

Friends (Ft Warren G And Snoop Dogg)

Nate Dogg

Friends, how many of us have them
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Friends, how many of us have them Every since I could remember
I had friends I could depend on
Clothes to lend 'em
But as time went by
My life got a little strange
And the rules of the game seem to change
Trust, honesty and devotion
And money, money, money is the poison potion
There's no way that I can even say
That this game has been good to me
Or even bad to me it had to be
Cause tragically the way this shit
Cracked off for Doggy Dogg was magically
And now I'm gettin' everything I'm supposed to get
But my friendship with niggas always ends up as bullshit
I listen to my momma though
She always tried to prepare me
Byt how could she do what I
I mean I'm do or die
But my life on the streets
That shit is suicide
So to cope I got a dogg and a locc
And keep my heat close in case these jokes go for broke
I'm mashin' with the click 2-1-3 that is
They my homeboys ever since kids-
Real friends to the end Hangin' out with my homies and I'm feelin' just fine
I've been ponderin' lately
A lot of different things on my mind
It seems lately my friends list
Done took a slight decline
And if you wanna know the truth man, man
Them wasn't no friends of mine You jackin' me up, you takin' my cash
All my life L-B-C, for my city I mash
All those OGs and BGs and wannabies and L-O-Cs
The only friends I got is my 2-1-3s
That's my nigga Snoop D Woop and my nigga N-A-T-E

I can't forget about my nigga H to the Deezy
Pressure and strikes
Don't wann take no lives
But these jaws, cracks and hood cracks
Will make you break bizacks
"Whussup homie, can I borrow some cash?"
Last week I agve you 500, so kiss my ass
I got a baby to feed
A familly to see through
And shake busta snitches tweekin' like you
Homies and friends that's what they for
Stayin' tight and money right
And bustin' with a 44Hangin' out with my homies and I'm feelin' just fine
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Songwriters

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