

## Old Friends x New Foes

Tory Lanez

Old friends become strangers  
New friends become dangerous  
Never does it ever let me down  
'Til you have real friends  
'Til you have real friends  
I got my drank poured  
I got these Js rolled up  
No need to change clothes  
I'll be fine in what I got on  
Keep meetin' new hoes  
And f\*\*kin' the same hoe once  
I tried to move on  
And end up right back inside this position

I got a million ties  
Suits up like Tom Ford when I top back in the five  
So alive I could die right now, come back still alive  
You was fake with the handshake, now you come back still at fives  
Only One Umbrella mob  
Left her by her grandmama crib and then I went back to the ways  
Went back to the field, had to hit it, step back for the plays  
Step back with a ten pack, made ten rack for the day  
Impact, don't play  
Been strapped since pin strap now I sit back on a Wraith  
Damn, look how shit changed  
Couldn't see it back then  
Now you say you see it when I been saved  
Chick from the Himalayas, na-na-na-na-na  
When I walk up in the buildin', all you hear is  
"Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy!"  
Didn't love me at the bottom  
But they wanna love a nigga at the top though  
In it since, since Pac, now I got the bald head with the Pac flow  
Neck lookin' like Pablo with the ki's stuffed in the Tahoe  
Been licked since I blow out in Oslo with my eyes low  
Said I got a million ties  
You got a million ways to get it, well, I got a milly and five  
I really will donate a mill to my city, it's gettin' too real to survive  
Only the trillest survive  
You don't wanna get caught up in this situation when all of my niggas arrive  
I'm back in the biddy, countin' 100, 20, 50, like this Kinder Surprise  
I open this shit up but see a surprise, when really it ain't a surprise  
This shit just come to me naturally  
Women in love with me naturally  
She told you that she never f\*\*ked me  
But she was just f\*\*kin' me actually  
Top down, top down  
I'm hot now, hot now  
Lot of rap and R&B niggas popped off my sound  
Then I hit 'em with the southpaw, switch and they all dropped down  
Cropped out, cropped out  
They got me over the blog, me and Dream dollar bill  
Rumors that we dated, gotta be faker than a three dollar bill  
I just might walk in this Starlets, just to show you that the star lit  
Add a bad bitch, market  
Martin tell, keep ten shots next time that I get the ball lit  
Wardrobe, crib callin', new shit that I'm on, it's

Yeah, tell 'em boys that the squad lit  
All 100s, all green-blue, you swear I'm playin' for the Hornets  
But I'm playin' for the T City and the Umbrella team with me  
I got a million ties, pretty Brazilian wives  
Come to my city and see how the shooters' takin' civilian lives  
I been out there in the field with 'em, so who am I to pick a side?  
Just 'cause I got legitimized, to hypocrite and criticize