

2Pac F/ Rappin 4-Tay "Lowrider"

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

[Mellow Man Ace: repeat 2X]
Low-ri-der.. low-ri-der..

[Intro: B-Real] + (Mellow Man Ace)
Aww, comin through fo' real we Cypress Hill, ohh baby
Got that crunk, for yo' trunk, goin gangsta crazy
We some real life hustlers, playin games in the street
We got that low-ri-der, scrapin dippin on three (low-ri-der)
So pop your collar, give a holla, throw yo' dubs in the air
We tear the roof, off the mother, lady let down yo' hair
Playa do that thang, that make you feel alright (low-ri-der)
Smoke that tree, crack that brew, we gettin freaky tonight

[B-Real]
Now when people are done, bumpin they head to this
You wonder why you wanted anything instead of this
We been makin you bounce, for many years already
Rock steady and cut, many niggaz to confetti
But I just want to blaze it up; whether it's the mic or a spliff
Yes my gift is to amaze you all
Thought I couldn't come for ten my friend, but guess what?
I slay niggaz and still savin my best nut (low-ri-der)
But you better cover your eyes, cause you never know when
I spit it out and start some flowin
I drop rhymes that grow like trees you're smokin
Ear drums feel like lungs, your brain's chokin
Just let it soak in, seep in, creep in
I'm keepin, all you motherfuckers in the deep end (low-ri-der)
You wanna trip? Then I got luggage
I stuff you in and send you off, cause you ain't rugged

[Chorus] + (Mellow Man Ace)
Aww, comin through fo' real we Cypress Hill, ohh baby

Got that crunk, for yo' trunk, goin gangsta crazy
We some real life hustlers, playin games in the street
(low-ri-der)
We got that low-ri-der, scrapin dippin on three
So pop yo' collar, give a holla, throw the dubs in the air
(low-ri-der)
We tear the roof, off the mother, lady let down yo' hair
Playa do that thang, that make you feel alright (low-ri-der)
Smoke that tree, crack that brew, we gettin freaky
tonight

[B-Real & Sen Dog]

Cause, we're Cypress Hill, come on and ride with us
Just get inside, we bouncin dippin, chop it up real tough
Lean to the side, pimp yo' hat, tilt yo' seat on back
Don't front on me, baby boy, and break bread with the
sack (low-ri-der)

[Sen Dog]

I be the vato with the fine hoodrat in the ranfla
Always roll deep on the streets like the mafia
Pleito, just might come back and haunt ya
Flossin too much, no vato's gonna want ya
Not right here homes, we're past all of that
Makin that ferria, spittin that raps
Ya me conoces, I'm down for my calle
Cypress Ave, y el puro desmadre (low-ri-der)
Ya tu sabes, we don't play that shit
Any pendejo's gettin hit up quick
Whassup ese? What hood you claim?
Now throw it up and down like it ain't no thang (low-ri-der)
Hands in the air with the pinky rings
Soul Assassins, runnin everything
To all you vatos, make sure you check this
In every barrio, I'm well respected (low-ri-der)

[Chorus]

[Mellow Man Ace: repeat 4X to fade]
Low-ri-der.. low-ri-der..

Visit [2Pac F/ Rappin 4-Tay](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.