

Pearl Copper

"Friends"

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[2pac] (talking)
I wanna be...
Yo let me fuck that nigga down
You heard that shit nigga
Ay yo what you doin with that big ass
My ghetto love song
Set it off, set it off
Let's be friends
Where my niggaz at
Where my niggaz, where my niggaz
Where my niggaz at, all my real niggaz
Where my niggaz, where my niggaz

Let's be friends (throw ya hands in the air)
There's no need to front (let's see ya just throw ya
hands in the air)
Let's be friends (westside in this mother fucker right
here)
(throw ya hands in the air)
Westside

[2pac - Verse 1]
Approach you and post a minute (yeah)
All on my double-R tinted *car screech*
As you pass bye winkin
My eye, freshly scented
What's the happs baby? (what's up?)
Come get with me and perhaps lady
You can help me multiply my stacks baby (ha ha ha get
money baby)
Currency seem small i need companionship (hey)
Through with that scandalous shit
I bet your man ain't shit (ain't shit)
So why you hesitating?
Actin like your shit don't stink
Check out my diamonds bitch everyone gonna blink
(bling bling bling)
This be a thug paid, outlaw nigga with riches
Cream dreamin mother fucker, on a mash for bitches
(bitch)
Check my resume, sippin on crystalle and allazay

coughing

Smokin on big weed, keyed the Cali way (Westside!)
Don't like trickin but I'll buy you a fifth
I can't stand no sneaker-wearing nappy head bitch
(word)
Let my letters read, read briefly, they're so cheap
Puttin bitch-made bustas to sleep with no grief
Mash on my so-called cum, who the man?
While tuggin on your made bitch head (westside!)
Understand this, ain't no nigga like me
Fuck Jay-z, he broke and I smoke daily (come on y'all)
Baby let's be friends

(Chorus)

Friends (where my niggaz at? come on y'all)
No need to front, let's be friends (where my niggaz at,
all my niggaz)
Because I know you want to fuck (where my bitches at)
Let's be friends
No need to front, let's be friends
Because I know you want to fuck

[2pac - Verse 2]

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
Staring and watchin, me and you one on one (see that)
Picture countless options
Was it prophecy?
Clear as day, visions on top of me (oh my god)
Erotic, psychotic, would possess my body (yes, yes,
yes)
Far from a quest I wanna bust your guts
And touch everything inside you from my head to my
nuts
You got me sweatin like a fat girl going 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 (come here
baby, come here!)
Got my hands on your thighs now let me in-between
That's friends

(Chorus)

Friends (Where my niggaz at? hahah,
Where my bitches at? Throw ya guns in the air)
No need to front, let's be friends

(My ghetto love song, it goes on and on and on and on)
Because I know you want to fuck,
Let's be friends (Where my niggaz at?
Where my bitches at? Where my niggaz at?)
No need to front, let's be friends (Where my niggaz
at?)
(Where my bitches at? Where my people at?)
Because i know you want to fuck
Let's be...

[2pac - Verse 3]

Can you imagine me in player mode, rush the tricks
I got em ready for a booty call, I fucked your bitch (Ha
Ha!)

Was it me or the fame?
My dick or the game?
Bet I scream 'westside' when I came (westside!)
Scream my name
Cause baby it's the licoius ghetto weak spot, for pretty
bitches
Up and down, similar to switches
My movement, baby let your back dip into it, make it
fluent
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!
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 with the
game
Rather see a nigga up in prison, why you change?
Made a living out of cuss words, liquor, and weed
A bad seed turned good in this world of G's
Baby got me fantasizing, seeing you naked
It's a fuck song check the record (so check my record)

Chorus x 4

[2pac] (talking over chorus)

Where my niggaz at? Show me where my niggaz at
Where my bitches at? Show me where my bitches at
(come on)
Where my people at? Show me where my people at
(right here)
Where my people at? Show me where my people at
(westside in this motherfucker)
All my niggaz now, this for niggaz here
(come on! westside in this motherfucker right here)
Where my niggaz at? Just for niggaz now
Where my bitches at? Where my bitches? (westside in

this motherfucker)
Where my bitches at? Where my bitches be? (come on)
Where my bitches at? Where my bitches?
(westside in this motherfucker right here)
Where my down gettin bitches? The cash gettin niggaz
(come on)
Be friends, tell me where my niggaz at (westside in this
motherfucker)
Be friends, tell me where my bitches at
Be friends, tell me where my people at (ha ha, my
ghetto love song)
Make money, take money, be friends (you know)

Make money, take money (6X)
Let's get paid
Come on, get your cash on
Let's get paid

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