

Cadence Weapon, Do I Miss My Friends

back in those days
back in my end
we would bro down
every weekend
i miss those times
i miss those skins
i had to ask
do i miss my friends?

on the forfeit towns
where they misbehave
where they skip the bills
and they radio slave
i'm a cutthroat boy
you're an empty grave
we can still be friends
when i get off stage

yo
rat pack
sammy davis
rap pages
betty davis
slab tray off the meat rack
beat factcheckers need to take a fucking break
if you know what i mean
you know what i mean
my current girl is a stewardess
but she ain't fly
she's well grounded
still astounded to see me try
to play around with the boundaries
beats hotter than a foundry
less beef than a pantry
don't call me tom like landry
call me alec simon with the words that i'm rhymin'
with the peculiar timing
or friends by proximity
i have friends who spend in loud numbers
i have friends who depend on cloud cover
i have friends who don't know my name
my favorite friend, she believes in change
when i tell her about the core of a man
all she says is, "i'm a woman"
so then i say

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my friends have dreams
now guess why we're friends
common bonds come along like common songs
with an offbeat delivery and awkward obscenity
odd are it's here
we walk by the river stream
and wonder about the life and death of chivalry
i'm bumping tough
i have a really good memory
and to the jerk that said words don't hurt
talk to me for a change
i'll treat ya like pac in a range
my ex-girlfriend talks to me real strange
cause she knows being closer would make her hate me forever
got a hoodie that's clever, draped in bone leather
when was it last we hung out together?
it was a scene like
put me on a rack
or rag me with guilt
or rack up some kills
or crack up some krills
so you can look good for your friends

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i'm done shaking hands under pounds and waves
because i don't have sex on the very first date
you're trying to fuck
but i know people like you who spend a whole night saying what they might do
and i'm a doer not a sayer, shaker and a mover
with the kind of strange dream that hits your brain like a tumor
two more awkward encounters with ex-one nighters
and i'm done shooting off my mouth at gunfighters
i run writers and walk printers
crowded email
i officially block senders
asking "do you remember early december
we hung out together
i tried to find you on friendster"
well i haven't used that since limewire
tearaways in junior high alienation
so i apologize for this confirmation of the touring musician stereotype
i'm the same guy who's drunk and probably a bit bored
hahahahahaha to be honest

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afterparties
my dad said i was an afterparty baby
this goes out to all the accidents out there
keep on making mistakes