

Kottonmouth Kings, Friends

[CHORUS]

It don't matter where you've been
Just focus on where you're going
Most people you think are friends
Ain't there when the tough gets going
Remember to keep your friends
Be wise with those you've chosen
'Cause only your closest friends
Are there when the going gets tough

When I think about it the definition change
Back in the old days it wasn't quite the same
Or maybe it was but on another level
Still pushing dirt with a different type of shovel
Loyalty, trust, unconditional foundation
Builds everlasting bonds and relations
I've got friends I haven't seen in years
I'd die for tonight forget and have a couple beers
On the other hand you never know where you stand
With certain types of friends they'll sell you out for some ends
Or some pussy or some weed or a business transaction
Some use words but I prefer action
I'm a break you off like an old school playa
My x-ray vision helps me see through the layers
Of you fakes, phonies, lies and deception
Ask Matt Hall if you need a life lesson

[CHORUS]

I've been all around the world and I met a lot of people
These fakes and phonies yo these cats I see through
Dickheads and homies some others glad to meet you
You better give respect to the ones that believed you
And were there by your side when the going got tough
And had your back when you got to fuck someone up
And lent you a buck when you was broke and hungry
And gave you a place to sleep living in their luxury
Big Up to Chucky that's my dog for real though
What up to Judge D since back in junior high school
Johnny Rich' that's my man Mr. Brando
My partner in crime with the gangsta flow
Daddy X, Big Pak, B, Lou, Munch, Kev, Flo
Cause if ya don't know now you know
Fuck the rest
What's up though
P.S. to my shoulder blade Alison Marie
What up baby
Fuck what ya'll think

[CHORUS]

To make it in this life you got to know who your friends
Your boys, your dogs, the ones with you 'til the end
The ones that never crack it, they never even bend
I mean like when your ass is broke they got the money to lend
The type that when you need a ride they give you the car
You don't worry about them running 'cause they'll always stand hard
Late night, can't drive, man you never too far
Barbeque by the pool chilling in the back yard
Stepping out on a Friday never leave you behind
The first to call you up when they're hitting the kind
None the less don't stress 'cause it'll always be fine
Like everything I got is yours and what you got is mine
Walk in the front door like they own the crib

But hey, what's theirs is yours and what's yours is theirs
I can't explain it no better that's just how it goes
Real friends can't be bought it's got to come from the soul so

[CHORUS]