

Game, The "Buddens"

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-Game talkin-

(pshh) We got a problem Houston...
Not Marcus Houston, or his lil' rappin side kick
We got a real motha fuckin problem...
And theres only gonna be one of these songs,
After that I'ma knock your motha fuckin ass out...

-verse 1-

Bitch niggas get put in a coffin
With all that psychopath talkin
You listenin to da source, and I ain't from boston
I'm gang bangin, red G-6's
Call 'em how I see em, these niggas is bitches
And clue put this nigga on a song
Now it's G-unit and I came to get it on
You ain't hot, nigga you luke warm
I'll hog tie your ass wit G-unit shoes on
You had pump it up, that was a cool song
You only sold 10 records nigga now move on
Talkin bout you got ratchets and twos on
when You was at the allstar game wit no jewels on
I cant believe I gave you dap
Wit da 45 on me, I should've gave you dat
Pistol whipped you, layed you flat
Jumped off Buddens, nah a disgrace for a yankee hat
And it's time to state my biz
Only nigga pushin Rock in jersey is Jason Kidd
You a phony nigga, I erase your wit
Have you runnin to da church like Mase done did.

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You don't know me..fool
To dis 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 at Atlantic City
You bad boy then dance like diddy
I give celebrity beat downs, I bring da camera wit me
On dat mixtape shit, you know my man was 50
And I keep some chrome in da tanish dickies
Smoke nigga like a gram of sticky
And I know my way to Harlem, I'd take you to Branstons
wit me
Come to Compton, you'll vanish quickly
I got niggas in da hood dat'll kill you for a can of
Migee's
Gangs of L.A. we never die..
And we'll let hollow tips fly at Joe..

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I drive through da desert storm, kick up dust
Red and blue rags hanging outta pick up trucks
Get banks on da phone, nigga hit Young Buck
Tell him we got a problem wit dis dumb fuck
You was just in da city of angels
In da W lobby, in da presence of gangstas
I'm da nigga dat'll beat you wit da stainless
And leave you alive so you can run and tell Skane
(bitch)
I got niggas in Jersey, dat'll hang you
I'ma Los Angeles king, wit New York rangers
And you lucky Yayo got dat beeper in his ankle
Joe Buddens da true definition of a wangsta

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-Game talking-

Dis nigga try and act like he ain't know wat da fuck he
was doin
You knew what you was doin nigga
Stop lying to da fuckin people nigga
Go jump on a freestyle, niggas on dat fly shit
Try to dis G-Unit nigga
And I'm on da fuckin first verse
You ain't slick nigga
I caught dat shit like a mother fuckin
Gregg Mayers fastball nigga
50 get Dre on da phone
See if dat nigga remember what Joe Buddens 2nd
single was
Cause I don't
I took a survey in da hood nigga, went to da projects
Asked bitches if they was feelin your shit
They was like "Nope."
Went to da hood, asked niggas if they was feelin your
shit
They was like "Nope."
Then I went to Jersey, caught me a fuckin flight man
Took my last \$500 man
Flew to jersey, asked niggas in Jersey if they liked your
shit
They was like "Nope."
So I said fuck it, I'ma take this nigga motha fuckin head
off
BlackWallStreet, AfterMath, G-G-G-G-Unit
u know wat it is nigga, and u know where to find me...

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