

# FRIENDS (feat. kiLL edward)

J. Cole

Cop another bag of smoke today  
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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  
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  
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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