

Lowrider

The Game

Hop out the Phantom and jump in my lowrider
Hop out the Bentley and jump in my lowrider
Hop out the Lambo and jump in my lowrider
Hop out the Rarri and jump in my lowrider
My lo-lo-lo-lo, my lowrider
My lo-lo-lo-lo, my lowrider
My lo-lo-lo-lo, my
Lowrider

Hop out the Rarri, hear the nine go click clack
You front, you swallow them bullets just like Tic Tacs
I hear you mumblin', rumblin' all that riff raff
I draw the line, you cross it you gettin' bitch slapped
Bus and Game got a new song, well nigga this that
Play the blind barber bitch and push your wig back
Show you wear them automatic semis and them cigs at
Let this bitch go and wrap the block like a Zig Zag
This fag standin' on the corner like he got the purp
Sellin' weed cause my soldier got it for a lot of work
Used to Crip walk now that nigga tryna do the jerk
Funny ass nigga, put them hollow tips through his shirt

These bitch ass niggas don't deserve to breathe, to breathe, to breathe
Let me catch 'em in the corner, we ain't lettin' 'em leave, 'em leave

Time to bleed

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See niggas praisin' the way I be blazin', shit black
Amazing, the way how I'm spittin' all over this track
Creation, replacin' your head and your so wick-wack
Shots'll have you breakin' up, achin', now feel it kick back
Unfortunately for you it was a mishap
When I blow a couple thousand on diamonds and get my wrist wrapped
Ch-Boom! Lay you away, sick of all the chit chat
From news clippings while making your broad strip biatch
I'm so compulsive, results is classic like Nike Airs
My shit is potency I'm the most when I'm right here
My spit be frightening niggas worser than nightmares
I don't give two fucks nigga, see I don't care
Now come and gather around my people need to witness
I'm passed killing you niggas, I'm here to kill a sickness
Merciness how I swallow the beat and handle business
You heard me miss, fuck your nigga, you know I know you with this

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Hop out what the fuck I want, into a lowrider
Bounce it up in MIA but I ain't Flo Rida
I push the Phantom to the opera
Drive the Bentley to the 'hood, let the Lambo hold the choppers
The Maybach, that's for the meeting with the Doctor
Classic shit, they wonder why I'm rollin' to Sinatra
I split that backwood, while I'm rollin'
Thinkin' back to '99 when all my whips was stolen
All my bricks were frozen, now traded the birds for some words, now my wrist
is frozen
My bitch is open and so is the sunroof
Nigga gotta climb through the scove to get me his gun proof
And I'm gone off that Rose
When I'm in the club, Belvedere, OJ
Soo-woo, okay
Used to push crack, stack hundreds with the old Faith
Red lowrider, California black and gold plates
Classic!

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