

Krs-One **"A Friend"**

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The beat was spoused to drop right there
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Yeah yeah yeah, uhh
I send this one out, to my right hand man
Or mens, or womens, the whole crew
The real fan

We can count the dough or kick a flow
Or chill out watchin' videos
Or actin' really silly yo but really doe
All that can end
Whether at the bar with superstars
Or cruisin' in the trooper car
I really don't care who you are
All I really need is a friend

If we can't have trust then you can't hang with us
We respond to those who show respect with respect
We respond we connect on the same deck
Same intellect, my man, never shifty, thinks quickly
If you can't understand, we boys we boys
We could stand on the corner with a hat sellin' toys
It ain't about your Benz I hope it ain't about mine
My man, I be dissin' in my freestyle rhyme

Gettin' G's around the world, I can trust you with my girl
My man, we chillin' at the jam, what's the plan?
I'm not a yes man and none of my friends are yes men
Or women, I'm drivin', I see my peeps yo get in
Where you fit in? True friends are quick to sit
In the beginning of all trouble, and when your bankroll
doubles
Fred Flintstone and Barney Rubble
Still I got my own space like Hubble

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'Cause don't nobody care about us, all they do is doubt
us
Until we blow the spot then they all wanna crowd us
And wanna shout us, but you my man from way back
I just got to say that, actin' large I don't play that
But I can't say that, where I play at isn't fast-paced
A friend can acquire the taste to become two-faced
And that's a disgrace there ain't nothing you can say to
us
When the kid you grew up with betrays your trust

When we used to ride the bus we had trust
Now we cash checks and drive Lex, and can't show
respect to one of us
Yo the heads I hang with ain't tryin' to just get
What they can get, sit quickly backstabbin' the click
I roll thick, but only some are friends really
Down to the end, my right hand men and women
Mutual support, from the beginning
Been in, exactly what I've been in

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Back to back we attack corporate America
Gettin fees that amount to G's in every area
You my man I ain't gotta drag you along
You pull your own weight, yeah you definitely got it
goin' on
I don't see nothin' wrong wit a little bumpin' car system
Thumpin', between the crew we always got sump'un
But if we had nuttin' no frontin' whatever
We'd still be crew you and me, me for you together

Word, fake people ain't worth a turd
They only want to be your friend because of what they
overheard
I send this record to the well respected
Friends that I've collected, I hope I am what you
expected
Yeah, so check it, so check it

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