The Game, Buddens(Joe Budden Diss)

-Game talkin-

(pshh) We got a problem Houston... Not Marcus Houston, or his lil' rappin side kick

We got a real motha fuckin problem...

And theres only gonna be one of these songs, After that I'ma knock your motha fuckin ass out...

-verse 1-

Bitch niggas get put in a coffin With all that psychopath talkin

You listenin to da source, and I ain't from boston

I'm gang bangin, red G-6's

Call 'em how I see em, these niggas is bitches

And clue put this nigga on a song

Now it's G-unit and I came to get it on

You ain't hot, nigga you luke warm

I'll hog tie your ass wit G-unit shoes on

You had pump it up, that was a cool song

You only sold 10 records nigga now move on

Talkin bout you got ratchets and twos on

when You was at the allstar game wit no jewels on

I cant believe I gave you dap

Wit da 45 on me, I should've gave you dat

Pistol whipped you, layed you flat

Jumped off Buddens, nah a disgrace for a yankee hat

And it's time to state my biz

Only nigga pushin Rock in jersey is Jason Kidd

You a phony nigga, I erase your wit

Have you runnin to da church like Mase done did.

Buddens, Buddens, Buddens

You don't know me..fool

To dis me on DJ..Clue

I don't need no assistance

to dig you a ditch and

Any problem I got, I just put my clip in

You fake like Janet's titty

One call, 300 bloods at Atlantic City

You bad boy then dance like diddy

I give celebrity beat downs, I bring da camera wit me

On dat mixtape shit, you know my man was 50

And I keep some chrome in da tanish dickies

Smoke nigga like a gram of sticky

And I know my way to Harlem, I'd take you to Branstons wit me

Come to Compton, you'll vanish quickly

I got niggas in da hood dat'll kill you for a can of Migee's

Gangs of L.A. we never die..

And we'll let hollow tips fly at Joe...

Buddens, Buddens, Buddens

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

Buddens, Buddens, Buddens Buddens, Buddens, Buddens

-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-Unit

u know wat it is nigga, and u know where to find me...