

Deep Fried Frenz

MF DOOM

Before we go any further, friends
As you call? em they call you when they need somethin. Trees for the blunt, two G's for the
frontin

I found a way to get peace of mind for years and left the hell alone

Turn a deaf ear to the cellular phone

Send me a letter or better, we could see each other in real life

Just so you could feel me like a steel knife

At least so you could see the white of their eyes

Bright with surprise once they finish spittin lies

Associates, is your boys, your girls, bitches, niggaz, homies?

Close, but really don't know me

Mom, dad, comrade, peeps, brothers, sisters, duns, dunnies

Some come around when they need some money

Others make us laugh like the Sunday funnies

Fam be around whether you paid or bummy

You could either ignore this advice or take it from me

Be too nice and people take you for a dummy

So nowadays he ain't so friendly

Actually they wouldn't even made a worthy enemy

Read the signs, no feeding the baboon

Seein as how they got your back bleeding from the stab wounds

Y'all know the dance, they smile in your face, y'all know the glance

Try ta put 'em on, they blow the chance

Never let your so-called mans know your plans

How many of us have them? A show of hands

Friends is a term some people use loosely

I'm real choosy on what I choose to let crews see

You telling me, I try to act broke

Jealousy, the number one killer among black folk

Fellas be under some type of spell like crack smoke

Ghetto Cinderellas, lead 'em right to your stack, loc

Just another way a chick'll lead to your end

I check the dictionary for the meanin of Friends

It said, person, one who likes to socialize with

Sympathize and help her and that's about the size of it

Most of the time these attributes is one-sided

To bolster the crime they opt to shoot you through your eyelid

And they can't hide it goin wild like a white bitch

Sometimes you need to cut niggaz off like a light switch

Click, and when things get quiet

Catch 'em like a thief in the night, (bow) what a riot

I first met Mister Fantastik at a arms deal

Don't let it get drastic, think of how your moms will feel
When it get for real the steel get to sparkin
Everything darken and ain't no talkin
For somethin so cheap it sure buys a lot of trouble
You better off focusing than tryin to plot the bubble
Or else it'd be a sad note to end on, the guns we got
One's we can depend on, friends
Some come in the form of co-dependence
A lotta times only end up bein co-defendants
Ten bucks say theyll tell for a lower sentence
And leave you up under the jail beggin for a penance
It don't make no sense, what happened to the loyalty?
Honor amongst crooks, trust amongst royalty
I'd rather go out in a blaze, than give 'em the glory
How many of us have a similar story,
Before lovers we used to have some type of over standing
Just so when I let her get the man-thing she know its no strings
We could do the damn thing but, hoe, its no rings
Just how the tramp swings, will she see 'em again?
That depends on how good was the skins
And could she memorize the lessons
It ain't no need to pretend
Even though she let 'em stab it, she know they just, friends
Friends, how many of us have them?
Friends, ones we can depend on?
Friends, how many of us have them?
Friends, before we go any further

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