Lil Rob, Front, Back, Side To Side

Hey homeboy remember cruising down the avenue in the Regal
We thought we were all bad with McLeans and a lowered car
But nowadays if you don't got hundred spokes
Homey don't even bring you car out
And if you ain't switched up, forget about it
Let me tell you about me ride ese

My carrucha got four pumps and four square dumps
Hydraulics, custom paint, rims and bump bumps
Everything I need in my low-low
I go hook it up with them vatos who can hook it up
Wrap it up from the bottom up, homeboy tear it up
When I'm done juice them up, go back out and use some up
Front, back, side to side, corner and pancake
People trip out when they see my carro shake like a Southern California earthquake
I take, many chances on this carrucha that dances
Like a ruca, ass up, titties down
So many Chevys you would think we're in the 60's
Now I'm through, grab a tissue from my dispenser
Grab another 45 for me and change the record
My neck hurts from hitting all day
You play you pay but that's ok, I'll hit my switches till the day I pass away

(Chorus)
Front, back, side to side, corner and pancake
People trip out when they see my carro shake shake
Front, back, side to side, corner and pancake
Hop that motherfucker till the AR's brake
Front, back, side to side, corner and pancake
People trip out when they see my carro shake shake
Front, back, side to side, corner and pancake
Shaking like a Southern California earthquake

I hit my switches up, I hit my switches down
I put the top up, I put the top back down
No matter where I go they say my tire's the glow
And next time tell me something I don't know, I like to roll low
I'm a lowrider rolling on hundred-spoke wires
Gotta be thirteen inch Daytons wrapped with small white-wall tires
You say that you three wheel, I bet you I three wheel higher
Got a chrome extinguisher just in case I catch fire
And if I do I'll get myself a '62 or have some fun in a rag-top '61 and it's done
That's Q-Vo, Q-Vo, I got the itches to hit the switches
People tripping, how I lit this, street up with sparks
Listen to my perros bark, slam it to the ground everytime I park
But when I leave I raise it up again
Hit the front down, hit them up again, down, then I get them up again

(Chorus)

Hey homey that's a pretty bad ass convertible you got there ese, '63?
Simon
Hey homey that's a pretty bad ass Cadillac Fleetwood you got there homeboy, '93?
Simon

I start my car up and gas her everytime I dance it I break something
Don't worry, it's nothing that we can't fix
Cuz I don't stop until the pumps bust or I get a head rush
Or until some hynas get in the mix
I hit my switches, the jura gives me tickets
Hynas blow me kisses, throwing me their digits
Looking all exuisent when I get explicit
Because I got a lowride that looks like it slow rides
Don't be suprised when I'm hopping next to your ride

See saw, front, back, side to side
Three wheel around the corner as I get ghost
Check the chrome behind the spokes, homeboy you can't get close
All you see is six tail-lights as I leave the scene
Carrucha looking clean, and my ruca's looking mean
Time to head home, another night to ascend
Come back next weekend and do the same shit again

(Chorus)