

UGK, Front, Back & Side To Side

(Intro/Hook - x2)

"Got front and back, and side to side" ---> MC Ren
"Got front and back, and side to side"

"Got front and back, and side to side"

(Pimp C) Never let broke gold diggers ride

I got a '64 Chevy in my yard

A white drop top, pearl paint job is hard

White plush inside ??? ??? is fresh

Triple gold double-A Dayton's is the best, ugh

I got them sixteen switches like Dre

Cos where I'm from fool that's what everybody play

UGK-1 written smooth on my plates

Cos real pimp players don't never roll fake

I'm bout to hit Dove Way, get past Troy's

I'm dippin by myself, I'm bout to call up my boys
I pass by the Colt I see some women lookin fine

I hit the corner one more time to see the booty from behind

Got to the corner, hit the switch and made it jump

I got the JVC's and the trigger so it bump, ugh

I know you player-hatin busters wanna ride man

I got the, front back, and side to side daddy

(Hook - x2)

(Pimp C)

It's pimpin pimpin, I'm hittin switches, checkin out my strap

but I keep on dippin, steady pimpin, kickin, how's about the winter man?
Makin sure these snitches, ain't stoppin riches, 5-Oh on my back

I'm chillin, hidin and winnin, pockets feelin fat

(Bun B)

And I come round your corner shinin, leanin, ever so sunnin

Gangstas put down their gun and

women and children come outside and start runnin

They catch a glimpse of the P-A pimp whoopin whips

Never goin out out like simps, walkin your block with gangsta limp

(Pimp C)

Some fool roll Lincoln, some fools roll Jag
but the crew from Texas roll them Lacs, white gloss and rags

With the candy paint and wheel and grill, and wooden dash
'94 I gotta keep it trill, down for my cash

(Bun B)
I gots my stash so I switches, keep on burnin
and these tyres keep on turnin

I be rollin through your scene, flashin green, freaks be yearnin
to be down, the Under Ground Kingz drinkin Crown with the Coke
Never broke, we make the concrete bound baby

(Hook - x2)

(Bun B)
It's the tough boy, boulevard niggas, rollin around tan up
All four corners on your block fool, nuttin but that bunny hop
happenin, high gassin, daily routine, my load is plush

Interior crush and fool I'm through clean
Don't be like the rest, I must excite the best

in your soul so letta player take control
And do what the hell ya been waitin

to see and that's me rollin on three Dayton's
Wit one of them thangs in the air, it's hangin up there

Shinin steel fat man, but I don't care if everybody sit back and stare

Everywhere we go they linin up as if we're startin up a parade

And everybody thinkin they get paid

But I don't really give a damn, what a six pack?

Twelves in the trunk, chrome dip, don't even trip, I ain't nobody's punk
Go swing down sweet rag top and let me ride

on a skank, baby don't wait let's glide and slide right

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* repeat to fade *

