

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.