

# My Buddy (feat. Daz, Kurupt)

Luniz

Me and You  
My Buddy, my buddy, my buddy, my buddy[Daz]  
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 You[Daz]  
Who 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 team  
As 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 RicaWith a island full of weed, money and bitches  
On a boat for sweet[Knumbskull]  
See when I'm yellin'  
International help me  
No colorlines on my  
Ugly and fineYou can sell me  
I'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'For blows, like you have hoes  
Stamp a nation wide through the ghetto  
Fore youngsters, Hennesy sponsors  
With fore youngsters on a  
quarter of the map now I do[Daz]  
I 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 lot[Knumbskull]  
What you speakin' on

want to go through it  
Drink a lot, made from fluid  
Scrump bitch, don't you hear the music  
My buddy, Daz Dilly and Knubskully  
You will be thanked  
With you're petty pang petty[Chorus: x2]  
What, What, What, What you're livin here  
To live the life that gangstas do  
(My buddy, my buddy [repeats])[Kurupt]  
Check it out  
No bitch ass niggas, no funny ass hoes  
Dogg Pound Gangstas drippin' in low-lows  
You ain't all about the homies You besta check the fault  
Pencils, playin' niggas in the crowd style  
Thinkin' 'bout the row outta town  
With the heater cock bust a million rounds Dogg Pound internationals  
Drippin' off fools  
While the dock can bust  
The facility touch[Yukmouth]  
I made the game down correct  
And kissed my belt like I was James Brown  
Spin around with the twist on the ground  
(?)Turn a diss in the pound  
Dogg Pound live around,  
Niggas hittin' the ground  
Fuck around and get shot up I 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 floor[Kurupt]  
G 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' niggas[Yukmouth]  
I'm jack style  
Surrounded by weed smoke  
See me and my peoples in the club,  
Thugged up, suited in steet clothes We roll, cut dough  
'Cause we so  
On triple gold, see hoes  
With weed with me and my amigo[Chorus x2][Knumbskull]  
Who did that, who shitted

Who spoke on the ghetto row, You  
Who supa-dupu flyyyyy  
I gave it to the test players I will come back[Kurupt]  
Why 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 why'all got a gang of bitches...[Daz]  
... Ha, ha  
And like fabulous thangs and livin' life persutive  
In nights machine dippin'  
With a pocket full of see-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 bitch[Yukmouth]  
I'm still a player, pop the slinger  
Ice-cream and (?)  
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 Impala[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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