enemies

Dynamic Source

When I first met you I thought that you and I was friends to the end
People told me men you befriended just went to the pen
But I ain't listen to them, cause you promised
As long as I fuck with you I never be in the same position again
Like you said they just jealous cuz we gone get rich and they not
They work a lot, we play the block, still got more than they got
Cousin guzzling hinny high, people say if I keep fucking with you
I subsequently die, end up with twenty five
They claiming you claim many lives, with so many lies
With guys, innocent ladies, babies of any size
Nah I knew it wasn't the truth, cuz they ain't have nothing for proof
They even blamed you for dozens of youths of substance abuse
What kinda crap is that? Everybody knows that crackers bought crack to our habitat
To attack the Latins and Blacks, never mind that fact, something I know is wrong
You was there when my hopeless mom put me out in the coldest storm
Even though you did introduce me to smoking dro
And so it was, you welcome Saigon with open arms
That's all I could focus on, the reason I wrote this explosive song
To show even the closest bond, gets torn
You tricked me all along, you had me thinking you was my friend
You never loved Saigon
(Chorus)
With friends like you who needs enemies
Brought a nigga bad luck like the Kennedys
You had a nigga ass up in the penitentiary
With friends like you who needs enemies
Now we smoking new porces, dozens of whole forties we force with
You taught the kid more than any school in New York did
Teachers teaching me social studies, but wasn't there for Saigon to cry on after the wakes of my closest buddies

I was grew up, I depicted this picture too up, was I just a fool or just too young
I storm on the booze that you brung
Snatch my soul, put a whole in it, grab my mind took control of it,
Made my heart as cold as the home it supposed to be
Funny when you wasn't around it was no incidents
That you telling all of that was simply coincidence
That's a thesis I doubt, 'fore I met you I wasn't kick Theresas eye out
Or had the police at my house, I wouldn't have needed keys to fly south
Murder rap would never ease from my mouth, I probably be at peace with myself

Probably think what you did to me was sweet, laughing at me like Kee-Kee-Kee Falling for your trickery in this feet
Don't flatter yourself, it don't take a genius to spell thug
Convince a kid at the mere age of twelve to sell drugs
If you really had g, you had them white kids like you had me
It was they great granddaddies that created you Daddy
They was the ones that flooded you with gats and liquor stores
Mats, Pimps with the whores, trade cash for intercourse
And of course these young niggas stay sucking you off
But I know the truth, so poof; I'm cutting you off
(Chorus)
With friends like you who needs enemies
Brought a nigga bad luck like the Kennedys
You had a nigga's ass up in the penitentiary
With friends like you who needs enemies
You did this to me
You did this to me, man
You know what? A lot of times we grow up thinking the streets is our friend
You know what I'm sayin'
The streets ain't your motherfucking friend young blood
Take it from me, man, I been in the streets my whole motherfucking life
And I ain't get nothin' but pain, death, jail...

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