

2Pac "Fuck Friends"

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

Oh, who ho, ho
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)
Let's be friends

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, let's go, let's go, let's go, let's 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

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 let's be friends

Let's 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
Let's be friends
(Where the bitches that want a nigga with money,
where you at baby?)
(Hu, huh)

Let's 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
Let's be

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, caramel queen
Got my hands on your thighs
Now let me in between, as friends

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
Let's be friends
(Where the bitches that want a nigga with money,
where you at baby?)
(Hu, huh)

Let's 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
Let's be

Let's 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
Let's be friends
(West side in this mother fucker right here)
Let's 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

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
(West side)

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?
(Ah, ah, ah, aha)
Show me where my niggaz at
Where my bitches at? Thugstyle

Let's 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
Let's 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? Let's 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

Let's 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
Let's be friends
(Where the bitches that want a nigga with money,
where you at baby?)
(Hu, huh)

Let's 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
Let's be

Friends
(Get your cash on)
(Let's 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
(Let's get paid)

Let's be friends
(C'mon, get your cash on)
You ain't gotta by my man at all
(Let's get paid)

As long as you just give me your
Friends
(C'mon, get your cash on)
While you trickin' on them other hoes
(Let's get paid)

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

Make money, take money

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.