

My Buddy

Luniz

Me and You
My Buddy, my buddy, my buddy, my buddy

And you know that
Me and You
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Who can fade it, two assassins up on the mic
Blastin', askin' no questions,
when they catch you in a gunfight
Kaboom!

We still mash as a team
As we mash for our dreams
Actin' hood niggas for green
It's Dillinger, forfillin',

Makin' a low outta killin'
Pullin' scandalous jeans
Forfillin fantasy dreams
Catch me on a Costa Rica

With a island full of weed, money and bitches
On a boat for sweet

See when I'm yellin'
International help me
No colorlines on my
Ugly and fine

You can sell me
I'm glad folks think the same way as I do
'Cause I stab bitches way down in the Bayou
Would you make way for two mo'

For blows, like you have hoes
Stamp a nation wide through the ghetto
Fore youngsters, Hennesy sponsors
With fore youngsters on a
quarter of the map now I do

I spin mayor loot and khaki suits
Nike's and cripsacks,
Wetsuits and leather boots
I block niggas twice with thighs
Buck with a .45
Make you open while you blast at the parking lot

What you speakin' on
want to go through it
Drink a lot, made from fluid
Scrump bitch, don't you hear the music

My buddy, Daz Dilly and Knubskully
You will be thanked
With you're petty pang petty

What, What, What, What you're livin here
To live the life that gangstas do
(My buddy, my buddy [repeats])

Check it out
No bitch ass niggas, no funny ass hoes
Dogg Pound Gangstas drippin' in low-lows
You ain't all about the homies

You besta check the fault
Pencils, playin' niggas in the crowd style
Thinkin' 'bout the row outta town
With the heater cock bust a million rounds

Dogg Pound internationals
Drippin' off fools
While the dock can bust
The facility touch

I made the game down correct
And kissed my belt like I was James Brown
Spin around with the twist on the ground

Turn a diss in the pound
Dogg Pound live around,
Niggas hittin' the ground
Fuck around and get shot up

I tear shit up
You can ask Puff
Let M.C.'s, Mary J. B. and Jodeci
About that nigga Yuk means the hardcore

You're kicked off tour
For piss marking on the hotel floor

G riders, We ride, DP ride
Get the mashin' niggas
Or the mat see automatic,
Get the blastin' niggas
Shakin' nigga, bankin' nigga
Quit the heater
Stop blankin' niggas

I'm jack style
Surrounded by weed smoke
See me and my peoples in the club,
Thugged up, suited in steet clothes

We roll, cut dough
'Cause we so
On triple gold, see hoes
With weed with me and my amigo

Who did that, who shitted
Who spoke on the ghetto row, You
Who supa-dupu flyyyyyy
I gave it to the test players I will come back

Why don't you meet me over in the O, Homie
Cause when I get there,
the hoes will be all off on me
I know why'all got a gang of bitches...

... Ha, ha
And like fabulous thangs and livin' life persutive
In nights machine dippin'
With a pocket full of see-notes
Cruise the block with a 9 lookin' for weed-o
And oh yeah, who got the gangsta shit
Daz and Kurupt and Knumbskull and Yuk for shit bitch

I'm still a player, pop the slinger
Ice-cream and
Rockin' Hillfiger just like a dada
I rock around the house of rockwilder,
just like a mobster
Time to clock me, Daz, Kurupt and Knumb in the Impala