

War Witcha Homeboy

Young Buck

[Intro]Nigga, G-Unit Nigga!!
Dayum.. I neva knew dis rap shit
Could have a nigga beefin' wit his own homebois, ya'know?
Shit fucked up, but dis how it goes...
[Verse]Came up (Yuh!), I did my thang
Dis is so real I ain't sayin' no names (Nah!)
Started wit' a dream like Martin Luther King
'Till tha Fed's came sayin' my whole fuckin' team (Huh!)
Switched my game up, started from tha bottom (Why?!)
My Daughter on tha way I don't need these problems (Aiight)
Find me a new job - I wanna rap
So I got myself a new squad, got out tha trap
Didn't have too many niggas ridin' wit' me then (Uh)
But now everybody wanna ride in my Benz (Uhh!!)
Dis one nigga dat I called a friend of mine
He was really right there when I didn't have a dime (Yeahh!)
But I stayed on tha grind, waited in tha line
Thinkin' dat we'd both git rich in due time (Nigga!)
My blessin' came and people started to listin
It's G-Unit now so I put him in possission (Owh!)
To ride wit' a nigga, and make his own bread
Can't give him tha world but hayell, I did what I can
He got a lil' man dat he called his artist (Yeah!)
I took him right in like "Damn, let's start dis." (C'monn!)
Brought him round 50 to show him what he got
He looked at me quickly and said he was hot
We was on our way, straight to tha top
But my homeboi feel like his man need to drop (Uh ohh)
His frustration kicks in, now here we go
My homeboi feelin' like I owe a lil' mo'
Meanwhile dis tha 1st week my album out (Okayye!)
Shit my own damn mama didn't have a house (Phureal!)
Stay focused tha way I post dis
When tha lights on, you can see tha roaches (Uh huh)

Shit got bad, my homeboi really got mad
'Cause he started losin' everythang dat he had (Aahh!)
Nobody to blame but who else, Guess who?
He started sendin' threats sayin' what he gon' do (Whudd!!)

Now I can't live around dis beef stuff (Nah)
Dis ain't New York, my city ain't big enough
So I'm lookin' fo' my homeboy wit' guns and shit (C'monn)
Askin' The Lord how did it come to dis (Why?!)
There he goes, right there with his toy souljas
I'm all by myself, let's git dis ova
Dogg down on the whole crowd, don't nobody move
Where my homeboi at, what he say he gon' do? (Huh!)
Outta nowhere, my homeboi show his face (Aye!)
But one of his souljas pull a gun from his waist (Dayum!!)
I started to shoot, but I looked in his eyes
And then i realized dat he didn't wanned die
So it's back to my homeboi, Wussup now?!
He like "Damn Buck, you really actin' fucked up now"
I'm like "Nawhh, niggas say you tryannah kill me."
Glock still out nobody gittin' near me (Unh uh)
A car door opens, and who do I see?!
My homeboi artist who was down wit' me
He holla "Put ya guns down, and put ya hands up" (What?!)
I wadn't thinkin' I just fucked ya man up
Picked up my strap, hopped in my 'Lac truck (C'monn)
Told my homeboi "Ya mayn's an act up" (Nigga!!)
Weeks went by, and we got back cool
First it's shame on 'em, then it's shame on you (You!)
'Cause these same ol' dues dat i let back round (Okayye)
Doin' all kinds'a shit behind my back now
Wanna sleep wit' tha enemy to make some noise? (Aiight!)
But dis how it go in tha streets, when you war witcha homeboi
[Outro]They smilin' in ya face
All tha time they wanna take ya place (Backstabbas.. Backstabbas..)
They smilin' in ya face
All tha time they wanna take ya place (Backstabbas.. Backstabbas..)

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