## **Friends**

## Saigon

Instead, I go in the zone and spit poems in the microphone
Talking to you is something to do,
but I be calling Ricker?s home
You insisted on making me sin
You ain?t love me, you was making pretend
You wasn?t my friend
My auntie, my uncle and them
They used to tell me again and again:
?Watch out for your friends?
My momma couldn?t never comprehend
Said, ?You won?t even do it for me, but you?ll do it for your friends?
Wish I would have listened to them
They said: ?Friends, sometimes they?ll try to make you sin?
You ain?t no friend of mine
You a waste of my time

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