

## Front Back Side to Side

Lil Rob

Hey homeboy remember cruising down the avenue in the Regal  
We thought we were all bad with McLeans and a lowered car  
But nowadays if you don't got hundred spokes  
Homey don't even bring you car out  
And if you ain't switched up, forget about it  
Let me tell you about me ride ese

My carrucha got four pumps and four square dumps  
Hydraulics, custom paint, rims and bump bumps  
Everything I need in my low-low  
I go hook it up with them vatos who can hook it up  
Wrap it up from the bottom up, homeboy tear it up  
When I'm done juice them up, go back out and use some up  
Front, back, side to side, corner and pancake  
People trip out when they see my carro shake like a Southern California eart  
hquake  
I take, many chances on this carrucha that dances  
Like a ruca, ass up, titties down  
So many Chevys you would think we're in the 60's  
Now I'm through, grab a tissue from my dispenser  
Grab another 45 for me and change the record  
My neck hurts from hitting all day  
You play you pay but that's ok, I'll hit my switches till the day I pass awa  
y

Front, back, side to side, corner and pancake  
People trip out when they see my carro shake shake  
Front, back, side to side, corner and pancake  
Hop that motherfucker till the AR's brake  
Front, back, side to side, corner and pancake  
People trip out when they see my carro shake shake  
Front, back, side to side, corner and pancake  
Shaking like a Southern California earthquake

I hit my switches up, I hit my switches down  
I put the top up, I put the top back down  
No matter where I go they say my tire's the glow  
And next time tell me something I don't know, I like to roll low  
I'm a lowrider rolling on hundred-spoke wires  
Gotta be thirteen inch Dayton's wrapped with small white-wall tires  
You say that you three wheel, I bet you I three wheel higher  
Got a chrome extinguisher just in case I catch fire  
And if I do I'll get myself a '62 or have some fun in a rag-  
top '61 and it's done  
That's Q-Vo, Q-Vo, I got the itches to hit the switches  
People tripping, how I lit this, street up with sparks  
Listen to my perros bark, slam it to the ground everytime I park  
But when I leave I raise it up again  
Hit the front down, hit them up again, down, then I get them up again

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Shaking like a Southern California earthquake

Hey homey that's a pretty bad ass convertible you got there ese, '63?

Simon

Hey homey that's a pretty bad ass Cadillac Fleetwood you got there homeboy, '93?

Simon

I start my car up and gas her everytime I dance it I break something

Don't worry, it's nothing that we can't fix

Cuz I don't stop until the pumps bust or I get a head rush

Or until some hynas get in the mix

I hit my switches, the jura gives me tickets

Hynas blow me kisses, throwing me their digits

Looking all exuisent when I get explicit

Because I got a lowride that looks like it slow rides

Don't be suprised when I'm hopping next to your ride

See saw, front, back, side to side

Three wheel around the corner as I get ghost

Check the chrome behind the spokes, homeboy you can't get close

All you see is six tail-lights as I leave the scene

Carrucha looking clean, and my ruca's looking mean

Time to head home, another night to ascend

Come back next weekend and do the same shit again

Front, back, side to side, corner and pancake

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Hop that motherfucker till the AR's brake

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