

## Friends

Z-Ro

This one right here, goes out to my real nigga Nate  
My nigga Grey-D, out that Pud Park  
Ride or die nigga, you know I'm saying  
It's me and you, till the grave homie uh

I use to kick it with the people, I thought were friends  
There was no envy or jealousy, cause ain't nobody have no ends  
But only time would tell, true character traits  
Cause the niggaz I figured to be real, turned out fake  
I remember we smoked sherms, just to pass the time  
Going hard as we did, no wonder some of us lost our mind  
Cause you can't think straight, on that good gorilla piss  
Especially by yourself, smoking five or six  
Formaldehyde takes over the mind, can't you understand  
If your partna go to tripping, remember he still your man  
Heard my friend, pulled a pistol on my friend in the hood  
Sobered up and apologized, 'sposed to been all good  
Chilling all together again, walking side by side  
Mr. Walker shot Mr. McCarly, bout eight or nine times  
I ain't tripping, cause my nigga'z living better yet he's blessed  
Half a calf muscle missing, shot everywhere but the neck  
And the head but still breathing, what a story to tell  
Now I get to see Mr. Walker, in Mr. State Jail  
How the hell I'ma kick it with you nigga, you shot my G  
With a friend like you, we don't need enemies  
Trying to fall out of place, to explain his case  
None of my cellies could feel it, that's why they violated your face  
Tried to beef for me in the chow line, snuck up on me  
Cause I ride for Grey-D, like he's my one and only homie  
This is organized crime, when you fuck with me  
Better prepare to tip toe, when you touch the streets  
Hey, I'm not a killer but don't rush me  
Cause I got a couple hundred motherfuckers, that won't let nobody touch me  
I'm the Don now, but I remember the past  
Ridgemont hardheads ride or die for eachother, quick to blast  
Now it's come to this, all I ever wanted was peace  
Never thought it be one of my own, trying to see me deceased  
On top of that, when you balling you got too many friends  
If it ain't no cheese they leave damn, was it me or my ends  
Even women be getting in, where they fit  
The love affair is so legit, until you come home and she done split with all  
your shit  
That's why I'm so cold, towards people I meet  
Because of something that was done to me, by less than a G  
But nevertheless, I'll say it again  
Z-Ro the Crooked know the key to survival, is fuck friends

Friends, ain't no mystery why Z-Ro don't have them  
Friends, ain't too many of em I can really depend on  
Friends, ain't no mystery why Z-Ro don't have them  
Friends, they might be the reason for my bloody murder  
So fuck friends