Side 2 Side

Kafani

It's time to ride
Front, back, side to side
Corner and pancake
Haha, make my car shake shake
My carrucha got so many pumps and dumps
Hydraulics, custom paint, rims and 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 til 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
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
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 5x20 tires
You say that you three wheel, I bet that 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 iches 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 homeboy that's a pretty bad ass convertible you got there homeboy, '63?
Simon
Hey 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
'cause I don't stop until the pumps bust or until I get a head rush
Or until some hynas get in the mix
I hit my switches, the jura gives me tickets
Whenever you fix it, back to hitting switches
Hynas blowing kisses, throwing out their digits
Pay me a visit, Lil' Rob, and we can kick it
You see my six tail-lights when I'm at the stop light
Go up at an angle, watch my front tire dangle
Threw it up on three wheels, but I can hear my pump squeel
Time for me to go holmes, my batteries are low holmes
[Chorus]

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