

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...

Lyrics provided by

<https://damlyrics.com/>