

LOWRIDER

Ocean Wisdom

You ain't never seen an English boy in a lowrider
Chillin', got rich, yeah, no rider
You ain't sled, you ain't no slider
Heard you got booked for a whole fiver
Heard you might duck if I clothesline you
Heard you might pop if I cosign you
Heard your new song, I heard no fire
Heard you made hits with a ghostwriter
I'm an English boy in a lowrider
Should have got rich, you ain't no rider
You ain't sled, you ain't no slider
Heard you got booked for a whole fiver
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Heard your new song, I heard no fire (uh-uh)
Heard you made hits with a ghostwriter

Man saw the spring on the lowrider
And he panic, skid, skrrrt, reverse
Fan it, this murd' lookin' tragic
Man's supposed to really back it
I can't believe that a man had racks
From rappin' them raps, then simply vanished
At the very first glimpse of the caddy
At the very first glimpse of the gadget
Go go gadget, bangin' gang, grab him
Look him in the eye
Prod him with a cow-prod, make him get manic
I really wanna get a likkle [?] panicked
He tried to back it with a [?]
So I had to get the clash out the hole in the mattress
And pay some dodgy crackhead
15 bags for a little kidnapping
Whack him in the lowrider

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I'm an English boy in a lowrider (uh-huh)

You know like that
Man's too silly with a pen for a ghostwriter
Anything like that, what's that?
Man's out here tryna do it through talent and skill
Them man try and do it through swag
Look at my jacket, look at my tat
Music average, everyone gassed
Few dance moves and that distracts from the reality
That the track is whack
Look at my hands, look at my fag
Look at my belly, look at my back
Man really out here, whorin', posin'
Social climbin', non-disclosin'

Then disclosin' false disclaimers
Zero ratings, zero motive
Ask yourself: "Hmm, is he with it?"
Same way that Wizzy with it, tricky innit?
Fair, he says that he really with it
But man knows that he's fibbin' innit
Timid with it
Yeah, in a minute
Might show a man how I'm nippy with it, skippy with it
Same time stay trippy with it
Plus, man's got that flicky with it, stick it in him
Dip it and then chuck him in the lowrider

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Zing, zing, zoom in the lowrider
Tings in Boots like the old Stryder
Click, click, boom when I roll by ya
Fill up a yout like "hold my cup"
Restricted room, that's so like us
Ip-dip-do, which mobile comes?
None, left to frig in the yard
Shit I've been [?], my guts
Pick up the field and distribute that
Switch up the mood and introduce raps
Bitches pursue to interview man
This is a tune, not interlude, fam
One of these here might injure 2 man
I never seen them in that blue back
Shoot, he swear, Bruce Lee-roy
Still around, I see a ninja do that
I don't fuck with Smart Water
I fuck with Ocean Wisdom
How could I be stereotyped
By a broken system?
Don't try ridin' my wave, boy
You'll get motion sickness
Man a man's in a Cadillac
With a can of gas
Had a Merc, but I'm rollin' different

In a lowrider
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