

## Pras Michel "Lowriders"

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(Chorus)

Lowriders, we'll shove your lighters  
To all my soldiers, the street fighters  
We want no murder without your fire  
Lowriders we're getting higher

(\*Yeah being said several times\*)

(Pras)

What, Wah!  
What, what, what  
What, what...

Yo, yo stop holdin my things you got, not  
We're hot and you're not (yeah)  
We roll our hard rocks, sling cats with sling shots  
Come on (big cats they eat got) this... we got, lot  
(Due plan and due glock) drop dead and go Rock  
(What have and what now) who niggas who run the  
block  
Catchin you up in the barbershop, seein you on a  
mountain top  
Getting dropped and getting popped, you talk a lot, lot  
Laugh, rap a lot, lot sell the reefa to them kids  
Like a salesman on a car lot I hold my own weight  
Like the skill I've tried to tip my skills but it falls it out  
Do like the Blazer (????) on trail Praswell, rock well  
Tryin to make a hood rat do well, something's up like  
Maxwell (Wah!)

(Chorus)

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So you wanna be a player?  
We can do it up a layer, shoot and listen to Joe  
Now feel the blow you don't be a player no more  
Like the same thing said Eat your hoe  
Like Jane without your name, bring cause the name is  
nice

And the fame going in tight, I get hit from Frigga  
Love Terega, good type of trickin ass nigga, got a  
name with price  
And the tint is big, (I'm on the eighteen) Mack 11 grown  
The space is bigger than your dome, hit you like  
(Chaperone)  
This mag is on, let me rock on, (crack of dawn)  
Now bag to home towards Texas, (bought a new Lexus)  
And it goes Shane Green, can't be a nigga whole scene  
with the walkin cream  
(Drop a dollar bill y'all), causin team, most illin team  
It's a nineteen bionic eighteen, to the eighteen makin  
that cream, checkin that cream  
Cause the walls can tangle when y'all die, so gotta do  
with Charlie's angel  
Cause ya down with me this man ain't... with those, a  
pose yes's take no's  
Cause ya got us some clothes and those what I hate  
cause the... shows  
Its cool cats y'all rip the moves pull out the Tech here,  
don't... knows  
Got something y'all tryin to see six of those  
Y'all really see women I'm sick of...

(Pras)  
What, Wah!  
What, Wah!

Y'all foes move I heat it up I'm high of life now heat it  
up  
You niggaz get stuck for your dough and grips  
See Mister don't care who you go against  
Cause half of them niggas you rollin with they hear my  
name and call it quits  
Had them niggas wanderin if I'm gonna come with the  
guns again  
See ammo die with A&M with game on lock at seven  
and  
Made them stop there rappin when which you show this  
clappin end

Hoes wanted Praswell, hate on us, might as well  
Back and against got clientele why you studio  
gangster's lyin well  
Mad we be, E&T, MTV you endin me  
Peter stand back cause they're love to hate y'all  
Cause we swell like Tony Draper, wish one more totin  
by the vapors  
I'ma bout to treat y'all by the capers, high em, pull em  
how it's done  
... with the Camp, we number one, what, what, what

(Chorus)

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Yo, yo I sold a hundred carriers while I was sleppin,  
creepin, twelve o' peepin  
Leapin, Quantum, usual like my ton of money can be  
where I'm from  
ET bon, number one, come along, pass it on, Brooklyn  
True rappers and is why you front on finders  
No one is see why they feel so free yo Refugee can on  
Her life or knots, more cuffs than crooked cops  
I ran with a full style boat deed, who you with, then go  
again  
I spit brace when you crash your wigs, speculate a  
part...  
Listen, test your full clip don't like getting...  
We on top you ride in the pit, money to make, titles to  
take  
Hurry up fore it be too late yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,  
yeeeeeeeeaaaaaahhhh!

(Chorus)

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