

Oliver Tree, Fairweather Friends

I got fairweather friends in my G-Class Benz
Some stay, some go, some days it depends
I ain't seen you since way back then
When we both crossed paths at the six way intersection

Where I used to sell sacks
I moved up to QP's, then I moved up to packs
Now I only take pounds upstate for my personal stash
It's a dope deal, only a thousand in cash
That's a bro deal, Put it in my fake gucci bag
Speedin' like a demon, with this right in the back
Of my trunk, got it sealed air tight but it stink like a skunk
Don't scare, it'll make your hair white
Square up bitch, I wanna see a fair fight

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Whatchu think? This is not the same thing
You are not like me, we are not the same league
Tuesday night I'm eating dinner with pornstars
Michelin restaurants, three stars, four stars
Look at my report card, baby I'm a workhorse
You ain't shit, I'm that friend who'll fuck your bitch
But don't dip before I roll the spliff
Tight like that pussy got gorilla grip

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