

# My Buddy

## Bob Schulz and His Frisco Jazz Band

My buddy, my buddy  
Wherever I go, he go  
My buddy, my buddy  
You can run for your life  
I'ma stick him out the window  
My buddy, my buddy  
I'll lay ya ass out, motherfucker, it's simple  
Stay in your place I'll recommend  
Or say hello to my little friend  
Everywhere I go I gotta tag along  
'Cause my bud's gettin' 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 will 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 till the end  
We all got a friend and mine is a G U N  
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My buddy got a temper, he dyin' to pop off  
Last time he did the cops had the block all locked off  
Take him with me to hustle, stashed him in a trashcan  
My fingertips off before hours I bag grams  
You meet him, your destination's Hell or Heaven

'Cause I only bring him out for that one eight seven  
He don't have a heart, I just keep feedin' him shells  
He get it poppin' in the hood, so his name ring bell  
Miss Jones stay on the third floor  
She called the cops on me  
They came, I ran, I had to toss my other little homey  
Niggas know I got new friends so they stay in their place, kid  
I stay screamin' on niggas and beatin' up baseheads  
These niggas ain't thorough  
They just like to pretend, keep fuckin' 'round  
They gon' say hello to my little friend, friend  
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We been though it all but yet we both still livin'  
We been in a box but we both still spittin'  
And when there was beef, you even played your position  
Got under the seat until we spotted our victim  
At first they wouldn't listen till they heard you go off  
Remember it was broad daylight in the middle of New York  
And little did they know that we was ready for war  
Bet the nigga wished he never stuck his head out the door  
See whenever you come out, somethin' happen on the block  
You the reason that nigga done stopped rappin' like Pac  
People see you and run, and you ain't even say shit  
They just know you ain't nothin' to play with  
You stay with sixteen homeys and one in the hole  
When the first one get out, the next one go  
To know where you headed, you got to know where you been  
The glock stay with me, we friends till the end  
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My buddy, my buddy  
You can run for your life  
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