

Just Friends

LSG

Girl you know we're just friends, yeah
Ghetto pop
She's nothin' but a friend, L
Just friends, just friends, just friends

Now let me tell you 'bout the other day
Met this girl from around the way
She said that she's been checkin' me
She let me know she wanna get with me

I told her that I had a girl
But she said that she didn't care
Now tell me what the hell am I supposed to do
She's built like Haile and she's livin' like Lu too

It didn't start out that way
But now we're on the phone almost every day
Then it's a rendezvous for me and you
I'm tellin' my girl I'm workin' late

Just don't let it get outta hand
'Cause I could never ever be your man
If we go too far I'll break your heart
So girl, you know that we can just be

Friends, how many of us have them
Friends, a lover that we can depend on
Friends, before we go any further
You know that I got my lady at home
And you're faced with the reality that we're only just friends

We agreed to keep it on the low
I can't let nobody know
So I guess by now you know I had to get it
I can't front, I might as well admit it

The sad thing is I know I'm wrong
This fly girl she turned me on
I don't know, I guess it's just the dirty dog in me
Her love is so good it just be calling, calling me

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You know that I got my lady at home
And I'm sorry, sorry

No I can't see you on my birthday
No I can't see you on my holidays
I know this sounds harsh to you
But this is just the way we gotta do

F R I E N D S

Nothin' more and nothin' less
Just friends, just friends
Friends, friends, friends, friends

We was friends, everything was cool as a fan
Two months ago you 'bout to move wit' your man
Now you see the young boy movin' Sedans
You 'bout to self-destruct, girl, ruin your plans

I gave you love like The Sizzler, club get twister
You the first to get a whole bottle of Cris, what
But in front of you ma, he gettin' lifter
I'm the big brother you call to come fifth her

So how you makin' the club, open your lips up
Tell him, I'll give you some love give you a kiss what
You sound like you outta your mind
How it look wearin' your hair real down to your spine

We probably eat, there no bottle of wine
Girl, you wrong and you lyin', that's the reason you cryin'
But I'm a player, how I'm 'posed to react
When my friends run up on me like that, help me out, y'all

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You know that I got my lady at home
And I'm sorry, sorry, we could have been friends