

My Buddy

Deuce

Give me that fame, give me that money
(Yeah, that's what I want, all that shit)
Got no shame for these dummies
(Fuck no, motherfuckers, fucking pussies)
Give me that fame, give me that money
(Yeah, yeah! Uh-huh, uh-huh!)
This is my game, don't act funny
(It's my game, bitch, yeah, come on!)

Give me that fame, give me that money
I got no shame for these dummies
Out of my way, you ain't my buddy
You sure as hell ain't gonna get lucky
Give me that fame, give me that money
This is my game, don't act funny
Call me insane, that's right, buddy
It's raining now, it's gonna get muddy

It's payback for shit you pulled way back
Playback to when I got played max
Say that just to keep the pain painless
Now my middle finger's up in the air, I raise that
Shit's changing like a fucking rude awaken
No more playing, no more undertaking
Can you hear the articulation?
Are these words getting through to you inside of your head, man?

Fee-fi-fo-fum, dum-diddy-dum
How many dumb motherfuckers wanna get some?
You can't take this from under my thumb
This rap game ain't leaving till I'm outdone
Run, run, you don't want none, punk
Jump, jump when I'm right out front
Don't pop that trunk, boy, here I come, duck
Better check yourself 'fore you come up here choked

It's one for the haters all across the globe
Two for the labels trying to stop the show
Three for the homies trying to take the throne
Get ready, set, let's go

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Oh no, look who's 'bout to go loco
No more being scared of these bozos
Told you that I'm all about mo' dough
Popos even bought my shit, so don't
Go broke, give a fuck about yo' hoe
Show no fear just so you don't know
Row, row, row your boat, don't go slow

I'm so close to swear, ask dojos
Born and raised, praying Soco
With some crazy ass motherfucking nobles
Get up off my fucking shoulders
I'm spitting that shit, ain't nobody go home, man

Forgers in the morning with all my soldiers
I ain't even got to, I told ya'
You can't say "hold up"
Bring all the faggot ass foes on

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Watch me while they all say "OMG!"
Em and 'Pac, fist-bumping that MP3
I'm not a criminal, I'm just the one behind the scene
Arrested just for flowing on the beat
Look what these people made me out to be
They don't know what it's like to be
Go get them, dawg, let them know it's over, G
Oh-wee, money over everything

Oh, damn you almost got me there, that was a close one
I know you want me but you can't me get, bitch ass faggot

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Out of my way, you ain't my buddy
You sure as hell ain't gonna get lucky
Give me that fame, give me that money
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Call me insane, that's right, buddy
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Give me that fame!
(That's what I want, bitch)
Give me that money!
(All that shit)
Got no shame!
(Fucking dummies)
For these dummies!
(Fucking posers!)
Give me that fame, give me that money
This is my game, don't act funny
Call me insane, that's right, buddy
It's raining now, it's gonna get muddy

Fucking bitch, you're my little bitch
Little fucking doggy

I got you on the fucking leash, you little bitch
Yeah, nah-nah, it's not over yet, bitch