

Custom Made Gangstas f/ Q.B.

"Calculated Steps"

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(*talking*)

C.M.G., Custom Made Gangstas

(what's up Ke), what's up baby

(say mayn, it's been a long time mayn)

That's right, (put these placks on the wall mayn) fa sho

[Hook]

Crunch time, ball in your hand the time's running

Either win or lose, go all out for the cash money

Calculated steps, one mistake and the game's over

A Custom Made Gangsta for real, a true soldier

[Lil' Keke]

I pulled up 84's, suicide drop do's

Sitting at the club, on the belly with the top closed

Niggaz know me in the streets, cause I spit flows

But don't ever get it twisted, I pimp hoes

Sipping oil, in a platinum mind frame

Bought a new Benz, cause it's mo' in my price range

Shake 'em up nigga, cause I roll like a dice game

Keep some good snipers in the back, with a nice aim

Steps up the ladder, but they calculated

The Don here for the title, and I smell they hate it

These niggaz is overrated, they ain't working the field

Herschelwood is my hood, I'm a soldier for real

Hey, I just talk this way

But you can hear my life troubles, when you press that
play

Ok, I'ma take it to the gutter and back

And my family gotta eat, if it's rap or crack fa sho

[Hook]

Crunch time, ball in your hand the time's running

Either win or lose, go all out for the cash money

Calculated steps, one mistake and the game's over

But I'm holding it down, Q.B. is a real soldier

Crunch time, ball in your hand the time's running

Either win or lose, go all out for the cash money

Calculated steps, one mistake and the game's over

A Custom Made Gangsta for real, a true soldier

[Q.B.]

True soldier, from the city of sinners
To be a winner, you gotta be colder than winter
Kept it plotting, every move that I make
Cause snakes got they eyes on me, hate to see the
young'n loaded with cake
Moving the rock, like a guard of seminal
I ain't speaking subliminal, one shot one chance like
Eminem
Haters in competition, get rid of em
Charge they life on a black card, for trying to spy like
Dan Akroyd
I'm that hard, I go Shaq hard
I make moves like the President, win or lose go all out
for the presidents
Like Mike Vick in the fourth quarter, it's hard running
the sideline
And trying not to get hit by the blindside, it's crunch
time

[Hook]

[Lil' Keke]

I grind for perfection, but nothing mistake free
My pebbles turn to them rocks, my rocks turn to a ki
We move at nigga speed, you facing a bigger league
A trained marine, on the scene to make 'em bleed
A soldier, so I walk that path
Cause I'm chasing after zero's, and holding a slab
On the grind, cause this game is mine
You keep your eyes on the prize, my nigga it's crunch
time

[Q.B.]

I'm going all out, shocking and rocking for extra grams
Till I crawl out, in my new driveway in a slab
I was struggling, hard times just made me better now
I'm doubling, thank God he made the weather change
What it's been, Section A's and K's sprayed
A lot of homies die, trying to make it through this maze
Big and Pac gone, when we gon change our ways
Living in the last days, young nigga get paid

[Hook]

(*talking*)

That's right, Q.B./Young Don
Custom Made Gangstas, C.M.G. since the first day
It's about to be the worst day, you know I'm saying
Get ready, coming soon
"Loved By Few, Hated By Many", the Young Don is back

S.U.C. to the finish, Swishahouse the new beginning
0-6 we in the mix that's right, Herschelwood Hardheads
For life native Houston South Park, Sunnyside that's
right

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