

My Buddy

G-Unit

:

okay you with us, huh?

you listening good?

say hello to my little friend(x2)50 cent:

My Buddy My Buddy Wherever I go he go

My Buddy My Buddy you can run fo yo life when i stick em out tha
window

My Buddy My Buddy I lay yo ass out motha fucka its simple

Stay in your place i reccomend or say hello to my little friend

Lloyd Banks:

Everywhere i go I gotta tag along

Cuz my buzz gettin strong and they mad im on

he ride with me when i pass tha mall

he wait for me on tha bench when im on my game of basketball

one shoot'll make a bastard fall

pass em and crawl, you need a bulletproof vest, mask and all

bring your buddy when its time to roll

cuz i got hit the last time i left mine at home

a hand bling fulla platnium and shinas chrome he even got closet
space inside my home

He aint neva been broke he glichless

? I bought him a rubber coat for christmas

info-red beam and a scope for distance

the best company when approachin business

my eagle ride wit me to the end we all got a friend and mine is a G-U-N

50 cent:

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Stay in your place i reccomend or say hello to my little friend50 cent:

My buddy gotta temper he dyin ta pop off

last time he did tha cops had the block all locked off

take him wit me to hustle stashed him in a trash can

my fingers tips soft 4 for hours i bagged grams

you meet him, ya destinations hell or heaven

cuz i only bring em out for that 187

he dont have a heart i just keep feedin him shells

he got it poppin in tha hood so his name ring bells

Ms. Jones stay on tha third floor she call tha cops on me

they came i ran i had to toss my humble lil homie

niggas small they got no friends so they stay in they place

kid i stay screamin on niggas and beatin on base heads
these niggas aint thorough they just like to pretend
keep fuckin round nigga say hello to my little friend!50 cent:

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We picked em all out yet we both still livin
weve been in tha box but we both still spittin
and when it was beef u even played your position
got under the seat until we spotted our victim
at first they wouldnt listen til they heard u go off
remember it was broad daylight in tha middle of New York
and lil did they know we was ready 4 war
bet that nigga wished he neva stuck his head out tha door
see whenever u come out sumthin happens on tha block
you tha reason that nigga stopped rappin like pac
people see u n runnin n u aint even say shit
they just know u aint nuthin 2 play wit
u stay wit 16 homies, n one in tha hole
when the first one get out tha next one go
to know where u headed u gotta know where u been
tha glock stay wit me.we friends til tha end50 cent:

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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>