

Brothers

Kid Cudi

If my niggas don't fuck wit' you, I don't fuck wit' you
That's just a code in my hood, don't let these guns hit you
Be a man of your word, don't ever let 'em play you
Stand up for your shit, make sure these haters pay you
Can't nothing stop a room full of real niggas
I got some bad rich bitches, they my real niggas
It's like working four jobs not to kill niggas
My little niggas love to ride by and spill niggas
If y'all fell out over some chips that ain't your real nigga
If y'all fell out over a chick that ain't your real nigga
Before I be a house nigga be a field nigga
I gotta Port Arthur chick, call it my trill nigga
I met Duke in 92 and we still niggas
Rockin Hilfigers before they was like chill niggas
Living well me and my niggas go'n eat
Before you hate, hit the brakes with both feet
Hey yo, all right
This is how it's supposed to be
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Hey yo, all right
Max with the homies, try to teach them things
Teach them how to make a piece of change, even keep the change
But they neva change, bought a set of chains with another chain
Upgraded to a better chain, that Beretta sing, I ain't playing
Shoes on the 'rari start to look like hooves
Pigs by the crib start to look like wolves
Money neva change me only change the situation
The paper I be chasin got them sucka niggas hatin
Started from the pavement, basement Satan,
Couldn't match my claims so they compare me to a mason
Free like slaves but they based and crazy
We talkin' bout crack or we talkin about blacks?
Spliffing the blunt up, then they pickin the gun up
Motherfuckers is trippin if it in in the run up

Then they gettin the come up, yup bitch
And they do with the sun up
And this is for my niggas and my gang
Through the fortune and the fame

Only thing that never change is my niggas

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I got the niggas that I need with me

Any issues my nigga you know to please hit me

No question no hesitation when it comes to holding fam down,

If you creep me the fuck out you probably ain't around

Now you can hate on the side lines, I'm skippin past

You got me fucked up, keep talkin and kiss my ass

No sweatin the ho shit, too in tune with the family

I do got the ones that do know Scott

They give me the love that a nigga need

If its a place to stay or a dime sack of weed

Word to Dennis, ridin' thick and thin until we finished

Focused to keep the pockets replenished, clothes on our kids

And keep my niggas from goin away on a bid

Only wanted all the fly shit when we got big

Chasin these hoes up in they ribs at they momma crib

Beat niggas up so 'bout it, 'bout it they go blind about it

We all grown, families of our own

Providing for 'em real niggas, real morals that's the code

Perform so long as I am my brother's keeper

He will provide me with a nine if I need or a street sweeper

The love I have for my niggas is another type

You gotta real nigga down with you for your whole life

Love for my niggas

The brothers that I never had made my life a lot less sad my nigga

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