

Rabz

"Yur Buddy Mixtape Remix - Ft. Nas"

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Yur Buddy MixTape Remix

Lloyd Banks

Everywhere I go, I gotta tag along
Cause my bud's getting strong and they mad him on
He ride with me when I pass the mall
And wait for me on the bench when I run to get my
basketball
One sneeze'll make a bastard fall, gasp and crawl
You need a bulletproof vest, mask and all
Bring your buddy when it's time to roam (Why?)
Cause I got hit the last time I left mine at home
My hand bling full of platinum to shine his chrome
He even got closet space inside my home
He ain't never been broke, he glitchless
I'm so reliable, I bought him a rubber coat for
Christmas
Infrared beam and a scope for distance
The best company when approachin' business
He will ride with me 'til the end
We all got a friend and mine is a G-U-N

[Verse 1 - Rabz]

Hats off, to da rich ones who flash and floss
Pour some liquors out to my dogs trapped up north
Reminisce on the deceased who no longer exist
Only wishin' we could bring them back with songs like
dis
Old flicks on us chillin' wit da old time click
Holdin' nines, thoughts of death, not our lives we risk
How it use to be, early morn, pumpin' in shifts
Jakes wit pale faces in the night is the scariest
They handcuff me, they knew my government and
alias
Various calls were made up for awarin' us
The D's in the marked vans and cabs
In our land, hoodrats get stapped by niggas who forty
Turnin' out young lady's and make them make
thoughties
Got them coked out, the hood is bugged out
Thug babies, famous in they strollers

Before they walk they knew the hood talk
It's in the air of New York
So everybody'll pick em up, kissin em up
Treatin' them like they own, in dis hood we call home
Fist fight till we grown and these guns come out
Circle of life, it's kinda deep how we end out. hahahah

[Verse 3 - Nas] (Millennium Thug, Horse, Jungle, Wiz)
Yo, aiyyo, who da fuck wanna war
I got a four four, pierce ya'll niggas jaw
You see me thugged out, iced out, Guinness Stout
Hopin' out the Range wit da gun out
Smack your man down, you ran off
I was gonna hit him with two, I left some for you
I put four, LK rugged and raw
I got somethin' for these rap cats, fish held back gats
Scope wit a beam on it, loc put your cream on it
Shine don't scheme on it, I make your dream about it
Forever, whatever whatever get gully
Shots thru your leather and clothe, With your skelly off
Break ya'll clowns off

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