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)