

# Jeru The Damaja, Friends

1. [Jeru]:

Friends is a word that I use loosely  
Because you never know who these people may be  
Some you just miss them, you know from way back  
When you used to dig brock and snatch chains and sell crack  
Rollin every day, getting high-er than a ball  
But when you play them too close they'll be your downfall  
Fast going to the picture, many things have changed  
Now the same old friends start acting strange  
You probably, fox with me  
You even pop shots with me  
But now you hissing like a snake so friends turn enemy  
And it really dont matter what you've been through  
Cause your friend will fuck your bitch and put a bullet in you  
Sleep in your bed, drive your car, spend your ends  
But these are the people that we call friends

Chorus:

Friends

How many of us have them

I have none

Thought I had one

Friends

How many of us have them

Thought I had one

But I have none

Friends, friends

2. [Jeru]:

I re-member, we started out together  
Back then I said yo we be down forever  
I always thought I was a brother to you  
We were friends, tight, like the Awesome two  
But now look whats happened to you  
Putting your trust in the shady individuals  
And get screwed, still I hope you fine  
Sometimes you cross my mind  
Constantly reminded by the sword marks on my spine  
They say all wounds heal in time but not mine  
Nightmares of my friends creeping up from behind  
Bloody murder, while the crimes un-solved  
A friends a friend until loot is involved  
Sell you out, for a house and a job  
And spit on your grave in the end, but  
These are the people that we call friends

Friends

3. [Afu Ra]:

First things first

Stop the jealousy and envy

I depend on minds, offkey, to fool enemies

Like your homeboy with your wifey

You cant believe it

Seeing is one thing

But hearing its some shit

Every which way she dip

Every thought was unpleasent

I got, carried away, did you free OJ

Cause I want her ???

I heard she did tricks

Like Vanessa suck your dick

On sunset strip

And my man flip

Like see low dice on six

We used to sell crack

And do sticks for bricks

Bustin shots at all, other criminals care

But they scared to do a mother fucking bid  
Listen  
Now we rock  
Got a block thats hot  
Like b-boys on the block thats got all watch  
Dont get knocked, that my man  
He had me here  
Could this be my hollow saying your my fam  
But damn, you should have used kung-fu  
A .22 or some type of voodoo  
To snatch out my heart  
Cause friends are really enemies from the start