

# The Limit

Snowgoons

Catch me in the corner not speaking  
First heard Ghost say it, Lord knows that's how I play it  
Cause most of these bozos will fake it  
Hiding hatred behind handshakes and embraces  
If you ain't careful may mistake it  
For true love and end up backstabbed and snake bit  
Your whole landscape is tainted  
Where niggas' true colours ain't in the picture they painted  
Look, can't trust these senioritas either  
Think she's your Bonnie till she start telling as quick as Tia  
I suggest you just treat em fair  
Sleeping next to me playing catch with Steve McNair  
Yeah, these names are batty  
Better beware or you can hang with Gatti  
See sadly you really get no benefit  
From a friendship with Brutus, Judas, or Benedict

Yeah see there's a limit to the love  
Human nature says the hate is in their blood  
Keep your friends close, your enemies closer  
Y'all might find they're one and the same before it's over

Gangstarr called it betrayal, come the moment of truth  
Money and lust leave no buddies to trust  
The trife life is filled with b.s.  
Where enemies be less threats than your BFF's  
Thin line between love and hate  
Can't differentiate from your bitter rival and your running mate  
When the stakes are high some are just as likely to save your behind  
As knife a blade in your spine  
They deceive with smiles and high fives  
Secretly devise how to lead to your demise  
Can leave you assed out to a large extent  
When niggas got two faces like Harvey Dent  
Don't be rolling with the phony sort  
Think he your homie till he hopping out the Trojan Horse  
You gotta see through the camouflage  
Or get sabotaged by your own entourage  
Yeah see there's a limit to the love  
Human nature says the hate is in their blood

Love is hard to find when backstabbing's abundant

First heard Nas say it, best friends become strangers  
But at that time I ain't relate with it  
As I've grown I've seen how true colours get shown  
And learned to keep so-called friends at a safe distance  
When you up niggas show you love  
But turn on you like a German Shepherd over drugs  
Long as you got a buzz you can call em bud  
Hit a slump and the shit be ready to jump, start slinging mud  
I limit expectations knowing that many men fall victim to last temptations  
Even the most promising relation  
Can still be evolved to a hostile separation  
I stay in constant preparation  
So the day of betrayal is no shocking revelation  
Cause truly you really get no benefit

From a friendship with a Brutus, Judas, or Benedict

Yeah see there's a limit to the love  
Human nature says the hate is in their blood  
Game's sick, this is the remedy  
With friends like these who really needs any enemies?