

# My Buddy

G-Unit

My buddy, my buddy  
Wherever I go, he go  
My buddy, my buddy  
Can run for your life on the stick up out the window  
My buddy, my buddy  
I lay your ass out mothaf\*cka its simple  
Stay in your place your place I recommend or say hello to my litte friend

Everywhere I go I gotta tag along  
Cause my buzz gettin' strong And they mad I'm on  
They ride with me when I'm past the mall  
and wait for me on the bench when I'm playin' a game of basketball  
One squeeze will make a bastard fall  
Gasp and crall  
You need a bulletproof vest mask and all  
Bring your buddy when it's time to roam (why?)  
Cause I got hit the last time I left mine at home  
My hand bling full of platinum the shine is chrome  
He even got closet space inside of my home  
He ain't never been broke he glitchless  
So reliable I bought him a rubber coat for Christmas  
Infared beam and a scope for distance  
The best company when approachin business  
he gon' ride with me to the end  
We all gotta friend  
And mine is a G-U-N.

My buddy gotta temper he dyin' to pop off  
Last time he did the cops had the block all locked off  
Take them with me to hustle stashed him in the trash can  
My finger tips sore for four hours I backround  
She meet him his destination hell or heaven  
Cause I only bring em out for that 187

He dont have a heart I just keep feeding him shells  
He get it poppin' in the hood so his name ring bell  
Ms. Jones stay on the third floor she call the cops on me  
They came I ran I had to toss my Uncle little homie  
Niggas know i got new friends so they stay in they place kid  
I stay screamin' on niggaz and beatin' up base heads  
These niggaz sayin' dumb they just like to pretend  
Keep f\*ckin' around they can say hello to my little friend.

We been through it all yet we both still livin'  
We been in a box but we both still spittin'  
And when there was beef you even played your position  
Got under the seat until we spotted our victim  
At first they wouldn't listen to they heard you go off  
Remember it was broad daylight in the middle of New York  
And little did they know we was ready for war  
Bet that nigga wish he never stick his head out the door  
See whenever you come out something happen on the block  
You the reason that nigga done stop rappin' like Pac  
People see you an run and you aint even say shit  
They just know you ain't nothin' to play wit  
Stay wit 16 homies and one in the hole

When the first one get out the next one go  
To know where you headed you gotta know where you been  
The glock stay with me we friends to the end.