Lowrider

Kid Frost

Low rider, low rider
Low rider, low rider
Aw, comin' through fo' real, we, Cypress Hill
Oh baby, got that crunk for yo' trunk goin' gangsta crazy
We some real life hustlers playin' games in the street
We got that low rider scrapin', dippin' on three
(Low rider)
So pop your collar, give a holla, throw yo' dubs in the air
We tear the roof off the mother, lady let down yo' hair
Playa do that thang that make you feel alright
(Low rider)
Smoke that tree, crack that brew, we gettin' freaky tonight
Now when people are done, bumpin' they head to this
You wonder why you wanted anything instead of this
We been makin' you bounce for many years already
Rock steady and cut many niggaz to confetti
But I just want to blaze it up
Whether it's the mic or a spliff, yes, my gift is to amaze you all
Thought I couldn't come for ten my friend but guess what?
I slay niggaz and still savin' my best nut
(Low rider)
But you better cover your eyes 'cause you never know when
I spit it out and start some flowin'
I drop rhymes that grow like trees you're smokin'
Ear drums feel like lungs, your brain's chokin'
Just let it soak in, seep in, creep in, I'm keepin'
All you motherfuckers in the deep end
(Low rider)
You wanna trip? Then I got luggage
I stuff you in and send you off 'cause you ain't rugged
Aw, comin' through fo' real, we, Cypress Hill
Oh baby, got that crunk for yo' trunk goin' gangsta crazy
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(Low rider)
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(Low rider)
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Playa do that thang that make you feel alright

(Low rider)

Smoke that tree, crack that brew, we gettin' freaky tonight
'Cause we're Cypress Hill, come on and ride with us
Just get inside, we bouncin', dippin', chop it up real tough
Lean to the side, pimp yo' hat, tilt yo' seat on back
Don't front on me, baby boy and break bread with the sack
(Low rider)
I be the vato with the fine hoodrat in the ranfla
Always roll deep on the streets like the Mafia
Pleito just might come back and haunt ya
Flossin' too much, no vato's gonna want ya
Not right here homes, we're past all of that
Makin' that feria spittin' that raps
Ya me Conoces, I'm down for my calle
Cypress Ave, ya pudo les madre
(Low rider)
Ya tu sabes, we don't play that shit
Any pendejo's gettin' hit up quick
Whassup Ese? What hood you claim?
Now throw it up and down like it ain't no thang
(Low rider)
Hands in the air with the pinky rings
Soul Assassins runnin' everythin'
To all you vatos, make sure you check this
In every barrio I'm well respected
Aw, comin' through fo' real, we, Cypress Hill, oh baby
Got that crunk, for yo' trunk goin' gangsta crazy
We some real life hustlers, playin' games in the street
(Low rider)
We got that low rider scrapin', dippin' on three
So pop your collar, give a holla, throw yo' dubs in the air
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