

## 50 Cent "My Buddy"

Visit "[My Buddy](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

\*Scarface\*

Ya...Ok...You Surrender?...Huh?...You Wanna Play  
Rough...Ok...  
Say Hello To My Little Friend(shots-scream)...You  
Surrender?...Huh?...  
Want More?(shots-scream)...Hhhh(shots-scream)

\*50 Cent\*

My Buddy, my buddy  
Where ever I go, he go  
My Buddy, my buddy  
You can run for your life imma stick him out da window  
My buddy, my buddy  
I'll lay ya ass out motha 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 mah buzz gettin strong and they mad I'm on  
He ride wit me when I pass the mall  
Don't wait for me on da bench when I run a game of  
basketball  
One squeeze will make a bastard fall, gasp and crawl  
You need a bulletproof vest, mask n all  
Bring ya buddy when its time to roam (Why?)  
Cuz I got hit last time I left mine at home  
My hand bling full of platinum, da shine is chrome  
He even got closet space inside mah home  
He aint never been broke, he glitchless  
He so reliable I bought him a rubber coat for Christmas  
Infared beam and a scope for distance  
Da best company when approachin business  
He gon ride wit me till da end  
We all gotta friend and mine is a G U N

\*50 Cent\*

My Buddy, my buddy

Where ever I go, he go  
My Buddy, my buddy  
You can run for your life imma stick him out da window  
My buddy, my buddy  
I'll lay ya ass out motha fucka its simple  
Stay in yo place I recommend or say hello to my little  
friend

\*50 Cent\*

My buddy got a temper  
He dyin to pop off  
Last time he did da cops had da block all locked off  
Take him wit me to hussle, stashed him in da trash can  
My fingertips sore from four hours of back grams  
You meet him  
Your destination hell or heaven  
Cuz I only bring him out for that 187  
He dun have a heart

I juss keep feedin him shells  
He get it poppin in da hood, so his name ring bells  
Ms.Jones stayed on da third floor  
She called da cops on me  
Dey came, I ran, I had to toss my humble lil homie  
Niggaz know I got new friends, so they stay in dere  
place kid  
I stay screamin on niggaz and beatin up base heads  
These niggaz sayin donnie juss like it pretend  
Keep fuck around and say hello to my little friend (Gun  
shots)

\*50 Cent\*

My Buddy, my buddy  
Where ever I go, he go  
My Buddy, my buddy  
You can run for your life imma stick him out da window  
My buddy, my buddy  
I'll lay ya ass out motha fucka its simple  
Stay in yo place I recommend or say hello to my little  
friend

\*Young Buck\*

We been through it all, and yet we both still leavin  
We been in da box, but we both still spittin  
And when it was beef  
You even played yo position, got under da seat  
Until we spotted our victim  
At first dey wouldn't listen until they herd you go off

Rememba it was broad daylight in da middle of New  
York  
And lil did they know we was ready for war  
I bet the nigga wish he never stuck his head out da  
door  
See whenever you come out sumthin happen on da  
block  
You da reason that nigga dun stop rappin like Pac  
People see you and run n you aint even say shit  
They juss know you aint nuttin to play wit  
You stayed wit sixteen homies and one in da hole  
When da first one get out da next one goes  
To know in ya head you gotta know where you been  
Da glock stays wit me  
We friends to da end

\*50 Cent\*

My Buddy, my buddy  
Where ever I go, he go  
My Buddy, my buddy  
You can run for your life imma stick him out da window  
My buddy, my buddy  
I'll lay ya ass out motha fucka its simple  
Stay in yo place I recommend or say hello to my little  
friend

Visit [50 Cent](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.