

In Extremo

"Eastside/Westside"

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(Oohh)

(Yeah)

(Ha)

(Ha Ha)

(Oooff)

[Slow Pain]

Banging with all my Japan lowriders eastsiders,
westsiders

Shoot calling like a the who riders

From LA to Japan gangster funk in my trunk

Puffing on a joint in slump

Slow Pain the pimp the player the O.G.

Throw your hands up if you's a homie, don't you know
me

Chilling in a 64' Impala top dollar

The big baller, concerts from coast to coast twenty
grand

Rockefeller pimp with the mike in my hand

Pistol grip pump on my lap everyday

Baler wear clothes cause I got to parley

LA Dodgers normals on the mound

Clowning info coco with that G sound

Slowly bouncing up the street in my money lowride

From the eastside to the westside

Slow Pain Chorus:

The eastside to the westside

In my lowride

Throwing up signs (Uh hu)

The eastside to the westside

In my lowride

Throwing up signs

The eastside to the westside in my lowride

Throwing up signs

The eastside to the westside

In my lowride

Throwing up signs.

[Slow Pain]

I'm a crock cruising down town Tokyo

In my 80 thousand dollar low low
Nagoys in the Box took a trip down to Sendai
Filling fl-y homie wh-y try to lean to the left like I do
Money that's my life so fool I'm staying true
G-Spot studios keep banging hits
And don't stop and it don't quit
Can I get a hey for them hoes I left in LA
Like Ice Cube said It was a good day
Homie were you from
Homie what you need
I got fat ass raps and fat ass beats
Don't sleep on the worldwide westside
The worldwide eastside
The worldwide Lowride
I mean the J-A-P-A-N lowrider mag in the SS rag
Cacs on sag, twist a sig sag
Walk around the stage with the 40 in the bag
Ain't nothing popping but I party all the time
Japan's got the money and the moneys all mine

Chorus: 1X
(Uh hu)
(That's right)
(LA to Japan)
(Eastside to the Westside)
(Slow Pain)
(The baby O. G.)
(My house)

[Slow Pain]
Hit the car show throw your hands in the air
And wave them all around like you just don't care
On my cell phone, gots to call home
Tripping on this Benzo sitting on chrome
Signing autographs taking thousands of pictures
Counting in I'm getting richer
Slow Pain t-shirts
Slow Pain hats
Slow Pain CD's pockets getting fat
Still Saturday night Balling
Rock the crowd so they all yes yallin
Camcorder out backstage making movies
Fine ass honeys calling out want to do me
Hit em' front, back, side to side
And my nigga played his Chevy lowride
We going to dip, trip, slip and slide
From the eastside to the Westside

Chorus: 1X

