

Old Friends x New Foes

Tory Lanez

Old friends become strangers
New friends become dangerous
Never does it ever let me down
'Til you have real friends
'Til you have real friends
I got my drank poured
I got these Js rolled up
No need to change clothes
I'll be fine in what I got on
Keep meetin' new hoes
And f**kin' the same hoe once
I tried to move on
And end up right back inside this position

I got a million ties
Suits up like Tom Ford when I top back in the five
So alive I could die right now, come back still alive
You was fake with the handshake, now you come back still at fives
Only One Umbrella mob
Left her by her grandmama crib and then I went back to the ways
Went back to the field, had to hit it, step back for the plays
Step back with a ten pack, made ten rack for the day
Impact, don't play
Been strapped since pin strap now I sit back on a Wraith
Damn, look how shit changed
Couldn't see it back then
Now you say you see it when I been saved
Chick from the Himalayas, na-na-na-na-na
When I walk up in the buildin', all you hear is
"Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy!"
Didn't love me at the bottom
But they wanna love a nigga at the top though
In it since, since Pac, now I got the bald head with the Pac flow
Neck lookin' like Pablo with the ki's stuffed in the Tahoe
Been licked since I blow out in Oslo with my eyes low
Said I got a million ties
You got a million ways to get it, well, I got a milly and five
I really will donate a mill to my city, it's gettin' too real to survive
Only the trillest survive
You don't wanna get caught up in this situation when all of my niggas arrive
I'm back in the biddy, countin' 100, 20, 50, like this Kinder Surprise
I open this shit up but see a surprise, when really it ain't a surprise
This shit just come to me naturally
Women in love with me naturally
She told you that she never f**ked me
But she was just f**kin' me actually
Top down, top down
I'm hot now, hot now
Lot of rap and R&B niggas popped off my sound
Then I hit 'em with the southpaw, switch and they all dropped down
Cropped out, cropped out
They got me over the blog, me and Dream dollar bill
Rumors that we dated, gotta be faker than a three dollar bill
I just might walk in this Starlets, just to show you that the star lit
Add a bad bitch, market
Martin tell, keep ten shots next time that I get the ball lit
Wardrobe, crib callin', new shit that I'm on, it's

Yeah, tell 'em boys that the squad lit
All 100s, all green-blue, you swear I'm playin' for the Hornets
But I'm playin' for the T City and the Umbrella team with me
I got a million ties, pretty Brazilian wives
Come to my city and see how the shooters' takin' civilian lives
I been out there in the field with 'em, so who am I to pick a side?
Just 'cause I got legitimized, to hypocrite and criticize