

Lyrics by Beatles

"Hydro"

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(Twiztid and Layzie talkin)

(Layzie Bone)

Smokin hydro, feelin fine
Slow sippin on wine, wine, yeeah, ghetto wine
Hydro, yeah, shoulda been told ya, livin proof soldiers
Winos, so come and light the spliff dogg, and it betta
be that hydro

(Monoxide)

Now all these people wanna smoke some weed wit
Twiztid
And see if we really smoke all that's listed
From bubblegum to super skunk 1 to 5
And even smoked a little bit of some shit they call the
beehive
I been to Europe and made Amsterdam cry
Cause me and Madrox straight smoked them hoes dry
I'm like fuck Cheech, he don't even hit the bong
And I did 30 days for drinkin cleanall wit Tommy Chong
I shot a movie wit the guy from Half-Baked
He didn't smoke but he was funny so I guess he's only
half fake
So rake the seeds out your weed, I'm not smokin
That shit you're bout to roll up, to me, don't even look
potent
And ain't chokin off them stems and seeds
And why does everybody say they smoke more weed
than me?
It ain't no race, it's no contest, winner roll the weed up
Just think about that and keep the trees up

(Chorus)

From the chronic to the green ass weed wit no seeds
To the boogie that'll make a mothafuckers lungs bleed
Smoke down in the car, can't breath
Everybody wanna smoke wit me, smoke wit me
To the doggs wit the pre-rolled blunts in the air
Bumpin this like we don't care (Come, come, come and
smoke wit me)
Dirty piss violated again

I'm in the system and I just can't win (Come, come,
come and smoke wit me)

(Layzie Bone)

Lay and Twiztid fin to get you twisted, spliffed is the
mission
What we hittin is that chronic leaves, quick to split your
dome
Have you trippin, coughin, laughin long, betta go
'round and get you some
Roll it in a blunt or we can rip it from the bong
It's the potent than can keep me up, and help me keep
my rhyme in focus
I'm in this hocus pocus like there's magic in every puff
It's magic in the man to handle it if you can
If you ain't put in on the weed then you ain't smokin,
understand?
I gives a damn about a soul to soul, buddah lovas love
to blaze
Store the weed you got on stage and make sure it's the
purple haze
No need in holdin back, gonna spend that extra money
Split the philly up the middle, gon' and lace it wit the
honey
So we can burn slow, so we preserve smoke
Cause you know we love to blow, smokin on that hydro

(Chorus)

(Madrox)

One puff and it blows ya head off, second puff you're
set off
The third, tokin shit on ya chest ya wanna let off
Pass the joint, pass the point of bein to' down
I'm so high that my heartbeats startin to slow down
Fingernails are roach clips for gourmet smokin
Smased up glass pieces slash my whole face open
I'm zonin' and I don't feel a thing
I probably won't recall a single thing that's happening
My medicine is sold by the dope man (Quarters and
halves)
And big boys, and QP's that come wit fat price tags
(How much are ya spendin?) Whatever it takes
To get rid of all these headaches
And shakes make no mistakes
I come wit green for the green, an even exchange
No money for a bag of brown backyard boogie
I get so high that you would have to rip me out of the
sky
For the feeling that the real green provides

(Chorus)

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