

The Game "Buddens"

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We got a problem Houston, not Marques Houston or his little rapping side kick, we got a real mutha fuckin' problem. And it's only gonna be one of these songs, after that ima knock your mutha fuckin' ass out.

Verse 1

Bitch niggas get put in the coffin with all that psychopath talking, you listening to the source and I ain't from boston, I'm gang banging, wear G-6's call em' how I see em', these niggas is bitches, and clue put this nigga on a song and now it's g-unit, and I came to get it on, you ain't hot, nigga you look warm, I'll hog tie your ass with g-unit shoes on, you had pump it up that was a koo song, you only sold 10 records nigga now move on, talking about you got ratchets and tools on when you was at the all-star game with no jewels on, I can't believe I gave you dap, with the 45 on me I should of gave you that, pistol whipped you laid you flat, jump off buddens nah, disgrace to a yankee hat, and it's time to state my biz, only nigga pushing rocket jersey is jason kidd, you a phony nigga I'll erase your wig, have you running to the church like Mason did.

Chorus

Buddens, Buddens, Buddens, Buddens, Buddens,
Buddens, Buddens, Buddens, Buddens, Buddens,
Buddens, Buddens, Buddens, Buddens, Buddens,
Buddens, Buddens, Buddens, Buddens, Buddens,
Buddens, Buddens, Buddens, Buddens

Verse 2

You don't know me fool, to diss me on dj clue, I don't need no assistance to dig you a ditch, and any problem I got I just put my clip in, you fake like janet's titty, one call 300 bloods in atlantic city, you bad boy then dance like diddy, I give celebrity beat downs, I bring the camera with me, on that mixtape shit you knew my man was 50, and I keep something chrome in them tanish dickeys, smoke niggas like a gram of sticky, and I

know my way to harlem I'll take you to bransons with
me, come to Compton you'll vanish quickly, I got
niggas in the hood that'll kill you for a can of Mickey's,
gangs of L.A. we never die, and we'll let hollow tips fly
at Joe

Chorus

Verse 3

I drive through the desert storm kick up dust, red and
blue rags hanging out of pick up trucks, get banks on
the phone, nigga hit young buck, tell em' we got a
problem with this dumb fuck, you was just in the city of
angels in the W lobby in the presence of gangsters, I'm
the nigga that'll beat you with the stainless and leave
you alive so you can run and tell stain bitch, I got
niggas in jersey that'll hang you, im a los angeles king
with new york rangers, and you lucky yayo got that
beeper on his ankle, joe budden is a true definition of a
wankster

Chorus

Outro

This nigga try to act like he ain't know what the fuck he
was doing, you knew what you was doing nigga, stop
lying to the fuckin' people nigga, gone jump on a
freestyle nigga on that fly shit, try to diss g-unit nigga,
and im on the fuckin' first verse, you aint slick nigga, I
caught that shit like a mutha fuckin' greg maddox fast
ball nigga, 50 get dre on the phone, see if that nigga
remember what joe buddens second single was,
'cause I don't. I took a survey in the hood nigga, went to
the projects asked bitches if they feeling your shit, they
was like no, haha, I went to the hood asked niggas if
they was feeling your shit, they was like no, than I went
to jersey, caught me a fuckin flight man took my last
500 dollars man, flew to jersey, asked niggas in jersey
if they like your shit, they was like no, so I said fuck it,
ima take this nigga mutha fuckin head off. blackwall
street, aftermath, g-g-g-g-unit. you know what it is
nigga and you know where to find me

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