

## 2 Pac "Fuck Friends"

Visit "[Fuck Friends](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

oh, who hoo hoo

live from the crazy house

you heard that shit nigga

live from the crazy house

yo that nigga be crazy as hell

(hey yo, what you doing with that big ass nigga anyway  
?)

my ghetto love song

(set it off, set it off)

lets be friends

mixed together:

(where my niggaz at, where my niggaz, where my  
niggaz, where my niggaz, where my niggaz at)

(where my real niggaz at, all my real niggaz, throw you  
mother fucking hands up)

(c'mon, lets go, lets go, lets go, lets see you throw you  
hands in the air, throw em, throw em, throw em)

(west side in this mother fucker right here, west side)

(throw you hands in the air, let me see you just throw  
you hands in the air)

[Verse 1]

approach you and posed a minute

all on my double R tinted

as you pass bye

winkin' my eye  
freshly scented  
what's the haps baby, look  
get with me and perhaps lady  
you can help me multiply my stacks baby  
currency seems small I need companionship  
do with that scandalous shit  
I bet your man ain't shit  
so why you hesitating, actin' like your shit don't stink  
check out my diamonds  
bitch everyone gon' blink  
this be a thug thing, outlaw  
nigga with riches cream dreamin' mutha fucka  
on a mash for bitches  
check my resume, sippin' on crystal and alize  
smoking on big weed, key'd the Cali way  
don't like trickin' but I'll buy you a fit  
I can't stand no sneaker wearing, nappy haired bitch  
let my pedigree read briefly  
their so cheap  
puttin bitch made bustas to sleep with no grief  
mash on my so called car  
who the man while I'm tuggin' on your main bitch hand  
(west side)  
understand this, ain't no nigga like me

fuck Jay-Z

he broke and I smoke dearly

(C'mon y'all)

baby lets be friends

[Chorus]

lets be friends

(where my niggaz at c'mon)

you ain't gotta by my man at all

as long as you just give me your

friends

(all my niggaz c'mon)

while you trickin' on them other hoes

lets be friends

(where the bitches that want a nigga with money, where  
you at baby?)

(hu, huh)

Lets be friends

you ain't gotta by my man at all

as long as you just give me your

friends

(cash making hoe's)

while you trickin' on them other hoes

lets be ...

[Verse 2]

I met you and I stuttered in passion

though slightly blinded

but at last, it was hard to keep my dick in my pants  
every time you pass, got me checking for you hardcore  
staring and watching  
me and you  
one on one, picture countless options  
was it prophecy, clear as day ?  
visions on top of me  
erotic, psychotic, would possess my body  
far from a crush  
I wanna bust your guts  
and touch everything inside you, from my head to my  
nuts  
you got my sweatin' like a fat girl going for mine  
just a skinny nigga fuckin like she stole my mind  
back in time, I recall how she used to be  
I guess  
money and fame made ya used to me  
what's up in 96 ?  
lying tricks in drag  
fuck Dre  
tell that bitch he can kiss my ass  
back to you  
my pretty ass, caramal queen  
got my hands on your thighs  
now let me in between  
as friends

[Chorus]

lets be friends

(west side in this mother fucker right here)

You ain't gotta by my man at all

as long as you just give me your

friends

(west side in this mother fucker)

while you trickin' on them other hoes

lets be friends

(west side in this mother fucker right here)

Lets be friends

You ain't gotta by my man at all

as long as you just give me your

friends

(in this mother fucker right here)

while you trickin' on them other hoes

[Verse 3]

can you image in me in player mode ?

rush the tricks

I got em, ready for a booty call

I fucked your bitch

was it me or the fame ?

my dick or the game ?

bet I screamed west side when I came

(WESTSIIIIIDE!)

scream my name

cause baby it's delicious  
got a weak spot for pretty bitches  
up and down, similar to switches  
my movement, baby let your back dip into it  
make it fluent  
in and out, all around when a nigga do it  
you got me high, let me come inside  
love it when you get on top, baby let me ride  
who wanna stop me ?  
in my top notch  
fucking player hating niggaz cause they cock block  
you probably hate to see a real thug envisioned with  
the game  
rather see a nigga up in prison, why you change ?  
made a living out of cuss words, liquor and weed  
a bad seed turned good, in this world of g's  
baby got me fantasizing of seeing you naked  
it's a fuck song, so check my record  
and let me friends  
where my niggaz at?  
(ahahahaha)  
show me where my niggaz at  
where my bitches at?  
thugstyle  
lets be friends  
where my niggaz at ?

(huh,huh)

where my bitches at ?

throw your guns in the air

friends

my ghetto love song, it goes on and on and on and on

lets be friends

where my niggaz at ?

(huh,huh)

where my bitches at ?

where my niggaz at ?

friends

where my niggaz at ?

where my bitches at ?

where my people at ? Lets be

where my people at?, Show me where my people at.

where my people at?, Show me where my people at.

where my people at?, Show me where my people at.

all my niggaz now, just my niggaz come.

where my niggaz at ?

just my niggaz now.

be friends, tell me where my niggaz at ?

be friends, tell me where my bitches at ?

be friends, tell me where my people at ?

make money, take money

be friends

[Chorus]

Friends

(get your cash on)

(lets get money)

You ain't gotta by my man at all

as long as you just give me your

friends

(c'mon, get your cash on)

while you trickin' on them other hoes

(lets get paid)

lets be friends

(c'mon, get your cash on)

You ain't gotta by my man at all

(lets get paid)

as long as you just give me your

friends

(c'mon, get your cash on)

while you trickin' on them other hoes

(lets get paid)

make money, take money

make money, take money

make money, take money

make money, take money

Visit [2 Pac](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.