

# 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]