

## **Kottonmouth Kings**

### **"Friends"**

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*[CHORUS]*

It don't matter where you've been  
Just focus on where you're going  
Most people you think are friends  
Ain't there when the tough gets going  
Remember to keep your friends  
Be wise with those you've chosen  
'Cause only your closest friends  
Are there when the going gets tough

When I think about it the definition change  
Back in the old days it wasn't quite the same  
Or maybe it was but on another level  
Still pushing dirt with a different type of shovel  
Loyalty, trust, unconditional foundation  
Builds everlasting bonds and relations  
I've got friends I haven't seen in years  
I'd die for tonight forget and have a couple beers  
On the other hand you never know where you stand  
With certain types of friends they'll sell you out for  
some ends  
Or some pussy or some weed or a business transaction  
Some use words but I prefer action  
I'm a break you off like an old school playa  
My x-ray vision helps me see through the layers  
Of you fakes, phonies, lies and deception  
Ask Matt Hall if you need a life lesson

*[CHORUS]*

I've been all around the world and I met a lot of people  
These fakes and phonies yo these cats I see through  
Dickheads and homies some others glad to meet you  
You better give respect to the ones that believed you  
And were there by your side when the going got tough  
And had your back when you got to fuck someone up  
And lent you a buck when you was broke and hungry

And gave you a place to sleep living in their luxury  
Big Up to Chucky that's my dog for real though  
What up to Judge D since back in junior high school  
Johnny Rich' that's my man Mr. Brando

My partner in crime with the gangsta flow  
Daddy X, Big Pak, B, Lou, Munch, Kev, Flo  
Cause if ya don't know now you know  
Fuck the rest  
What's up though  
P.S. to my shoulder blade Alison Marie  
What up baby  
Fuck what ya'll think

*[CHORUS]*

To make it in this life you got to know who your friends  
Your boys, your dogs, the ones with you 'til the end  
The ones that never crack it, they never even bend  
I mean like when your ass is broke they got the money  
to lend  
The type that when you need a ride they give you the  
car  
You don't worry about them running 'cause they'll  
always stand hard  
Late night, can't drive, man you never too far  
Barbeque by the pool chilling in the back yard  
Stepping out on a Friday never leave you behind  
The first to call you up when they're hitting the kind  
None the less don't stress 'cause it'll always be fine  
Like everything I got is yours and what you got is mine  
Walk in the front door like they own the crib  
But hey, what's theirs is yours and what's yours is  
theirs  
I can't explain it no better that's just how it goes  
Real friends can't be bought it's got to come from the  
soul so

*[CHORUS]*

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