

# No New Friends (SFTB Remix)

DJ Khaled

Yeah I stay down with my day one niggas and we in the club screaming  
No new friends, no new friends, no new friends, no, no new  
Still here with my day one niggas, so you hear me say  
No new friends, no new friends, no new friends, no, no new  
I still ride with my day one niggas, I don't really need  
No new friends, no new friends, no new friends, no, no new  
I stay down from day one so I say  
Fuck all y'all niggas except my niggas  
Fuck all y'all niggas except my niggas  
One more time  
Fuck all ya'll niggas except my niggas  
Fuck all ya'll niggas, stay down from day one so I say  
(Fuck a fake friend, where your real friends at? Started!) Man this shit so ill that we had to  
restart it  
H-town my second home like I'm James Harden  
Money counter go burrr when you sellin' out the Garden  
Four car garage, pornstar ménage  
Birdman go burrr cause he know this shit retarded  
Fuck her on the floor before we make it to the bed  
That's what your ass really call started from the bottom, yes lord  
OVO Sound man I'm proud of my niggas  
Knew that we would make it never doubted my niggas  
All my bitches love me  
If I had a baby mama she would probably be richer then a lot of you niggas  
Aye that's luxury dawg, day one niggas man ya'll stuck with me dawg Ever since Youtube  
niggas been calling me the leader of the new school  
Fuck with me dawg, yeah  
Your bitch all in my photographs, ho niggas got hate for me  
Big homies all certified, nothing niggas gon' take from me  
Follow codes, study game, feed fam nigga fuck fame  
All black my whip foreign, these bad hoes keep tiptoeing  
Down in Turks and Caicos, dope boy that's my dress code  
All I hug is blood nigga, Khaled that's my flesh tho  
All I want is love nigga, money bring that stress tho  
Smoke good I love life, strip club like erry night  
Every night my same niggas, day one, straight menace (Rozay!) Ugh, I'm here with my niggas,  
I'm too high to be friendly  
They throw dirt on my name, well that's why they still dig me  
And I'm tired of all this hating, I thank God for my patience I thank God for my homies, I wish  
we could trade places  
Bitch we good-fellas, boy all them niggas with you they just pall bearers  
And if we ball catch us, remember sip slow, live fast

Young Money, stay young  
I been Cash Money since day one  
Tunechi

Fuck all y'all niggas except my niggas  
Fuck them other niggas cuz' I'm down for my niggas

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>