

## **Luniz**

# **"My Buddy"**

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Me and you, my buddy  
My buddy, my buddy, my buddy  
And you know that

Me and you, my buddy  
My buddy, my buddy, my buddy  
Me and you, my buddy  
My buddy, my buddy, my buddy  
Me and you, my buddy  
My buddy, my buddy, my buddy  
Me and you

Who can fade it, two assassins up on the mic  
Blastin', askin' no questions  
When they catch you in a gunfight  
Kaboom, we still mash as a team

As we mash for our dreams  
Actin' hood niggas for green  
It's Dillinger, forfillin',  
Makin' a low outta killin'

Pullin' scandalous jeans  
Forfillin' fantasy dreams  
Catch me on a Costa Rica  
With a island full of weed  
Money and bitches  
On a boat for sweet

See when I'm yellin'  
International help me  
No color lines on my  
Ugly and fine, you can sell me

I'm glad folks think the same way as I do  
'Cause I stab bitches way down in the Bayou  
Would you make way for two mo'  
Fo' blows, like you have hoes

Stamp a nation wide through the ghetto  
Fore youngsters, Hennessey sponsors  
With fore youngsters on a

Quarter of the map now I do

I spin mayor loot and khaki suits  
Nike's and cripsacks  
Wetsuits and leather boots  
I block niggas twice with thighs  
Buck with a .45  
Make you open while  
You blast at the parking lot

What you speakin' on  
Wanna go through it  
Drink a lot, made from fluid  
Scrump bitch, don't you hear the music

My buddy, Daz Dilly and Knubskully  
You will be thanked  
With you're petty pang petty

What, what, what, what you're livin' here  
To live the life that gangstas do  
(My buddy, my buddy)  
(My buddy, my buddy)

What, what, what, what you're livin' here  
To live the life that gangstas do  
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Check it out  
No bitch ass niggas, no funny ass hoes  
Dogg Pound Gangstas drippin' in low-lows  
You ain't all about the homies

You besta check the fault  
Pencils, playin' niggas in the crowd style  
Thinkin' 'bout the row outta town  
With the heater cock bust a million rounds

Dogg Pound internationals  
Drippin' off fools  
While the dock can bust  
The facility touch

I made the game down correct  
And kissed my belt like I was James Brown  
Spin around with the twist on the ground  
[Unverified]

Turn a diss in the pound  
Dogg Pound live around

Niggas hittin' the ground  
Fuck around and get shot up

I tear shit up, you can ask Puff  
Let M.C.'s, Mary J. B. and Jodeci  
About that nigga Yuk means the hardcore  
You're kicked off tour  
For piss marking on the hotel floor

G riders, We ride, DP ride  
Get the mashin' niggas  
Or the mat see automatic  
Get the blastin' niggas  
Shakin' nigga, bankin' nigga  
Quit the heater  
Stop blankin' niggas

I'm jack style surrounded by weed smoke  
See me and my peoples in the club  
Thugged up, suited in street clothes  
We roll, cut dough  
'Cause we so on triple gold, see hoes  
With weed with me and my amigo

What, what, what, what you're livin' here  
To live the life that gangstas do  
(My buddy, my buddy)  
(My buddy, my buddy)

What, what, what, what you're livin' here  
To live the life that gangstas do  
(My buddy, my buddy)  
(My buddy, my buddy)

Who did that, who shitted  
Who spoke on the ghetto row, You  
Who supa-dupu fly  
I gave it to the test players I will come back

Why don't you meet me over in the O, Homie  
'Cause when I get there  
The hoes will be all off on me  
I know y'all got a gang of bitches

Ha, ha and like fabulous thangs  
And livin' life persutive in nights machine dippin'  
With a pocket full of c-notes  
Cruise the block with a 9 lookin' for weed-o  
And oh yeah, who got the gangsta shit  
Daz and Kurupt and Knumskull and Yuk for shit bitch

I'm still a player, pop the slinger  
Ice-cream and [unverified]  
Rockin' Hillfiger just like a dada  
I rock around the house of rockwilder  
Just like a mobster, time to clock me  
Daz, Kurupt and Knumb in the Impala

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