

Z-Ro "Friends"

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[Z-Ro]

I thought I had a lot of partnas, but I've only got some
Since I can't depend on my niggaz, I put my faith up in
my shotgun
Rolling around in my '78, reminiscing on the past
16 years old trying to get into Boomerang, smelling all
our lil cash
Now it's like we never knew eachother, motherfuckers
act strange
It's like they got intentions, on putting bullets up in my
brain
Why they can't look me in my eyes no mo'
Even though I miss my T. Jones, at least mama ain't
gotta to cry no mo'
I done seen my nigga get rich, leave the hood, make a
lot of rich friends
But try to come back to the po' partnas, when all the
richness end
Tell him to come watch me perform, but they don't go,
and if I'm
Stranded and I need a ride, they say they coming but
they don't show
Picture me walking down the feeter, everybody
masking me up
Oh good it's that nigga from the hood, chunking a
deuce passing me up
That's alright though, I gotta make a top flight hoe,
smoking and thinking
When I get I want no nobody, but a Benjamin Franklin
cause uh

[Hook - 2x]

Friends just ain't friends no more
Ain't no love, cause money is all we adore
Friends just ain't friends no more
I don't need you motherfuckers round me

[Cl'Che]

Most of these hoes say they your friend, but they really
ain't down
Cause when you broke and got no ends, them same
hoes don't come round

The main hoes that talk down, most friends turn to foes
That's just the way it go down, that's why I stay blowing
pounds
Cause Mary Jane don't change she stay the same, help
maintain
And ease the pain, stay free from the bullshit people
bring
Cause the world is full of evil mayn
That's why I stay one deep, fuck these niggaz and
these hoes
I be solo on my creep, no one in the passenger seat
[Den Den]
First he's riding high, now he busting Mack 10's
Watch you go from homie to foe, then try to come back
again
There ain't no returning with the fuck shit, that's why I
murder with one click
These fake ass G's I'm done with, selling my shit for
one sill
But claiming you down to the ground bitch, bitch you
ain't down with
Just another fake friend, trying to chop the Benz
Helping to plead my ends, looking for a win
Lying with a grin, trying to sneak back in

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Remember back in '97, we was living it up
If they had it and we wanted it, they was giving it up
Through it wrong together, I think we wrote our first
song together
Matter of fact, we smoked our first zone together
Look at you now oh you a rich nigga, thinking that you
running thangs
But you ain't running a damn thang but your mouth,
cause you's a bitch nigga
Going against the grain, cause you done made a lil
change
But I can't flip the script wanna get rich, I gotta remain
the same
I had visions of us balling together, pulling up at the
Past at New Orleans
Together, everyday all day shot calling together, but
now I'm only rolling solo
Don't get it twisted I still got love for my niggaz, but I
don't fuck with em no mo'
Cause everybody want me to do, what they want me to
do
And they want me to do it, but I'd rather stay full of
embalming fluid

But you know what you can do for me, give me a whole
lot of leave me alone
Cause the only partna I got left, got 17 partnas of his
own and uh

[Hook - 2x]

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