

# Friends (ft Warren G & Snoop)

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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