

## Lil Boosie

### "You Aint My Friend"

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Frieeends...  
How many of us have them... Oh yeah  
Friends... How many of us have them... ohh uhh... ohh  
ohhh

(Chorus)x2  
You aint my wodie  
You aint my round  
You aint my Thug Nigga til da end...  
What happened to da friends we coulda been  
When I was down u aint even come around(round)

Look, look  
Tryna keep it guudda but friends got me on my  
numbas,  
Standin frontin and you aint payin imma fuckin  
Ya stupid motha fucka,  
Always thought that I was playin,  
Now I gotta cut ya loose and letcha roam on the land,  
It's time to be a grown man I caint hold ya hand,  
Look I had love for ya people I hope they understand,  
I did all I can,  
When you went to jail I  
Bent over backwards for ya still aint  
I coulda fucked yo main bitch but I had love for ya,  
If ya got some gangsta shit Lil Quick was quick ta bust  
for ya,  
Kick up dust for ya even put on cuffs for ya,  
I hate to say it but now it's tough love for ya,  
I aint gone let this money change me,  
You did it to ya self you aint gotta explain ta me(explain  
ta me),  
I'm tryna send this message to my ghetto people,  
Neva eva bite da hand that feed ya.

(Chorus)x2  
You aint my wodie  
You aint my round  
You aint my Thug Nigga til da end...  
What happened to da friends we coulda been  
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(Boosie)  
Say dawg look,  
You caint lie,  
I held it down through da thick and thin,  
If I fuck witchu I'm like chucky friends til da end,  
Ya meals at my house,  
When I think about what happened tears wanna come  
out,  
I've bent my back and been a hunded witcha,  
If ya had pussy problems I used ta run it witcha,  
Look what greed done a nigga,  
So many friends in da wind since da money came,  
Caint stand ta see me do my thang and that's a fuckin  
shame,  
I gave my last,  
The first time ya asked,  
Momma like this fuckin heart gone get me zipped up in  
a bodybag,  
Whateva happened to the real G(the real G),  
Who do life in da pen 'fo they let they fuckin stripes  
bleed,  
We livin in da last days,  
New friends uhh uhh,  
Cuz badass been betrayed,  
So treat 'em like slaves Father God punish them,  
For punishin me,  
Had me thinkin

(Chorus)x2  
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