

G-Unit, My Buddy

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

My buddy, my buddy
Wherever I go, he go
My buddy, my buddy
You can run for your life I'll stick 'em out the window
My buddy, my buddy
I lay your ass out mothafucka is simple
Stay in your place I recommend or say hello to my little friend

[Lloyd Banks]

Everywhere I go I gotta tag along
Cause my buzz gettin' strong And they mad I'm on
He ride with me when I pass the mall
And wait for me on the bench when I run 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 in the scope for distance
The best company when approaching business
He who ride with me to the end
We all gotta friend
And mine is a G-U-N.

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

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 bagged grams
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 other little homie
Niggas they all got new friends so they stay in there place kid
I stay screamin' on niggaz and beatin' up base heads
These niggaz sayin' doley just like they pretend
Keep fuckin' around they gon say hello to my little friend.

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

[Young Buc]

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 wished he'd 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 ain't run and you 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 your headed you gotta know where you been
The glock stay with me we friends till the end.

[Chorus: 50 Cent]