Front, Back & Side To Side

Ugk

[Intro/Hook - x2] Got front and back, and side to side
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 nothin' rolls as 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 Gulfway, just passed Troy's
I'm dippin by myself, I'm bout to call up my boys
I pass up the carwash 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 giggas 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 stunnin
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 fools roll Lincoln, some fools roll Jag

but the crew from Texas roll them Lacs, white walls 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 tires 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 pound baby
[Hook - x2]
[Bun B]It's the Gulfway boulevard niggas, tearin up
All four corners on your block fool, nuttin but that bunny hop
happenin, high cappin, daily routine, my load is plush
Interior crush and fool I'm too clean
To 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
seein that's me rollin on three Dayton's
We're rollin them thangs in the air, just 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, with a six pack?
Twelves in the trunk, chrome dip, don't even trip, I ain't nobody's punk
So swing down sweet rag top and let me ride
wanna skate, baby don't wait let's glide and slide right
[Pimp C] Never let broke gold diggers ride
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* repeat to fade *

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