

MotoLyrics.com

Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Game "My Lowrider"

Visit "My Lowrider" on MotoLyrics.com

My Lowrider-The Game featuring Techniec, E-40, Crooked I, Chingy, Lil Rob, WC, & Ice Cube

(chops on the track motherfuckers!)

[chorus]-the game

cherry 64 (my lowrider) hop in the low low (my my lowrider)

chrome hydraulics, The 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, The all black impala (my my lowrider, my my lowrider)

[verse 1]-techniec

I see em trynna 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 lets up the road go get my bitch

get my grip, talk my shit hit my switch and dip switchin lanes on them day to day same color as that candy paint tangerine

[verse 2]-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

Venomos snakes, like some cobras/ up top is where im

We be lettin our nuts hang over our shoulders/ figure 8 and go n 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

[verse 3]-crooked i

lord forgive me it in me to sent me to tote semi's grope 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 hella sick dude move ahead of who ever cause dude never quit

[chorus]-the game

cherry 64 (my lowrider) hop in the low low (my my lowrider)

chrome hydraulics, The 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, The all black impala (my my lowrider, my my lowrider)

[verse 4]-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 im 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

[verse 5]-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 u all in all The lowrider so clean, you wont 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

[verse 6]-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 coulda bought a benz instead with the money I spent nd im ridin dirty..

[chorus]-the game

cherry 64 (my lowrider) hop in the low low (my my lowrider)

chrome hydraulics, The 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, The all black impala (my my lowrider, my my lowrider)

[verse 7]-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, im 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

comptons own, the rap lebron james/ ridin low, im switchin lanes

[verse 8]-wc

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 imma draw slugs but aint 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

[verse 9]-ice cube

rasberry 64 bring your cherry and we could make a Sunday, come home Monday im 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 no body better fuck with the little homie

I hope (Compton unite/ south central unit I hope my chrome, and dance with the moon light

[chorus]-the game cherry 64 (my lowrider) hop in the low low (my my lowrider) chrome hydraulics, The 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, The all black impala (my my lowrider, my my lowrider)

(this has been a chops production)

Visit <u>Game</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.