

Kokane "Friends"

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[Kokane]

Life is much mo' precious
Than you'll think
Like a game'll make yo chips sink
It's so hard
Hard to trust a smile and face
When niggas got intentions already taking yo place
Keep my head up and stand tall
If I stumble, then I'll fall
Will you pick me up at all?
Will you pick me up at all?
I'm a keep it gangsta till my end
Cause some people do pretend
And ain't too many of us that we can call friends
That we can call friends
Ohhhhhhh

[Goldie Loc]

Now all I gotta do is keep my head up
And walk a straight line when fake friends won't mind
But I'm kind-hearted
And don't like being stepped on
If I wasn't real, I wouldn't be in this position
Like that, dogg, I got a whole lot to say
I'm by myself with my rhymes when we kick it all day
Lil' Jay used to say I'd never be nobody
But you know what I never do?
Smoke it off like Gotti
Five million dollar hits puttin in saxophones
Tray Deee & Snoop, we sound good on this microphone
I never threaten nobody to make it happen
Let me show you how we eat a full meal off this rappin'
But if I had a chance to give it back
I'd give it to the ones who helped me do that
Do that, straight from the heart
Eastside till I die
We ain't no contract friends, we doggs for life

[Tray Deee]

It's a trip how we Crip
Suppose the enemies still
With both sides ride causing plenty of tears

Insane's and 20's both from the same city
A bunch of down niggas and it ain't that many
Me, C, and the G can think back to the start
Homies chillin', getting high, shooting craps in the park
And having a heart
To get 'em up if it was beef
Head up like G's, take it out in the street
Hold ya own was the code that I grewed to view
So I fucked with and stuck with a chosen few
But Snoop Dogg, you can call me, whatever the case
And homie that ain't nothing that the set could erase
You put me with the homie, Goldie, though we never
had spoke
A Insane with a 20, now we hell of a close
And y'all kids, my kids, so we family now
Cause I could never see you doing bad without
And that's real

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