

TLC, What About Your Friends (Extended Remix)

(Dallas Austin, Lisa "Left Eye" Lopes)

What about your friends
What about
What about your friends
What about what about

Every now and then I get a little crazy
That's not the way it's supposed to be
Sometimes my vision is a little hazy
I can't tell who I should trust or just who I let trust me (yeah)

People try to say I act a little funny
But that's just a figure of speech to me
They tell me I changed because I got money
But if you were there before then you're still down with me

Chorus:
What about your friends will they stand their ground
Will they let you down again
What about your friends are they gonna be low down
Will they ever be around or will they turn their backs on you

Well is it me or can it be I'm a little too
Friendly so to speak hypothetically
Say I supply creativity to what others
Must take as a form of self-hate
Only to make an enemy
Which results in unfortunate destiny
They dog me out then be next to me
Just cause I am what some choose to envy

Every now and then I get a little easy
I let a lot of people depend on me
I never though they would ever deceive me
Don't you know when times got rough I was standing on my own
I'll never let another get that close to me
You see I've grown a lot smarter now
Sometimes you have to choose and then you'll see
If your friend is true they'll be there with you
Through the thick and thin

Chorus

Friends...
Let you down again....
Be low down...

Well get giggly boogly
I'm attack it like a seizure
I got rhymes at my leisure
Time when I need ta
With T to the L to the C
What I be sayin'
Gettin' loose on this track
With underground is where I'm stayin'
So hip hip hooray organizers comin' in
Own a friend like the OJ
But what about your friends to the end
Will they run on out his eagle
Or you'll find 'em stickin' close to your side
Like a big bunch of fiends

Six now the groupies drinkin' water
I get real funny so you'd better hide your daughter
Oh buddy oh pal oh chump friend of mine
Say you're close like ketchup
A virgin that's right you call me Bruce Lee right
Bite the styles that we make
And gives me enough respect for this funky remix
One one thousand two one thousand three one thousand blitz
Now the rabbit felt blue so I gave the nigga Trix
'cause I was his friend wasn't down for the bickin'
You called me a friend we're seven about to takin'
Take a tickin' keep on lickin' why you dippin' we're the border
You said you'd be down for richer for poorer but
O-U-T-K-A-S-T ain't no change so TLC go head and sang baby

Yo is it me
L to the E-F-T-E-Y-E (a ha ha)
Or can it be I am a little too
Friendly so to speak hypothetically
Say I supply creativity to what others
Must take as a form of self-hate
Only to make an enemy
Which results in unfortunate destiny
They dog me out then be next to me
Just cause I am what some choose to envy

Brrrrr.....ba ba ba
Back up
This ya wicked remix
Come down wicked sing
Rewind with em aya

Chorus

Chorus

People say I act a little funny
I wouldn't change not for no money
I'll be a friend as long as you're a friend to me (yeah, yeah)
Even though I might seem easy
It don't give you no cause to deceive me...