

My Lowrider

The Game

[Intro] Chops on the track motherfuckers!

Cherry 64 (My lowrider) hop in the low low (My my lowrider)
Chrome hydraulics, all black impala (My my lowrider, My my lowrider)
Three-wheelin the 64 (my lowrider) hop in the low low (My my lowrider)
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I see 'em tryin shine like Tech
Cause I shine like I be grinding on the set, got the diamonds on my neck
Most talked about when I hit that strip, watch it bounce when I hit that dip
Come to close might get that clip, click BANG
Don't trip, Tech don't slip, laces up the roll go get my bitch
Get my grip, talk my shit, hit my switch and dip
Switchin lanes on them Dana Danes, same color as that candy paint
Tangerine with (I can't tell the rest cause of E-40)

I tried to never sober, chalupa, longer then a roller coster
Out hear a head a hub a head and do ya for quarter ounce of yollup
Venomos snakes, like some cobras, up top is where I'm from
We be lettin our nuts hang over our shoulders, figure 8 and go and duck
Droppin with all 4 doors open, gassin and brakin and yolkin
We hyphy, we stupid valeho, Richmond, Frisco, Oakland
We 9ers, we raiders, we some hustlers and some players
We've got 64s and low lows, but most of us rider scrapas

Lord forgive me it in me to sent me to tote semi's
Grove penny and remy my pockets was so skinny
Now I blow pennies on 4 hemi's
Run the whole city/hoes, I put dough before any
My 6th sense helped me view better cheddar kid
I fucks mo hoes then Hugh Heffner ever did
That new leather shit the coup hell sick
Dude move ahead of who ever cause dude never quit

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Cranberry impala, that's my lowrider
Slide by your north sider rider with a hoe driver
G'd up from the feet up plus the heat tough
Toe game crack the grey goose and spark the weed up
When I'm in LA I go in Crenshaw and floss a little
Slot a lot thang in that Black Wall Street
Double U and P and CPT we keeping it G
In our low riders riders riders

We put them cracks up on the wall, cucarachas crawl
I keep my head up and it wont fall, no not at all

I'll break ya jaw like a break the law, leave you all in all
The lowrider so low, you won't know what you saw
I sit low with a tall can, in a brown bag
With a brown rag, bouncing a brown rag
With the Mexican flag and the American flag
Hitting the fronts and the backs, watching out for the bash

Home boy, Big T, better know as Tyrone
Is the first person I ever seen with a chevy on chrome
My parter bought it got the slab, wine berry over gold
With screen in the head rest just to let you know we holding
I fell in love with it, and I dropped him some cash
Now that's me you see flippin slab, riding on glass
How much it cost, don't ask, baby just know this
I could bought a Benz instead with the money I spent

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My 64 sittin on that chrome, chrome glock sitting on my lap
2 hoes ridin in the back, candy paint, nigga fuck with that
3-wheel motion, I'm sitting high, daytonas, that's all we ride
Hit that switch its do or die, ride on me that's suicide
I be in the hood smoking that green, Dr.Dre know what I mean
Swisha sweet and them purple leaves, California, we got that weed
black diamonds off in my chain/ ask around nigga know my name
Compton own, the rap LeBron James, ridin low, I'm switchin lanes

Make that brain splat 30 thang thang clap
Know for the game rap with the chrome frame wrap
From Harley Davidsons to low lows, we do tip 'em
13 hundred spokes with that blue nibble get the picture
Disrespect and I'm draw slugs
But ain't no set trippin cause nigga its all love
Dub C drop the real on 'em, chevy chrome grill on 'em
Posing in the intersection, 3-wheelin on 'em nigga

Raspberry 64 bring your cherry
and we could make a Sunday, come home Monday
I'm sittin on the one-way, up on the Boulevard
Act hard, put ya thoughts on the dashboard
Cause if I come through the hood with the little homie
Nobody better fuck with the little homie
I hope Compton unite, South Central unit
I hope my chrome, and dance with the moon light

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(This has been a Chops production)