

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