

South Park Mexican F/ Baby Beesh, Low-G, Russell

"What About Your Friends"

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What about your friends
What about
What about your friends
What about what about

Every now and then I get a little crazy
That's not the way it's supposed to be
Sometimes my vision is a little hazy
I can't tell who I should trust or just who I let trust me
(yeah)

People try to say I act a little funny
But that's just a figure of speech to me
They tell me I changed because I got money
But if you were there before then you're still down with
me

[Chorus]
What about your friends will they stand their ground
Will they let you down again
What about your friends are they gonna be low down
Will they ever be around or will they turn their backs on
you

Well is it me or can it be I'm a little too
Friendly so to speak hypothetically
Say I supply creativity to what others
Must take as a form of self-hate
Only to make an enemy
Which results in unfortunate destiny
They dog me out then be next to me
Just cause I am what some choose to envy

Every now and then I get a little easy
I let a lot of people depend on me
I never thought they would ever deceive me
Don't you know when times got rough I was standing on
my own
I'll never let another get that close to me
You see I've grown a lot smarter now
Sometimes you have to choose and then you'll see

If your friend is true they'll be there with you
Through the thick and thin

[Chorus]

Friends...
Let you down again....
Be low down...

Forget giggly boogly
I'm attack it like a seizure
I got rhymes at my leisure
Time when I need ta
With T to the L to the C
What I be sayin'
Gettin' loose on this track
But underground is where I'm stayin'
So hip hip hooray organizers comin' in
On a friend like the OJ
But what about your friends to the end
Will they run on out like a jeeble
Or you'll find 'em stickin' close to your side
Like a big bunch of fiends
Six now the groupies drinkin' water
I get real funny so you'd better hide your daughter
Oh buddy oh pal oh chump friend of mine
Stayin' close like ketchup
A virgin that's right you call me Bruce Lee right
For the styles that me kick
And give me enough respect for this funky remix
One one thousand two one thousand three one
thousand blitz
Now the rabbit felt blue so I gave the nigga Trix
Cuz I was his friend wasn't down for the beggin'
You called me a friend we're seven about to takin'
Take a tickin' keep on lickin' why you dippin' for the
border
You said you'd be down for richer for poorer but
O-U-T-K-A-S-T ain't no change so TLC go head and
sang baby

Yo is it me
L to the E-F-T-E-Y-E (a ha ha)
Or can it be I am a little too
Friendly so to speak hypothetically
Say I supply creativity to what others
Must take as a form of self-hate
Only to make an enemy
Which results in unfortunate destiny
They dog me out then be next to me
Just cause I am what some choose to envy

Brrrrr.....ba ba ba
Back up
This ya wicked remix
Come down wicked sing
Rewind with em aya

[Chorus]

[Chorus]

People say I act a little funny
I wouldn't change not for no money
I'll be a friend as long as you're a friend to me (yeah,
yeah)
Even though I might seem easy
It don't give you no cause to deceive me...

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