

# The Game, My Lowrider

My Lowrider-The Game featuring Techniec, E-40, Crooked I, Chingy, Lil Rob, WC, & Ice Cube

(chops on the track motherf\*\*kers!)

(chorus)-the game

cherry 64 (my lowrider) hop in the low low (my my lowrider)  
chrome hydraulics, The all black impala (my my lowrider, my my lowrider)  
three-wheelin the 64 (my lowrider) hop in the low low (my my lowrider)  
chrome hydraulics, The all black impala (my my lowrider, my my lowrider)

(verse 1)-techniec

I see em trynna 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 th  
don't trip, tech don't slip lets up the road go get my bitch  
get my grip, talk my shit hit my switch and dip  
switchin lanes on them day to day same color as that candy paint  
tangerine

(verse 2)-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 im from  
We be lettin our nuts hang over our shoulders/ figure 8 and go n 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

(verse 3)-crooked i

lord forgive me it in me to sent me to tote semi's  
grope 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 f\*\*ks mo hoes then hugh heffner ever did  
that new leather shit the coup hella sick  
dude move ahead of who ever cause dude never quit

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(verse 4)-chingy

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 im 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

(verse 5)-lil rob

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 u all in all  
The lowrider so clean, you wont 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

(verse 6)-paul wall  
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 coulda bought a benz instead with the money I spent  
nd im ridin dirty..

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(verse 7)-the game  
my 64 sittin on that chrome, chrome glock sitting on my lap  
2 hoes ridin in the back/ candy paint, nigga f\*\*k with that  
3-wheel motion, im 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  
comptons own, the rap lebron james/ ridin low, im switchin lanes

(verse 8)-wc  
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 imma draw slugs  
but aint 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

(verse 9)-ice cube  
rasberry 64 bring your cherry  
and we could make a Sunday, come home Monday  
im 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  
no body better f\*\*k 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)