My Buddy

Suntones

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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Or say hello to my little friend
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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