

# Frienemies

Jim Jones

This shit is fucked up 'cause some niggas call it tough love  
It's crazy 'cause you might know a nigga all your life  
And he got a twisted alterier motive  
And he just wanna see you do bad See a smile on your face all day  
So he just acting like your friend when he is really your enemy  
Or your best friend can become your enemy  
Through the, through the the jealousy so we call those frienemies Knew him since a child, played cops and  
robbers  
My best partner grew up to be monsters  
Stayed in my crib, ate out my fridge  
We was on a grind, even wore the same clothes My brother, fucked the same hoes  
His beef was mine, even had the same foe  
We was inseparable, joined at the hip  
I let you get the checks, I kept the joints on the hit And what happened, the sneaky hating  
Niggas in your ear and a plan deviating  
Snakes in the grass just waiting for the moment  
Niggaz on your team and they're really your opponent Play the game and you know goes boements  
Mama said friends come by the dozen  
Know I'm feeling for their guns when I hug em'  
I hate them from a close, from a distance I could love em' Frienemies, frienemies  
The ones you kept close, the ones you love the most  
Frienemies  
You know who you kiss, you know who you lift  
This shit is getting scary Frenemies, frienemies  
The ones you kept secret, you had plans to make it  
Frienemies  
You can smell the danger  
Over the money best friends become strangers Bailed you out of jail, wait, let me backtrack  
First you came home then I got your ass a deal  
Fresh out the can, signed a quarter mill  
Running through the paper, buying copes and popping pills Money got low, you started acting ill  
You grew desperation, once again you got nailed  
Someone got killed, conspiracy  
And even still I bailed you out of jail Without me you would be facing in a pale  
But who knew dis, you would be Judas  
But in the process flew you in the world  
Put diamonds on your neck like you was my little girl Put money in your pocket like you was my son Su  
Food in your stomach like you was my son Pooh  
The streets talk, heard you partnered Tru

Now you talkin' shit like you really wanna do it  
A will-wack the type that deceive you  
Your mama should have told you never bite the hand that feed you  
Caught me off guard, I met you through my man  
I let my guards down and accepted you as fam  
Told you get a chair, let you eat at the table  
Never thought that he would be ungrateful  
But guess what, I own the pub and the label  
So if a nigga feeling itchy, I got killers on the paper  
Frienemies, frienemies  
The ones you kept close, the ones you love the most  
Frienemies  
You know who you kiss, you know who you lift  
This shit is getting scary  
Frenemies, frienemies  
The ones you kept secret, you had plans to make it  
Frienemies  
You can smell the danger  
Over the money best friends become strangers  
Hope y'all paying attention, keep y'all eyes open  
Hope I ain't wasting my breathe  
About this shit that I'm talking about 'cause it's so real  
You gotta watch these niggas around you  
'Cause you never know whose who now a days  
And all of our love we be showing  
They might not be showing the same type of love back  
Matter of fact they might not be in there for your best interest  
See an alterier motive is hard to see when  
You've known a person for so long  
Or you've became a custom to their ways  
But you gotta stay on fifty, you gotta stay on fifty  
'Cause you got some people that think like  
If niggas is moving fast like that then karma will get em'  
But sometimes karma don't come around fast enough  
To handle the situation  
But sometimes for us to learn a lesson we go way to far  
Then the consequences become way too heavy  
That's what I'm trying to let learn from experience  
And please don't be naive to the fact that the nigga next to you  
Could be the nigga that set you up for failure or even kill you  
You know how the game go and you gotta watch  
these bitches  
These trifilling bitches, man, they set you up for failure too  
You know, they're in there for the money, man, gold digging bitches  
It's a fucked up world but you probably won't even get a chance  
You know, might put you up in a gang  
Frienemies

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