Friends

Nate Dogg

Friends, how many of us have them?
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Every since I could remember, I had friends I could depend on
Clothes to lend 'em, money to spend on
But as time went by, my life got a little strange
And the rules in this 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, and warn me for the drama now
But 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, how many of us have them?
And I'm feelin' just fine, how many of us have them?
I've been ponderin' lately, lately, how many of us have them?
A lot of different things on my mind, how many of us have them?
It seems lately my friends list, how many of us have them?
Done took a slight decline, how many of us have them?
And if you wanna know the truth man, man, how many of us have them?
Them wasn't no friends of mine, how many of us have them?
You jackin' me up, you takin' my cash
All my life LBC, for my city I mash
All those OG's and BG's and wannabe's and L-O-C's
The only friends I got is my 2-1-3's
That's my nigga Snoop D Whoop and my nigga N-A-T-E
I can't forget about my nigga H to the Dizzy
Pressure and strikes, don't wanna take no lives

But these jaw-jacks and hood cracks'll make you break some dizzacks
"Whassup homie, can I borrow some cash?"
Last week I gave you 500, so kiss my ass
I got a baby to feed, a family to see through
And shake busta snitches, tweakin' like gizzoo
Homies and friends, that's what they bizzo
Stayin' tight and money right and bustin' with a .44
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