

Hot Boys F/ Turk

"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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