

# Enemies

## Saigon

When I first met you I thought that you and I was  
friends to the end  
People told me men you befriended just went to the pin  
But I ain't listen to them, cause you promised  
As long as I fuck with you I never be in the same  
position again  
Like you said they just jealous cuz we gone get rich  
and they not  
They work a lot, we play the block, still got more than  
they got  
Cousin guzzling hinny high, people say if I keep  
fucking with you  
I subsequently die, end up with twenty five  
They claiming you claim many lives, with so many lies  
With guys, innocent ladies, babies of any size  
Nah I knew it wasn't the truth, cuz they ain't have  
nothing for proof  
They even blamed you for dozens of youths of substance  
abuse  
What kinda crap is that? Everybody knows that crackers  
bought crack to our habitat  
To attack the Latins and Blacks, never mind that fact,  
something I know is wrong  
You was there when my hopeless mom put me out in the  
coldest storm  
Even though you did introduce me to smoking dro  
And so it was, you welcome Saigon with open arms  
That's all I could focus on, the reason I wrote this  
explosive song  
To show even the closest boy, get torn  
You tricked me all along, you had me thinking you was  
my friend  
You never loved Saigon

[Chorus x2]

With friends like you who needs enemies  
Brought a nigga bad luck like the Kennedies  
You had a nigga ass up in the penitentiary  
With friends like you who needs enemies

Now we smoking new porces, dozens of whole forties we  
force with  
You taught the kid more than any school in New York did  
Teachers teaching me social studies, but wasn't there  
for Saigon  
To cry on after the wakes of my closest trouble  
I was grew up, I depicted this picture too up, was I  
just a fool or just too young  
I storm on the booze that you brung  
Snatch my soul, put a whole in it, grab my mind took  
control of it,  
Made my heart as cold as the home it supposed to be  
Funny when you wasn't around it was no incidents  
That you telling all of that was simply coincidence  
That's a thesis I doubt, 'fore I met you I wasn't kick  
Theresa's eye out  
Or had the police at my house, I wasn't needing the

keys to fly south  
Murder rap would never ease from my mouth, I probably  
be at peace with myself  
Probably think what you did to me was sweet, laughing  
at me like Kee-Kee-Kee falling for your tricketry in  
this feet  
Don't flatter yourself, it don't take a genius to spell  
thug  
Convince a kid at the mid-age of twelve to sell drugs  
If you really had g, you had them white kids like you  
had me  
It was they great granddaddies that created you Daddy  
They was the ones that flooded you with gats and liquor  
stores  
Mats, Pimps with the whores, straight cash for  
intercourse  
And of course these young niggas stay sucking you off  
But I know the truth, so poof, I'm cutting you off

[Chorus x2]

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