

Bone Thugs

"Give Me Some Hydro"

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[Intro: Bizzy] Preach (yeahhhhhhhhhhh) Preach baby (ooh-yeahhhhh, yeahhhhhhh) Rollin, smokin, chokin all dayyyyy (c'mon) Rollin rollin rollin, yeah (let's get high pimp, woo!) Rollin, smokin, chokin all dayyyyy Smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke Rollin rollin rollin, yeah... Rollin, smokin, chokin all dayyyyy C'mon, rollin rollin rollin, yeah Give me some hydro [Layzie Bone] Flyin down 71, blowin big with the top down Watchin out for the cops now, hopin that they don't come around Man I love the summertime, everybody out, on the grind I know they wanna hit this pine, these pretty girls is all super fine Got that California sticky with me, 20 sacks, they goin for 50 I smoke one, they spinnin with me, other than that these fools convince me I'm tipsy, and I'm high as hell, already done hit the kush Everybody know I got 'dro for sale but I'm bustin dawg if they make a push Exit down on 80 Road, I'm gettin hyped cause I'm gettin close My niggaz is tired of carryin the load, so so, I'm finna let them smoke Buster right at 110th, made a stop at Dupont Finna head on over to Remington, to see what Buck and Scoop doin Turn down the music light, who is that nigga y'all finna choke? Pulled out a blunt and told him to jump in Let's smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke... [Chorus: Bizzy Bone] Smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke Rollin, smokin, chokin all dayyyyy Smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke... Rollin, smokin, chokin all dayyyyy Give me some hydro Rollin rollin rollin, yeah Smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke [Layzie Bone] Well I'ma blaze this one for Thin C, in the spirit of Rick James In the spirit of Biggie Smalls, he know how to +Spit That Game+ Talk that shit, walk that shit, grab that sack, roll that quick Put it in the air, burn that shit, put it to your lips, take that hit Puff-puff give, pass it on down, gotta make sure it come back around Uh-oh nigga now what's that sound? Stomach growls, we hungry now How many weed songs can one man make? How many blunts to the face, can one man take? Well let's roll, I wanna know I wanna blow until we all P.O. And we can wake up in the

mornin, we can do it again We might, run out of
Swishas but we ain't gon' run out again And if you do
then let me lend somethin, my credit good, there's no
frontin Ain't comin for nothin, bottom line I'm on
somethin, on somethin... [Chorus] [Bizzy] Smoke
smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke
{*2X*}

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