

Custom Made Gangstas f/ Big Pokey

"84's"

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(*talking*)

Southside Don Ke, Sensei

Starched down, and I'm rolling on 84's

Get your hood up, Herschelwood-Y.S.P.

Southside, feel this

[Lil' Keke]

Starched down so clean, crease still in my jeans

Drank purple candy red, money and the dro green

Sideways, turn crooked in my ride

I'ma wipe the Lac down, it's Saturday night live

Trunk open boppers scoping, everything's good

Dro burning 4's turning, welcome to the hood

Supersonic mean green, like I'm Shawn Kemp

I'm far from a mark, but I'm some'ing like a pimp

I pull out on a hot day, Cadillac or Chevrolet

Butter seats black heat, wish a nigga would play

I'm 22's, Emmitt Smith's like a big boss

My neck froze, 84's like I'm Randy Moss

I pay the cost, cause them Texas boys they ride slab

We Southside till we die, can I get some dap

It's C.M.G., S.U.C. cause it's all the same

I hit 'em hard and wreck a broad, when I'm on them
thangs

[Hook - 4x]

Starched down, and I'm rolling on 84's

[Big Pokey]

Starched down, rolling on them 84's gripping wood

Swanging wide, representing Southside looking good

Turning corners in the hood, sitting on insane glass

And I got a pocket full of, do the damn thang cash

I'ma mash for my dreams, ass on the Palamene

Infra beam on the seat, hauling when I hit the scene

'64 hardtop, six tre hill green

Starched down, rolling on them Randy Moss looking
clean

I'm the dude with the roof back, burning the rubber

Put a blanket on my flame, and I'm burning the cover

4-5 in the glove spot, nigga we covered

Put the wife and kids to bed, we looking for supper
I live in the struggle, got pigeons to juggle
These G colored stones, make your vision double
Sensei sick with the hustle, sick with the grind
And I'm sitting low to the flo', ridiculous shine yeah

[Hook - 4x]

[Lil' Keke]

The Don and Sensei, we mobbing the highway
The wood grain is tilted, we sitting on soft grey
4's and two prone, so mirror is so glass
The Benz sitting on his ass, with a European mask
40 supreme gas, a dream of getting cash
The Vette' do 200, you can see it on the dash
The king in the building, bitches give me the crown
84's and low pros, I'll still be starched down

[Big Pokey]

84's turning, and it's time to get our shine on
On the grind, a whole bunch of money what my mind
on
I switch time zones, nigga I'm a mob boss
Vogue tire peeling off, some'ing with the ceiling off
Three wheeling off, beating like a masturbator
Deuce out the roof, when you see us passing by the
haters
We got the Lexus, T-Rex's and the Navigators
Rims up on the crawl, like a alligator

[Hook - 7x]

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