

Young Buck, War Witcha Homeboy

[Intro]

Nigga, G-Unit Nigga!!

Dayum.. I neva knew dis rap shit

Could have a nigga beefin' wit his own homebois, ya'know?

Shit fucked up, but dis how it goes...

[Verse]

Came up (Yuh!), I did my thang

Dis is so real I ain't sayin' no names (Nah!)

Started wit' a dream like Martin Luther King

'Till tha Fed's came sayin' my whole fuckin' team (Huh!)

Switched my game up, started from tha bottom (Why?!)

My Daughter on tha way I don't need these problems (Aiight)

Find me a new job - I wanna rap

So I got myself a new squad, got out tha trap

Didn't have too many niggas ridin' wit' me then (Uh)

But now everybody wanna ride in my Benz (Uhh!!)

Dis one nigga dat I called a friend of mine

He was really right there when I didn't have a dime (Yeahh!)

But I stayed on tha grind, waited in tha line

Thinkin' dat we'd both git rich in due time (Nigga!)

My blessin' came and people started to listin

It's G-Unit now so I put him in posission (Owh!)

To ride wit' a nigga, and make his own bread

Can't give him tha world but hayell, I did what I can

He got a lil' man dat he called his artist (Yeah!)

I took him right in like "Damn, let's start dis." (C'monn!)

Brought him round 50 to show him what he got

He looked at me quickly and said he was hot

We was on our way, straight to tha top

But my homeboi feel like his man need to drop (Uh ohh)

His frustration kicks in, now here we go

My homeboi feelin' like I owe a lil' mo'

Meanwhile dis tha 1st week my album out (Okayye!)

Shit my own damn mama didn't have a house (Phureal!)

Stay focused tha way I post dis

When tha lights on, you can see tha roaches (Uh huh)

Shit got bad, my homeboi really got mad

'Cause he started losin' everythang dat he had (Aahh!)

Nobody to blame but who else, Guess who?

He started sendin' threats sayin' what he gon' do (Whudd!!)

Now I can't live around dis beef stuff (Nah)

Dis ain't New York, my city ain't big enough

So I'm lookin' fo' my homeboy wit' guns and shit (C'monn)

Askin' The Lord how did it come to dis (Why?!)

There he goes, right there with his toy souljas

I'm all by myself, let's git dis ova

Dogg down on the whole crowd, don't nobody move

Where my homeboi at, what he say he gon' do? (Huh!)

Outta nowhere, my homeboi show his face (Aye!)

But one of his souljas pull a gun from his waist (Dayum!!)

I started to shoot, but I looked in his eyes

And then i realized dat he didn't wanted die

So it's back to my homeboi, Wussup now?!

He like "Damn Buck, you really actin' fucked up now"

I'm like "Nawhh, niggas say you trynah kill me."

Glock still out nobody gittin' near me (Unh uh)

A car door opens, and who do I see?!

My homeboi artist who was down wit' me

He holla "Put ya guns down, and put ya hands up" (What?!)

I wadn't thinkin' I just fucked ya man up

Picked up my strap, hopped in my 'Lac truck (C'monn)

Told my homeboi "Ya mayn's an act up" (Nigga!!)

Weeks went by, and we got back cool

First it's shame on 'em, then it's shame on you (You!)
'Cause these same ol' dues dat i let back round (Okayye)
Doin' all kinds'a shit behind my back now
Wanna sleep wit' tha enemy to make some noise? (Aiight!)
But dis how it go in tha streets, when you war witcha homeboi

[Outro]

They smilin' in ya face
All tha time they wanna take ya place (Backstabbas.. Backstabbas..)
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All tha time they wanna take ya place (Backstabbas.. Backstabbas..)