

## Cuban Link

### "Friends"

Visit "[Friends](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[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

[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...

[fades out]

Visit [Cuban Link](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.