

# Deep Fried Frenz

## MF Doom

Before we go any further, friends  
As you call em they call you when they need somethin  
Trees for the blunt, two G's for the front  
I found a way to get peace of mind for years and left the hell alone  
Turn a deaf ear to the cellular phone  
Send me a letter or better, we could see each other in real life  
Just so you could feel me like a steel knife  
At least so you could see the white of their eyes  
Bright with surprise once they finish spittin lies  
Associates, is your boys, your girls, bitches, niggaz, homies?  
Close, but really don't know me  
Mom, dad, comrade, peeps, brothers, sisters, duns, dunnies  
Some come around when they need some money  
Others make us laugh like the Sunday funnies  
Fam be around whether you paid or bummy  
You could either ignore this advice or take it from me  
Be too nice and people take you for a dummy  
So nowadays he ain't so friendly  
Actually they wouldn't even made a worthy enemy  
Read the signs, no feeding the baboon  
Seein as how they got your back bleeding from the stab wounds  
Y'all know the dance, they smile in your face,  
y'all know the glance  
Try ta put 'em on, they blow the chance  
Never let your so-called mans know your plans  
How many of us have them? A show of hands  
Friends is a term some people use loosely  
I'm real choosy on what I choose to let crews see  
You telling me, I try to act broke  
Jealousy, the number one killer among black folk  
Fellas be under some type of spell like crack smoke  
Ghetto Cinderellas, lead 'em right to your stack, loc  
Just another way a chick'll lead to your end  
I check the dictionary for the meanin of Friends  
It said, person, one who likes to socialize with  
Sympathize and help her and that's about the size of it  
Most of the time these attributes is one-sided  
To bolster the crime they opt to shoot you through your eyelid  
And they can't hide it goin wild like a white bitch  
Sometimes you need to cut niggaz off like a light switch  
Click, and when things get quiet  
Catch 'em like a thief in the night, bow, what a riot  
I first met Mister Fantastik at a arms deal  
Don't let it get drastic, think of how your moms will feel  
When it get for real the steel get to sparkin  
Everything darken and ain't no talkin  
For somethin so cheap it sure buys a lot of trouble  
You better off focusing than tryin to plot the bubble  
Or else it'd be a sad note to end on, the guns we got  
One's we can depend on, friends  
Some come in the form of co-dependence  
A lotta times only end up bein co-defendants

Ten bucks say they'll tell for a lower sentence  
And leave you up under the jail beggin for a penance  
It don't make no sense, what happened to the loyalty?  
Honor amongst crooks, trust amongst royalty  
I'd rather go out in a blaze, than give 'em the glory  
How many of us have a similar story, friends?  
Before lovers we used to have some type of over standing  
Just so when I let her get the man-thing she know its no strings  
We could do the damn thing but, hoe, its no rings  
Just how the tramp swings, will she see 'em again?  
That depends on how good was the skins  
And could she memorize the lessons  
It ain't no need to pretend  
Even though she let 'em stab it, she know they just, friends  
Friends, how many of us have them?  
Friends, ones we can depend on?  
Friends, how many of us have them?  
Friends, before we go any further

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