

## Hill Cypress "Lowrider"

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Lowrider"

(feat. Mellow Man Ace)

[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)]

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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)

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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 ferias, spittin that raps

Ya me conoces, I'm down for my calle

Cypress Ave, y a pudo les madre (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

