

## 2Pac "Friends"

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I wanna be  
Yo, let me fuck that nigga down  
You heard that shit nigga  
Ay yo, what you doing with that big ass?

My ghetto love song, set it off, set it off  
Let's be friends, where my niggaz at?  
Where my niggaz, where my niggaz?  
Where my niggaz at, all my real niggaz?  
Where my niggaz, where my niggaz?

Let's be friends  
(Throw ya hands in the air)  
There's no need to front  
(Let's see ya just throw ya hands in the air)

Let's be friends  
(Westside in this motherfucker right here)  
(Throw ya hands in the air)  
Westside

Approach you and post a minute  
(Yeah)  
All on my double-R tinted as you pass bye winking  
My eye, freshly scented, what's the happs, baby?  
(What's up?)

Come get with me and perhaps, lady  
You can help me multiply my stacks, baby  
(Ha ha ha, get money, baby)  
Currency seem small I need companionship  
(Hey)

Through with that scandalous shit  
I bet your man ain't shit  
(Ain't shit)  
So why you hesitating? Acting like your shit don't stink  
Check out my diamonds bitch everyone gonna blink  
(Bling, bling, bling)

This be a thug paid, outlaw nigga with riches  
Cream dreaming mother fucker on a mash for bitches

(Bitch)

Check my resume, sipping on Crystalle and allazay

Smoking on big weed, keyed the Cali way

(Westside)

Don't like tricking but I'll buy you a fifth

I can't stand no sneaker-wearing nappy head bitch

(Word)

Let my letters read, read briefly, they're so cheap

Putting bitch-made bustas to sleep with no grief

Mash on my so-called cum, who the man?

While tugging on your made bitch head

(Westside)

Understand this, ain't no nigga like me

Fuck Jay-z, he broke and I smoke daily

(Come on, y'all)

Baby, let's be friends

Friends

(Where my niggaz at? Come on, y'all)

No need to front, let's be friends

(Where my niggaz at, all my niggaz?)

Because I know you want to fuck

(Where my bitches at?)

Let's be friends, no need to front, let's be friends

Because I know you want to fuck

I met you and I stuttered in passion

Though slightly blinded by that ass

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

(See that)

Picture countless options, was it prophecy?

Clear as day, visions on top of me

(Oh, my God)

Erotic, psychotic, would possess my body

(Yes, yes, yes)

Far from a quest I wanna bust your guts

And touch everything inside you from my head to my

nuts

You got me sweating like a fat girl going for mine

Just a skinny nigga fucking like she stole my mind

Back in time I recall how she used to be

I guess money and fame made you used to me

What's up in 9-6? fine tricks in drag  
Fuck Dre, tell that bitch he can kiss my ass  
Back to you, my pretty ass caramel queen  
(Come here baby, come here)  
Got my hands on your thighs now let me in-between  
That's friends

Friends  
(Where my niggaz at? Hahah, where my bitches at?)  
(Throw ya guns in the air)  
No need to front, let's be friends  
(My ghetto love song, it goes on and on and on and on)

Because I know you want to fuck  
Let's be friends  
(Where my niggaz at? Where my bitches at?)  
(Where my niggaz at?)

No need to front, let's be friends  
(Where my niggaz at?)  
(Where my bitches at? Where my people at?)  
Because I know you want to fuck, let's be

Can you imagine me in player mode, rush the tricks  
I got 'em ready for a booty call, I fucked your bitch  
(Ha ha)  
Was it me or the fame? My dick or the game?

Bet I scream 'Westside' when I came  
(Westside)  
Scream my name 'cause, baby  
It's the licoius ghetto 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

I love it when you get on top, baby, let me ride  
Who wanna stop me? Am I top notch?  
Fuck player hating niggaz 'cause they cock block  
(Cock block)

You probably hate to see a real thug with vision 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, seeing you naked  
It's a fuck song check the record  
(So check my record)

Where my niggaz at? Show me where my niggaz at  
Where my bitches at? Show me where my bitches at  
(Come on)  
Where my people at? Show me where my people at  
(Right here)

Where my people at? Show me where my people at  
(Westside in this motherfucker)  
All my niggaz now, this for niggaz here  
(Come on, Westside in this motherfucker right here)

Where my niggaz at? Just for niggaz now  
Where my bitches at? Where my bitches?  
(Westside in this motherfucker)  
Where my bitches at? Where my bitches be?  
(Come on)

Where my bitches at? Where my bitches?  
(Westside in this motherfucker right here)  
Where my down getting bitches? The cash getting  
niggaz  
(Come on)  
Be friends, tell me where my niggaz at  
(Westside in this motherfucker)

Be friends, tell me where my bitches at  
Be friends, tell me where my people at  
(Ha ha, my ghetto love song)  
Make money, take money, be friends  
(You know)

Make money, take money  
Make money, take money  
Make money, take money

Let's get paid  
Come on, get your cash on  
Let's get paid

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