

My Buddy (feat. Tha Dogg Pound)

Luniz

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 youWho 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 teamAs 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 sweetSee when I'm yellin'
International help me
No color lines on my
Ugly and fine, you can sell meI'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 hoesStamp a nation wide through the ghetto
Fore youngsters, Hennessey sponsors
With fore youngsters on a
Quarter of the map now I doI 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 lotWhat you speakin' on
Wanna go through it
Drink a lot, made from fluid

Scrumptious bitch, don't you hear the musicMy buddy, Daz Dilly and Knubskully
You will be thanked

With you're petty pang pettyWhat, 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)Check it out
No bitch ass niggas, no funny ass hoes

Dogg Pound Gangstas drippin' in low-lows
You ain't all about the homiesYou besta check the fault
Pencils, playin' niggas in the crowd style
Thinkin' 'bout the row outta town

With the heater cock bust a million roundsDogg Pound internationals
Drippin' off fools
While the dock can bust

The facility touchI 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 upI 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 floorG 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' niggasI'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 amigoWhat, 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 backWhy 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 bitchesHa, 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 Knumbskull and Yuk for shit bitchI'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 ImpalaWhat, 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)

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