sound

[Hook x2]

Friends turn foes, when you get some figgas
That's why I don't fuck, with these hoes ass niggaz
See they smile in your face, when you gone they glitter
That's why I stay one deep, with my hand on my trigga

[E.S.G.]

If I don't hit him with the trigga, I'ma hit him with the the steel-toe
For real though, pass the calicoe to Lil' O
Now here I go, with this hater-hurter murder shit
Know what you did last summer, I come to serve you bitch
I don't bar nan nigga, and I don't bar your block
Heard you bumping your fucking gums, at the barbershop
I won't unload my X, clear and let my ruger rip
And buck you, so this is what I do
Thinking bout the shit that we use to do, sipping on 4's and juices foo'
Hang around swang around, coming down banging Screw wit you
Cook ki's what-what, smoke weed what-what
You rat motherfucking police, what-what
Y'all some lame niggaz, fucked up in the game niggaz
We quick to aim niggaz, at point blank range niggaz
Ain't nothing changed niggaz, we down to swang niggaz
Let our nuts hang, like big ol' piece and chain niggaz

[Hook x2]

[Al-D]

Boys plexing talking shit, cause I grip's they thick
Loc'd up and po'd up, while your gal on dick
Having big thangs, and won't change for none

Too real for you to kill, with a platinum tongue
Screwed Up independent, forever recommended
Watch your ass talking shit, cause we be all up in it
Like the task at your do', knocking boys off feet
Touch the street with your teeth, nose toe off sleep
Get backer forty jacker, bad actor run up
Fuck around and lay it down, with a hole in your gut
Static nut, automatic round lead giver
Headache donator, hater fade him wig splitter
Al-D a real nigga, E.S.G. a real killer
Lil' O ain't no hoe, fuck with Screw we gon kill ya
And body bag them niggaz, with your fake smiles and lies
If you so-called friend, you turn fake I ain't surprised

[Hook x2]

[Enjoli talking]

Ha-ha you hoe ass niggaz, how you love that
4-4 to your dome, like I said befo' motherfucker
Niggaz can't see us or be us, maan
Can't help but to feel the real, recognize
Bitch made ass niggaz, cock sucking ass niggaz
Feel us, we grind on all you mark ass niggaz bitch