

Willie the Kid

"Friends And Money"

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Intro

This is the way we both wanted it, wasn't it?

[Willie The Kid]

A buckaneer with the buck knife
I rock the bucket like Para Smith, amongst life
Disparaging, when they hate to see you splurging
Amongst friends, evil lurking
Determined, to push something German, The Benz if
I'm certain
Or something even bigger feel the jitters through the
curtain
And bitches get jitty when the cars look itty bitty
The high rise let em overlook the city
Sippin popular, I thought this what we work for
But still, some niggas got delusional when shit got real
I mean it's one thing to want it
A whole nother thing to find pleasure in the fact your
man ain't got enough to flaunt it
I want it for my brother like I want it for my own
Every man for himself, show him D but can't condone
All the fake shit, undermine the hatred
I guess I'm just too real, uprooted the basics
When both of ya'll broke it's cool
And if ya men get some money best believe it's even
cooler
But let you get some, these niggas lose they medula
I thought this what we both wanted, but now I see how
niggas on it
Friends & Money

(Chorus x2)

Fake friends real money it can never mix
It's all good till you both start stacking chips
Fake friends real money better let it miss ya
You see the real when the money come into the picture

(Cory Gunz)

Young Money,

Gunz ruling this bitch with gunz ruling this shit

Like tongues moving with lips
I told them I'm on my sh-sh-sh-sh
Shit hit the fan, blow the show and flip a fan
Tol em ballin ballin ballin ballin point hit the can
South BX I'm out PS,
Tell em what we bout GS
3 out 3 left feet out the chest
It's obvious you count me less he out he next
These dingy niggas call it rap and shout a mess
And talk shit on the internet
Think they all could get outernet
Yes it's Gunna, brothers keep a toola Young Mula
Bitch still I'm in that reaper suit I'm gonna need a
manula
Who are you fooling cooling doofus
Or do it toothless I'm stupid as uncle rufus
His stool is stupid now mucus with music
If you compute with, just shoot a mutant
Excuse me just mute a shootant, back in the day it was
abc
Now I'm downin 1 2 3
Militia men fisher men blist ya fishes my commision ya
bitch get mishing then
Hells kitchen to that miss ya and mish ya in michigan
Position for rich and I'm finna twist my ignition in
It's dramatic dibiase he aint got no sense with him
Dark man, only willie the kid is the kin to him
Young Money Cash Money, imprinted in synnonims
Got niggas sick of them like Yo how the fuck they give
him the him
Catch me on any corner store in america blendin in
I aint from it goin fuck it my plan is the benjamin, nigga

(Chorus x2)

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