

## 2Pac "Fuck Friendz"

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My ghetto love song, ha, ha, ha, let's be friends  
(Where my niggaz at? Where my niggaz, where my  
bitches?)  
(Where my niggaz at? Where my bitches at?)  
Throw your hands in the air  
(Everybody just throw your hands in the air)  
Let's be friends  
(Wessyde in this motherfucker right here, Wessyde)

Approach you and post a minute, arm on my double-R  
tinted  
As you pass by, wink in my eye, freshly scented  
What's the haps, baby?  
(Whassup?)  
Come get with me and perhaps lady  
You can help me multiply my stacks, baby

Currency seems small, I need companionship  
(Hey)  
Through with that scandalous shit, I bet your man ain't  
shit  
So why you hesitatin' actin' like yo' shit don't stink  
Check out my diamonds, bitch, everyone gonna blink  
(Bling, bling, bling)

This be a thug thang, outlaw nigga with riches  
Cream dreamin', motherfucker, on a mash for bitches  
Check my resume, sippin' on Cristal and Alize  
Smokin' on big weed, keyed the Cali way  
Don't like trickin' but I'll buy you a fifth

I can't stand no sneaker wearin' nappy head, bitch  
Let my pedigree, reseed me, they're so cheap  
Puttin' bitch made bustas to sleep with no grief  
Mash on my so-called comp, who the man?

While I'm tuggin on yo' main bitch head  
(C'mere baby, Wessyde)  
Understand this, ain't no nigga like me, fuck Jay-Z  
He broke and I smoke daily, baby, let's be friends  
(Come on y'all)

Let's be friends  
(Where my niggaz at? Come on)  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends  
(All my niggaz, where my hoes at?)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?  
Let's be friends

(Where the bitches at, where the niggaz with money?)  
(Where you at, baby?)  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends  
(Cash makin' hoes)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?  
Let's be friends

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 checkin' for you hardcore  
Starin' and watchin', me and you one on one  
(See that, bitch)

Picture countless options  
Was it prophecy? Clear as day, visions on top of me  
Erotic, psychotic, we possess bubonics  
Far from a crush, I wanna bust your guts and touch  
Everything inside you, from my head to my nuts

You got me sweatin' like a fat girl goin' 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 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  
Got my hands on your thighs now  
Let me in between as friends

Let's be friends  
(Wessyde, motherfucker right here)  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends  
(Wessyde in this motherfucker)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?  
Let's be friends

(Wessyde in this motherfucker right here)  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends

(In this motherfucker right here)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?  
Let's be friends

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

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 get into it  
Make it fluid, 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  
(Let me ride)  
Who wanna stop me? Am I top notch?  
Fuck player hatin' niggaz, 'cause they cock block  
(Cock block)

You probably hate to see a real thug with vision, what's  
the game?  
Rather see a nigga up in prison, why you change?  
Made a livin' out of cuss words, liquor and weed  
A bad seed turned good in this world of G's

Baby, got me fantasizin', seein' you naked  
It's the fuck song, so check my record  
And let's be friends  
(Where my niggaz at? Show me where my niggaz at?)  
(Where my bitches at)  
Thug style

Let's be friends  
(Where my niggaz at, where my bitches at?)  
(Throw yo' 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, 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  
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  
Be friends, tell me where my bitches at  
Make money, take money, be friends

Let's be friends  
(Get your cash on, let's, get dough)  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends  
(C'mon, get your cash on)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?

Let's be friends  
(C'mon, get your cash on, let's get paid)  
You ain't gotta be my man at all  
Long as you just bring me your friends  
(C'mon, getcha cash on)  
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?  
Let's be friends

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

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