

Yung Berg

"Best Friends"

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Hey lil mama watta do say you gotta man well I gotta girl too.
That was N.Y.C walking outta no boo, baby pass for a swag shorty fly through
Meanwhile I got my baby girl sitting at home disrespect you. You dunno when she call gotta hit the bathroom just to answer my phone pick it up like hello, hello?
Back to the room damn take a look at you boy shorts on Paris Hilton perfume, seem like you doin everything my girl wont do, you fuck she don't move you swallow she snooze

And when we get down like that Hit it from the back eat it from the back
Work all day fuck all night, I know im so wrong for getting down like that

I I I I fell in love with her
I I I I fell in love with her
I I I fell in love with my girls best friend
Uh-oh uh-oh you got me saying uh -oh uh oh
You got me saying uh -oh
Oh no
I fell in love with my girl's best friend

Your friend
She's all yours
Your friend
But still mine
Your friend

Damn girl im in love with her
Uh- oh, oh no
She's all yours
Your friend
But still mine
Your friend
Uh oh on no

I fell in love with my girl's best friend

Hey lil mama gotta new friend, New York model brown
eyes 5"10, she just touch down at a quarter past ten
Bout to beat it out cmon maybe you should come with
that's when I started actin and getting on that bullshit
Like I aint even hungry girl im on the front dip
That's why I got the Crib looking like a spaceship, red
light blue right stroll lights real shit
And then they sit
Talking bout their boyfriends (talking) hit it from the
back eat it from the back, she said damn girl yung he
should meet Chris they share the same swag and they
sound like twins both got dance same green eyes they
should be a perfect match
Girl they should be fine

That's when she came back in to tell me all about her
friend but she don't know that

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I fell in love with my girl's best friend

A little Quarter past 2
Walked into the crib smelled cushion perfume two wine
glasses and a jacket suit. First thing I thought first thing
I thought was damn shorty cheating on you
I'm thinking about you thinking about me thinking about
her or shall I say we, she must be tripping she must be
whiling all the pictures in the crib I was cut out on
Walk to the stairs and I see my photo album next to a
crushed up young berg album letters everywhere yeah

she must of wrote a thousand, writing on the wall like
the second album
Walk in the room see my NY boo on the edge of the
bed with my mean girl too
She said fuck you I said fuck me
You better pack your bags or I call the police
Damn, you know thats fuckin bullshit

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