

Jeru The Damaja, Friends

1. [Jeru]:

Friends is a word that I use loosely
Because you never know who these people may be
Some you just miss them, you know from way back
When you used to dig brock and snatch chains and sell crack
Rollin every day, getting high-er than a ball
But when you play them too close they'll be your downfall
Fast going to the picture, many things have changed
Now the same old friends start acting strange
You probably, fox with me
You even pop shots with me
But now you hissing like a snake so friends turn enemy
And it really dont matter what you've been through
Cause your friend will fuck your bitch and put a bullet in you
Sleep in your bed, drive your car, spend your ends
But these are the people that we call friends

Chorus:

Friends

How many of us have them

I have none

Thought I had one

Friends

How many of us have them

Thought I had one

But I have none

Friends, friends

2. [Jeru]:

I re-member, we started out together
Back then I said yo we be down forever
I always thought I was a brother to you
We were friends, tight, like the Awesome two
But now look whats happened to you
Putting your trust in the shady individuals
And get screwed, still I hope you fine
Sometimes you cross my mind
Constantly reminded by the sword marks on my spine
They say all wounds heal in time but not mine
Nightmares of my friends creeping up from behind
Bloody murder, while the crimes un-solved
A friends a friend until loot is involved
Sell you out, for a house and a job
And spit on your grave in the end, but
These are the people that we call friends

Friends

3. [Afu Ra]:

First things first

Stop the jealousy and envy

I depend on minds, offkey, to fool enemies

Like your homeboy with your wifey

You cant believe it

Seeing is one thing

But hearing its some shit

Every which way she dip

Every thought was unpleasent

I got, carried away, did you free OJ

Cause I want her ???

I heard she did tricks

Like Vanessa suck your dick

On sunset strip

And my man flip

Like see low dice on six

We used to sell crack

And do sticks for bricks

Bustin shots at all, other criminals care

But they scared to do a mother fucking bid
Listen
Now we rock
Got a block thats hot
Like b-boys on the block thats got all watch
Dont get knocked, that my man
He had me here
Could this be my hollow saying your my fam
But damn, you should have used kung-fu
A .22 or some type of voodoo
To snatch out my heart
Cause friends are really enemies from the start