

FRIENDS (feat. kiLL edward)

J. Cole

Cop another bag of smoke today
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Cop another bag of smoke today
Cop another bag of smoke today
Cop another bag of smoke today
Cop another bag of smoke today I got thoughts, can't control
Got me down, got me low
Rest my mind, rest my soul
When I blow, when I blow
Am I wrong, let them know
Feels so right to let things go
Don't think twice, this is me
This is how I should be
But I'm aggravated without it
My saddest days are without it
My Saturdays are the loudest
I'm blowing strong
Some niggas graduated with powder
I dabble later, I doubt it
My database of narcotics
It's growing long
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I'm blowing strong
Some niggas graduated with powder
I dabble later, I doubt it
My database of narcotics
It's growing long
I wrote this shit to talk about the word addiction
To my niggas out there sipping, I hope you're listening
[?], I hope you listening
This is for the whole fucking 'ville I hope you're listening
Smoking medical grade, but I ain't got perscription
All the way in Cali where they ain't got precipi-
-tation, feeling like the only one that made it
And I hate it for my niggas 'cause they ain't got ambition
Fuck did you expect, you can blame it on condition
Blame it on crack, you can blame it on the system
Blame it on the fact that 12 got jurisdiction

To ride around in neighborhoods that they ain't ever lived in
 Blame it on the strain that you feel when daddy missing
 Blame it on Trump shit, blame it on Clinton
 Blame it on trap music and the politicians
 Or the fact that every black boy wanna be Pippen
 But they only got twelve slots on the Pistons
 Blame it on the rain, Milli Vanilli with the disk skip
 What I'm tryna say is the blame can go deep as seas
 Just to blame 'em all I would need like twenty CD's
 There's all sorts of trauma from drama that
 children see
 Type of shit that normally would call for therapy
 But you know just how it go in our community
 Keep that shit inside it don't matter how hard it be
 Fast forward, them kids is grown and they blowing trees
 And popping pills due to chronic anxiety
 I been saw the problem but stay silent 'cause I ain't Jesus
 This ain't no trial if you desire go higher please
 But fuck that now I'm older I love you 'cause you my friend
 Without the drugs I want you be comfortable in your skin
 I know you so I know you still keep a lot of shit in
 You running from yourself and you buying product again
 I know you say it helps and no I'm not trying to offend
 But I know depression and drug addiction don't blend
 Reality distorts and then you get lost in the wind
 And I done seen the combo take niggas off the deep end
 One thing about your demons they bound to catch up one day
 I'd rather see you stand up and face them than run away
 I understand this message is not the coolest to say
 But if you down to try it I know of a better way
 MeditateMeditate, meditate, meditate, meditate
 Don't medicate, medicate, don't medicate, medicate
 Meditate, meditate, meditate, meditate
 Don't medicate, medicate, don't medicate, medicateI got thoughts, can't control
 Got me down, got me low
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