

Tony Yayo, My Buddy

(Chours)

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 beem and a scope for distance

He the best company,when approching business

He gon' ride wit me til the end

We all gotta friend

And mine is a G-U-N

(Chours)

(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

(Chours)

(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)