

Friends

Nate Dogg, Snoop Dogg & Warren G

Friends, how many of us have them?

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Friends, how many of us have them? 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 Hangin' out with my homies, how many of us have them?
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