

Buddens, Buddens, Buddens

I drive through da desert storm, kick up dust
Red and blue rags hanging outta pick up trucks
Get banks on da phone, nigga hit Young Buck
Tell him we got a problem wit dis dumb fuck
You was just in da city of angels
In da W lobby, in da presence of gangstas
I'm da nigga dat'll beat you wit da stainless
And leave you alive so you can run and tell Skane (bitch)
I got niggas in Jersey, dat'll hang you
I'ma Los Angeles king, wit New York rangers
And you lucky Yayo got dat beeper in his ankle
Joe Buddens da true definition of a wangsta

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-Game talking-

Dis nigga try and act like he ain't know wat da fuck he was doin
You knew what you was doin nigga
Stop lying to da fuckin people nigga
Go jump on a freestyle, niggas on dat fly shit
Try to dis G-Unit nigga
And I'm on da fuckin first verse
You ain't slick nigga
I caught dat shit like a mother fuckin
Gregg Mayers fastball nigga
50 get Dre on da phone
See if dat nigga remember what Joe Buddens 2nd single was
Cause I don't
I took a survey in da hood nigga, went to da projects
Asked bitches if they was feelin your shit
They was like "Nope."
Went to da hood, asked niggas if they was feelin your shit
They was like "Nope."
Then I went to Jersey, caught me a fuckin flight man
Took my last \$500 man
Flew to jersey, asked niggas in Jersey if they liked your shit
They was like "Nope."
So I said fuck it, I'ma take this nigga motha fuckin head off
BlackWallStreet, AfterMath, G-G-G-G-Unit
u know wat it is nigga, and u know where to find me...