Fuck Friendz

2pac

My ghetto love song, hahaha, let's be friends
(Where my niggaz at? Where my niggaz where my bitches?
Where my niggaz at? Where my bitches at?
Throw your hands in the air
Everybody just throw your hands in the air)
Let's be friends
(Wessyde in this motherfucker right here, Wessyde)
Approach you and post a minute, arm on my double R tinted
As you pass bye wink in my eye, freshly scented
What's the haps baby? (Whassup?) Come get with me and perhaps lady
You can help me multiply my stacks baby
Currency seems small I need companionship (hey)
Through with that, scandalous shit, I bet your man ain't shit
So why you hesitatin actin like yo' shit don't stink
Check out my, diamonds bitch everyone gonna blink (bling bling bling)
This be a thug thang, Outlaw nigga with riches
Cream dreamin motherfucker, on a mash for bitches
Check my resume, sippin on Cristal and Alize
Smokin on big weed, keyed the Cali way
Don't like trickin but I'll buy you a fifth
I can't stand no sneaker wearin nappy head bitch
Let my pedigree, rebreed me, they're so cheap
Puttin bitch-made bustas to sleep with no grief
Mash on my so-called comp, who the man?
While I'm tuggin on yo' main bitch head (C'mere baby, Wessyde!)
Understand this, ain't no nigga like me, fuck Jay-Z
He broke and I smoke daily (come on y'all) baby let's be friends
Let's be friends (where my niggaz at? come on)
You ain't gotta be my man at all, long as you just bring me your
Friends, (all my niggaz, where my hoes at?)
Why you trickin on them other hoes?
Let's be friends (where the bitches at, where the niggaz with money?)
(Where you at baby?)
You ain't gotta be my man at all, long as you just bring me your
Friends, (cash makin hoes)
Why you trickin on them other hoes?
Let's be friends
I met you and I stuttered in passion
Though slightly blinded by that ass

It was hard to keep my dick in my pants
Every time you pass got me checkin for you hardcorestarin and watchin
Me and you one on one (see that bitch) picture countless options
Was it prophecy? Clear as day, visions on top of me
Erotic, psychotic, we posess bubonics
Far from a crush I wanna bust your guts and touch
Everything inside you from my head to my nuts
You got me sweatin like a fat girl goin for mine
Just a skinny nigga fuckin like she stole my mind
Back in time I recall how she used to be
I guess money and fame made you used to me
What's up in 9-6? Fine tricks in drag
Fuck Dre, tell that bitch he can kiss my ass
Back to you, my pretty ass caramel queen
Got my hands on your thighs now
Let me in between as friends
Let's be friends (wessyde, motherfucker right here)
You ain't gotta be my man at all, long as you just bring me your
Friends, (wessyde in this motherfucker)
Why you trickin on them other hoes?

Let's be friends (wessyde in this motherfucker right here)
You ain't gotta be my man at all, long as you just bring me your
Friends, (in this motherfucker right here)
Why you trickin on them other hoes?
Let's be friends
Can you imagine me in player mode, rush the tricks
I got em ready for a booty call, I fucked your bitch (Ha hah!)
Was it me or the fame? My dick or the game?
Bet I scream WESSYDE when I came (wessyde, ha ha ha)
Scream my name, cause baby it's delicious got a weak spot
For pretty bitches up and down, similar to switches
My movement, baby let your back get into it
Make it fluid, in and out, all around when a nigga do it
You got me high! Let me come inside
I love it when you get on top, baby let me ride! (let me ride!)
Who wanna stop me? Am I top notch?
Fuck player hatin niggaz cause they cock block (cock block)
You probably hate to see a real thug with vision, what's the game?
Rather see a nigga up in prison, why you change?
Made a livin out of cuss words, liquor, and weed
A bad seed turned good - in this world of G's
Baby got me fantasizin, seein you naked
It's the fuck song, so check my record
And let's be friends

(Where my niggaz at? Show me where my niggaz at?
Where my bitches at) Thug style
Let's be friends (where my niggaz at, where my bitches at?)
(Throw yo' guns in the air!)
Friends, (my ghetto love song, it goes on and on and on and on)
Let's be friends (where my niggaz at, where my bitches at?)
(Where my niggaz at?)
Friends, (where my niggaz at, where my bitches at?)
(Where my people at? Let's be)
Where my people at? Show me where my people at
Where my people at? Show me where my people at
All my niggaz now, just my niggaz come
Where my niggaz at? Just my niggaz now
Be friends, tell me where my niggaz at
Be friends, tell me where my bitches at
Be friends, tell me where my people at
Be friends, tell me where my bitches at
Make money, take money, be friends
Let's be friends (get your cash on, let's, get dough)
You ain't gotta be my man at all, long as you just bring me your
Friends, (c'mon, get your cash on)
Why you trickin on them other hoes?
Let's be friends (c'mon, get your cash on, let's, get paid)
You ain't gotta be my man at all, long as you just bring me your
Friends, (c'mon, getcha cash on)
Why you trickin on them other hoes?
Let's be friends
Make money, take money
Make money, take money
Make money, take money
Make money, take money
Make money, take money

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