Real Friends

Kanye West

Real friends, how many of us?
How many of us, how many jealous? Real friends
It's not many of us, we smile at each other
But how many honest? Trust issues
Switched up the number, I can't be bothered
I cannot blame you for havin' an angle
I ain't got no issues, I'm just doin' my thing
Hope you're doin' your thing too
I'm a deadbeat cousin, I hate family reunions
Fuck the church up, I'm drinkin' at the communion
Spillin' free wine, now my tux is ruined
In town for a day, what the fuck we doin'?
Who your real friends? We all came from the bottom
I'm always blamin' you, but what's sad, you're not the problem
Damn I forgot to call her, shit I thought it was Thursday
Why you wait a week to call my phone in the first place?
When was the last time I remembered a birthday?
When was the last time I wasn't in a hurry?Tell me you want your tickets when it's gametime
Even to call your daughter on her FaceTime
Even when we was young I used to make time
Now we be way too busy just to make time
Even for myReal friends
I guess I get what I deserve, don't I?
Word on the streets is they ain't heard from him
I guess I get what I deserve, don't I?
Talked down on my name, throwed dirt on himI couldn't tell you how old your daughter was
Couldn't tell you how old your son is
I got my own Jr. on the way, dawg
Plus I already got one kid
Couldn't tell you much about the fam though
I just showed up for the yams though
Maybe 15 minutes, took some pictures with your sister
Merry Christmas, then I'm finished, then it's back to business
You wanna ask some questions 'bout some real shit?
Like I ain't got enough pressure to deal with
Please don't pressure me with that bill shit
Cause everybody got 'em, that ain't children
Oh you've been nothin' but a friend to me
Niggas thinkin' I'm crazy, you defendin' me

It's funny I ain't spoke to niggas in centuries
To be honest, dawg I ain't feelin' your energy
Money turn your kin into an enemy
Niggas ain't real as they pretend to beLookin' for all my real friends
How many of us? How many of us are real friends
To real friends, to the real end
'Til the wheels fall off, 'til the wheels don't spin
To 3 A.M., callin'
How many real friends?
Just to ask you a question
Just to see how you was feelin'
How many?
For the last you was frontin'
I hate when a nigga text you like, "what's up, fam, oh you good?"
You say, "I'm good" then great, the next text they ask you for somethin'
How many?
What's best for your family, immediate or extended
Any argument, the media'll extend it
I had a cousin that stole my laptop that I was fuckin' bitches on
Paid that nigga 250 thousand just to get it from him
Real friends
Huh?Real friends
I guess I get what I deserve, don't I
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I guess I get what I deserve, don't I
Talked down on my name, throwed dirt on him

Songwriters
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