

Pras "Lowriders"

Visit "[Lowriders](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

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 [unverified] on trail Pras well, rock
well
Tryin' to make a hood rat do well, something's up like
Maxwell
(Wah)

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

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
It's 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

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 and M

With game on lock at seven and
Made them stop there rappin'
When which you show this clappin' end

Hoes wanted Pras well, hate on us, might as well
Back and against got clientele why you studio
gangster's lyin' well
Mad we be, E and 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

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

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,
yeah

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
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

Visit [Pras](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.