

# Kanye West, Real friends (ft. Ty Dolla \$ign)

[Verse 1: Kanye West]

Real friends, how many of us?  
How many of us, how many jealous? Real friends  
It's not many of us, we smile at each other  
But how many honest? Trust issues  
Switched up the number, I can't be bothered  
I cannot blame you for havin' an angle  
I ain't got no issues, I'm just doin' my thing  
Hope you're doin' your thing too  
I'm a deadbeat cousin, I hate family reunions  
Fuck the church up by drinkin' at the communion  
Spillin' free wine, now my tux is ruined  
In town for a day, what the fuck we doin'?  
Who your real friends? We all came from the bottom  
I'm always blamin' you, but what's sad, you not the problem  
Damn, I forgot to call her, shit, I thought it was Thursday  
Why you wait a week to call my phone in the first place?  
When was the last time I remembered a birthday?  
When was the last time I wasn't in a hurry? Uh

[Bridge: Ty Dolla \$ign]

Tell me you want your tickets when it's gametime  
Even to call your daughter on her FaceTime  
Even when we was young, I used to make time  
Now we be way too busy just to make time  
Even for my

[Chorus: Kanye West, Kanye West & Ty Dolla \$ign]

Real friends  
I guess I get what I deserve, don't I?  
Word on the streets is they ain't heard from him  
Uh, I guess I get what I deserve, don't I?  
Talked down on my name, throwed dirt on him

[Verse 2: Kanye West & Ty Dolla \$ign]

I couldn't tell you how old your daughter was (Was)  
Couldn't tell you how old your son is (Is)  
I got my own Jr. on the way, dawg (Dawg)  
Plus I already got one kid (Kid)  
Couldn't tell you much about the fam, though  
I just showed up for the yams, though  
Maybe 15 minutes, took some pictures with your sister  
Merry Christmas, then I'm finished, then it's back to business  
You wanna ask some questions 'bout some real shit? (Shit)  
Like I ain't got enough pressure to deal with (With)  
Please don't pressure me with that bill shit (Shit)  
'Cause everybody got 'em that ain't children  
Oh, you've been nothin' but a friend to me  
Niggas thinkin' I'm crazy, you defendin' me  
It's funny I ain't spoke to niggas in centuries  
To be honest, dawg, I ain't feelin' your energy  
Money turn your kin into an enemy  
Niggas ain't real as they pretend to be

[Verse 3: Kanye West & Ty Dolla \$ign]

Lookin' for real friends (Real friends)  
How many of us? How many of us are real friends  
To real friends, 'til the reel end  
'Til the wheels fall off, 'til the wheels don't spin (Yeah, yeah-yeah)  
To 3 A.M., callin'  
How many real friends?  
Just to ask you a question  
Just to see how you was feelin'  
How many?

For the last you was frontin'  
I hate when a nigga text you like, "What's up, fam? Hope you good"  
You say, "I'm good, I'm great," the next text they ask you for somethin'  
How many?  
What's best for your family, immediate or extended?  
Any argument, the media'll extend it  
I had a cousin that stole my laptop that I was fuckin' bitches on  
Paid that nigga 250 thousand just to get it from him  
Real friends  
Huh?

[Chorus: Kanye West, Kanye West & Ty Dolla \$ign]  
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