

**The Game f/ Chingy, Crooked I, E-40, Ice Cube, Lil' Rob, Paul  
Wall, Techniec, W.C.  
"My Lowrider"**

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[Intro - Chops on the track motherfuckers!]

[Chorus - The Game]

Cherry 64 (My lowrider) hop in the low low (My my lowrider)

Chrome hydraulics, all black impala (My my lowrider, My my lowrider)

Three-wheelin the 64 (my lowrider) hop in the low low (My my lowrider)

Chrome hydraulics, all black impala (My my lowrider, My my lowrider)

[Techniec]

I see 'em tryin shine like Tech

Cause I shine like I be grinding on the set, got the diamonds on my neck

Most talked about when I hit that strip, watch it bounce when I hit that dip

Come to close might get that clip, click BANG

Don't trip, Tech don't slip, laces up the roll go get my bitch

Get my grip, talk my shit, hit my switch and dip

Switchin lanes on them Dana Danes, same color as that candy paint

Tangerine with (I can't tell the rest cause of E-40)

[E-40]

I tried to never sober, chalupa, longer then a roller coster

Out hear a head a hub a head and do ya for quarter ounce of yollup

Venomous snakes, like some cobras, up top is where I'm from

We be lettin our nuts hang over our shoulders, figure 8 and go and duck

Droppin with all 4 doors open, gassin and brakin and yolkin

We hyphy, we stupid valeho, Richmond, Frisco, Oakland

We 9ers, we raiders, we some hustlers and some  
players  
We've got 64s and low lows, but most of us rider  
scrapas

[Crooked I]

Lord forgive me it in me to sent me to tote semi's  
Grove penny and remy my pockets was so skinny  
Now I blow pennies on 4 hemi's  
Run the whole city/hoes, I put dough before any  
My 6th sense helped me view better cheddar kid  
I fucks mo hoes then Hugh Heffner ever did  
That new leather shit the coup hell sick  
Dude move ahead of who ever cause dude never quit

[Chorus - The Game]

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lowrider)  
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My my lowrider)  
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(My my lowrider)  
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My my lowrider)

[Chingy]

Cranberry impala, that's my lowrider  
Slide by your north sider rider with a hoe driver  
G'd up from the feet up plus the heat tough  
Toe game crack the grey goose and spark the weed up  
When I'm in LA I go in Crenshaw and floss a little  
Slot a lot thang in that Black Wall Street  
Double U and P and CPT we keeping it G  
In our low riders riders riders

[Lil' Rob]

We put them cracks up on the wall, cucarachas crawl  
I keep my head up and it wont fall, no not at all  
I'll break ya jaw like a break the law, leave you all in all  
The lowrider so low, you won't know what you saw  
I sit low with a tall can, in a brown bag  
With a brown rag, bouncing a brown rag  
With the Mexican flag and the American flag  
Hitting the fronts and the backs, watching out for the  
bash

[Paul Wall]

Home boy, Big T, better know as Tyrone  
Is the first person I ever seen with a chevy on chrome  
My parter bought it got the slab, wine berry over gold  
With screen in the head rest just to let you know we

holding

I fell in love with it, and I dropped him some cash  
Now that's me you see flippin slab, riding on glass  
How much it cost, don't ask, baby just know this  
I could bought a Benz instead with the money I spent

[Chorus - The Game]

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[The Game]

My 64 sittin on that chrome, chrome glock sitting on my lap  
2 hoes ridin in the back, candy paint, nigga fuck with that  
3-wheel motion, I'm sitting high, daytonas, that's all we ride  
Hit that switch its do or die, ride on me that's suicide  
I be in the hood smoking that green, Dr.Dre know what I mean  
Swisha sweet and them purple leaves, California, we got that weed  
black diamonds off in my chain/ ask around nigga know my name  
Compton own, the rap LeBron James, ridin low, I'm switchin lanes

[W.C.)

Make that brain splat 30 thang thang clap  
Know for the game rap with the chrome frame wrap  
From Harley Davidsons to low lows, we do tip 'em  
13 hundred spokes with that blue nibble get the picture  
Disrespect and I'm draw slugs  
But ain't no set trippin cause nigga its all love  
Dub C drop the real on 'em, chevy chrome grill on 'em  
Posing in the intersection, 3-wheelin on 'em nigga

[Ice Cube]

Raspberry 64 bring your cherry  
and we could make a Sunday, come home Monday  
I'm sittin on the one-way, up on the Boulevard  
Act hard, put ya thoughts on the dashboard  
Cause if I come through the hood with the little homie  
Nobody better fuck with the little homie  
I hope Compton unite, South Central unit

I hope my chrome, and dance with the moon light

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(This has been a Chops production)

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