Best Friends

M.A.C

[chorus]You was my nigga now we beefin'
I'm bustin' at you, you bustin' at me
And it won't stop til' we both sleepin' (2x)[first verse]We was claimin' the same hood fucked the same bitches
And they knew, if I hit it you had to hit it too, we was cruel
You was wit me when I first pulled the trigga
You tried to shoot two, but your gun jammed so we pulled off, remember?
I headed by your mama house, for a couple of days
'cause the niggas we was beefin' with, knew where I stayed
We was some down south niggas,
Boot in the mouth niggas
The wrong route niggas
Typical niggas
We'd just make a lil' dollar, sellin' weed to the needy
Everything be fifty/fifty ain't no need, for bein' greedy
You my dog, ha? so that's how we played it
Niggas who hated, we rushed and demonstrated
Why we ain't to be faded
On this mission with get money, power, and bitches
I would ever come along with these riches that's if nobody snitches
I do a bid for you, take care of your kid for you
But damn, look what these pussy niggas done did to you[chorus][bridge one]
Hello?
(yeah, nigga what's happenin'?)
What's happenin' wit'cha dogg?
(what's happenin' with you nigga, nigga talk about you got some
Beef wit me nigga)
Beef wit you? nigga you know I'm a real nigga,
If I had some beef with you I'd come to ya like a man,
It ain't like that between us, what it is is, you talkin' to these
Niggas, and these niggas got you....[verse two]Them niggas told you I blew up and I forgot about us
The same niggas who was with you, and afraid to bust
How could you listen to these niggas? when they mean no good?
Muthafuckas ain't even from our hood
And now you snortin' furl with em
Off in that world with em
Father forgive him he dancin' to some other rhythm
Ever thought that we could work it out?
We would meet,
But as long as you with them niggas I be with that heat

And that's deep,
'cause I made a promise to your mama when we was only 12
I would deliver you from evil and keep you alive and well
Guess I gotta disappoint her, but you leave me no choice
Callin' my crib with this "murder, murder" tone in your voice
What I'm a bitch or somethin'?
I used to fight for you,
Used to let you stay at my mama crib when shit just wasn't right for you
Look what you do me in return
I guess I played with fire, so eventually it burns[bridge two]Hello?
Hello?
Man, this nigga done fuckin' hung up on me.
Y'all think that nigga serious?[chorus]It's world war nigga
Once again, it's the fuckin' murder prince
The ghetto commando, representin' niggas

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