

Lowriders

Pras

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Lowriders, we'll shove your lighters
To all my soldiers, the street fighters
We want no murder without your fire

Lowriders we're getting higher
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah) What, wah, what, what, what
What, what Yo, yo stop holdin' my things you got, not
We're hot and you're not
(Yeah)

We roll our hard rocks, sling cats with sling shots
Come on
(Big cats they eat got)

This we got, lot
(Due plan and due glock)

Drop dead and go Rock What have and what now?
Who niggas who run the block
Catchin' you up in the barbershop
Seein' you on a mountain top
Getting dropped and getting popped
You talk a lot, lot, laugh, rap a lot, lot

Sell the reefa to them kids Like a salesman on a car lot I hold my own weight
Like the skill I've tried to tip my skills but it falls it out

Do like the Blazer [unverified] on trail Pras well, rock well
Tryin' to make a hood rat do well, something's up like Maxwell

(Wah) Lowriders, we'll shove your lighters
To all my soldiers, the street fighters
We want no murder without your fire

Lowriders we're getting higher So you wanna be a player?
We can do it up a layer, shoot and listen to Joe
Now feel the blow you don't be a player no more
Like the same thing said, Eat your hoe

Like Jane without your name, bring 'cause the name is nice And the fame going in tight, I get hit from Frigga

Love Terega, good type of trickin' ass nigga, got a name with price
And the tint is big
(I'm on the eighteen)
Mack 11 grown

The space is bigger than your dome, hit you like
(Chaperone)This mag is on, let me rock on
(Crack of dawn)
Now bag to home towards Texas
(Bought a new Lexus)
And it goes Shane Green

Can't be a nigga whole scene with the walkin' cream
(Drop a dollar bill y'all)Causin' team, most illin' team

It's a nineteen bionic eighteen
To the eighteen makin' that cream, checkin' that cream
'Cause the walls can tangle when y'all die

So gotta do with Charlie's angel

'Cause ya down with me this manAin't with those, a pose yes's take no's

'Cause ya got us some clothes and those what I hate 'cause the shows
It's cool cats y'all, rip the moves pull out the Tech here, don't knows

Got something y'all tryin' to see six of those

Y'all really see women I'm sick ofWhat, wah

What, wahY'all foes move I heat it up I'm high of life now heat it up

You niggaz get stuck for your dough and grips

See Mister don't care who you go against

'Cause half of them niggas you rollin' with

They hear my name and call it quitsHad them niggas wanderin' if

I'm gonna come with the guns again

See ammo die with A and M

With game on lock at seven and

Made them stop there rappin'

When which you show this clappin' endHoes wanted Pras well, hate on us, might as well

Back and against got clientele why you studio gangster's lyin' well

Mad we be, E and T, MTV you endin' me

Peter stand back 'cause they're love to hate y'all

'Cause we swell like Tony Draper, wish one more totin' by the vapors

I'ma 'bout to treat y'all by the capers, high 'em, pull 'em how it's done

With the Camp, we number one, what, what, whatLowriders, we'll shove your lighters

To all my soldiers, the street fighters

We want no murder without your fire

Lowriders we're getting higherYo, yo I sold a hundred carriers while I was sleppin'

Creepin, twelve o' peepin' Leapin', Quantum

Usual like my ton of money can be where I'm from

ET Bon, number one, come along, pass it on, Brooklyn

True rappers and is why you front on finders

No one is see why they feel so free yo Refugee can onHer life or knots, more cuffs than crooked cops

I ran with a full style boat deed, who you with, then go again
I spit brace when you crash your wigs, speculate a part
 Listen, test your full clip don't like getting
We on top you ride in the pit, money to make, titles to take
Hurry up fore it be too late yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeahLowriders, we'll shove your lighters
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