

# Tony Yayo, My Buddy

(Chorus)

my buddy  
my buddy  
where ever I go, he go  
my buddy  
my buddy  
you can run for your life, i'm gonna stick him out the window  
my buddy  
my buddy  
I'll lay yo ass out, mutha fucka its simple

Stay in yo place

I recommend

Or say hello to my little friend

(Lloyd Banks)

Everywhere I go, I gotta tag along  
Cuz my buzz gettin strong and they mad I'm on  
He ride with me when I pass the mall  
He wait for me on the bench when I run and get my basketball  
One squeeze will make a bastard fall, gasp and crawl  
You need a bullet proof vest, mask and all  
You gotta bring yo buddy when its time to roam  
Cuz I got hit, last time I left mine at home  
My hand bling from the platium, the shine is chromey  
He even got closet space inside my home  
He ain't never been broke, he glitchless  
He's so alive boo, I bought him a rubber coat for christmas  
Infer red beam and a scope for distance  
He the best company, when approaching business  
He gon' ride wit me til the end  
We all gotta friend  
And mine is a G-U-N

(Chorus)

(50 Cent)

Yeah!

My buddy got a temper, he dying to pop off  
Last time he did the cops had the block all blocked off  
I take him to hustle stash him in the trash can  
My fingertips soak for 4 hours, I bag grams  
Your destinations hell or heaven  
Cuz I only bring him out for that 187  
He don't have a heart, I just keep feeding him shells  
He get it poppin in the hood so his name ring bells  
Miss Jones stay on the third floor, she call the cops on me  
They came, I ran, I had to toss my envelope homey  
Niggas no I got no friends so they stay in they place kid  
I stay screeming on niggas and beat up bass heads  
These niggas ain't down they just like to pretend  
Keep fuckin around they gonna say hello to my little friend

(Chorus)

(Young Buck)

We been through it all, yeah, we both still livin  
We been in a box but we both still spitin  
And when it was peace you played your position  
Got under the seat til we spotted our victim  
They wouldn't listen til they heard you go off

Remember it was broad day light in the middle of New York  
And little did they know we was ready for war  
Bet that nigga wish he never stuck his head out the door  
See whenever you come out something happen on the block  
You the reason the nigga stopped rappin like Pac  
People see you and run and you ain't even say shit  
They just know you ain't nuttin to play wit  
You stay wit 16 homies and one in the hole  
When the first one get out the next one go  
To know where you headed you gotta know where you been  
My glock stay wit me we friends til the end

(Chours)