

## **Bishop Lamont**

### **"Friends"**

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Grandmama always used to say, flip, yo tongue fall out  
So I ain't trip if we ain't hang out  
Then we flipped and wouldn't hang out  
Word from mutual friends when you speak it's fuck me  
comin' out cha mouth  
Fuck me? Nigga, fuck you  
But damn I was the man whenever bills was  
overdue(shit)  
Got my deal, I ain't even tripped once  
I was da new mc hammer take ya niggas to lunch  
Help homies, give them money when they caught in the  
crush  
But what's funny were out of money and you ain't  
called me once  
Now my childhood friends turned to childish ass men  
Mad cause I ain't broke and fucked up like them  
With thirty five kids and a dead end job  
Trying to throw up yo trip like the shit my prob (na)  
Now they mad they wanna hate on my shine  
Who needs enemies when I got friends like mine

[Chorus:]

Had yo back but you didn't have mine  
Act like you didn't now me half the time  
Can't believe this now I see it that intention is not worth  
it

Smile in my face then stab me in the back  
True homeboys don't get down like that

But you see seasons changes  
Love changes  
Best friends become strangers

Ain't you happy for me that I made it in rap  
You rather see me join the army and get killed in  
iraq(damn)  
You'll be glad if I died  
Cause accuse you when I pass by in dat fancy ass ride  
With a fine ass chick in the passenger side  
You in some dusty ass honda and yo fat bitch ride  
I remember my 85 maxima

You niggas filled it up but rarely ever put gas in a'  
Early morning saw you niggas was weak  
I did all the hard work putting down in the streets  
Made all the contacts through yo time in the beach  
You'd just come write a verse and kick up yo feet  
I got the rumor going around that you made me  
And I used you, nigga you crazy  
Now before my homies hating saying bishop is wack  
But bishop is signed, wheres your contract?

[Chorus:]

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You know wats funny to me, but it's sad though  
This rap shit can turn yo friends into some assholes  
And bitch niggas, yea they might be rocking panty  
hoes  
You better check them, they can hide them under  
normal clothes  
And out west a lot of rappers say they so hood  
Yeah right more like west hollywood  
And it's a small world I know most of these dudes  
A few I consider friends but most I consider fools  
Fools that think I'm fooling with the liars that tries to  
Disguises they decide to use  
But I am not amused  
Gypsy ass rappers steady dick hopping crews  
Wondering around kaniving on however they can use  
Carli simmons you think this songs about you  
But it's too many to name so just fuck all you  
Hit begin with pain I end it with laughter  
Now I see why pac made I ain't mad at you

[Chorus:]

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