

Custom Made Gangstas

"Hydro"

Visit "[Hydro](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*talking*)

C.M.G., smoke some'ing

Hydro, getting money like it grow on trees

[Lil' C]

Now I ain't never been in love, like this with a bitch

Cause everytime I try to leave her, I like to spliff

And I'm back, like it was my first time ever

My first high ever, everytime I hit her

I get on another level, now I'm zoning

In my own world, E.T. phone home'ing

She fuck with other niggaz, so I say she do my wrong

I love it when she be around, hate when she be gone
now

What did I do, to deserve this hoe

I been looking for you, calling everybody I know

A.G. say he seen you, with a nigga at the sto'

Ke said you left his spot, bout a hour ago

Now I'm thinking to myself, man this some bullshit

When I get my hands on ya, I'ma break you down bitch

And show you how to roll, and teach you how to hide

Girl you the reason, I put stash spots in the ride

[Hook]

Hyyyydro, no sticks no seeds good weed

Hyyyydro, that's all I know that's all I need is that

Hyyyydro, blueberry or that purple shit nigga

Hyyyydro, quit playing nigga light that shit

[A.G.]

Yeah Mr. Gates layed back, not the first to flip

But I'm the first with a zip, of that fluffy shit

But I ain't talking bout that powder, you put in your nose

I'm talking bout, that incredible krypto smoke

I guess it's why I got incredible, krypto flow

And it's even worse when I'm rolling, with my sicko bro

That's Lil' C, and he told me he love that Afghan

And fuck customs, if we see fo' passing

Yeah, I gotta keep my sticky with me

Like I keep, my semi near me

Hear me, so go on roll up another one

And fuck a dutch, cause a cigarillo get it done
Now I don't know, what kinda weed y'all smoking
Check my sack it's lime green, like the A's from
Oakland
So quit joking, and smoking that stress
I don't know about you, who smoking the best and
that's that

[Hook]

[Lil' Keke]

I smoke dro, that shit that they grow below
And it cost a nice grip, for a ounce or mo'
Smoking on some good shit, it'll punish your throat
Gotta take off your jacket, 'fore it get in your coat
I puff pots and broccoli, no seeds and sloppy
Leaning to the side, in my white Gilloppi
Broke boys carbon copy, play high
I stay high, roll my dro and puff ly
Twisting up master kush, and blueberry buzz
Light fire, taste the love
These boys on rich nigga drugs, Crips and Bloods
Thugs with cheap prices, gallons jugs
Smoking on regular, smoking on the cegular
The grass we chief man, it's ten steps ahead of ya
Hydro, it's the only way
And I'll be rolling sweet tooth, when I'm old and grey

[Hook]

Visit [Custom Made Gangstas](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.