

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?