

## Lyrics by Swan Christy

### "Front, Back & Side to Side"

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[Intro/Hook - x2]

"Got front and back, and side to side" ---> MC Ren

"Got front and back, and side to side"

"Got front and back, and side to side"

[Pimp C] Never let broke gold diggers ride

I got a '64 Chevy in my yard

A white drop top, pearl paint job is hard

White plush inside ??? ??? is fresh

Triple gold double-A Dayton's is the best, ugh

I got them sixteen switches like Dre

Cos where I'm from fool that's what everybody play

UGK-1 written smooth on my plates

Cos real pimp players don't never roll fake

I'm bout to hit Dove Way, get past Troy's

I'm dippin by myself, I'm bout to call up my boys

I pass by the Colt I see some women lookin fine

I hit the corner one more time to see the booty from  
behind

Got to the corner, hit the switch and made it jump

I got the JVC's and the trigger so it bump, ugh

I know you player-hatin busters wanna ride man

I got the, front back, and side to side daddy

[Hook - x2]

[Pimp C]

It's pimpin pimpin, I'm hittin switches, checkin out my  
strap

Makin sure these snitches, ain't stoppin riches, 5-Oh on  
my back

but I keep on dippin, steady pimpin, kickin, how's about  
the winter man?

I'm chillin, hidin and winnin, pockets feelin fat

[Bun B]

And I come round your corner shinin, leanin, ever so  
sunnin

Gangstas put down their gun and

women and children come outside and start runnin

They catch a glimpse of the P-A pimp whoopin whips

Never goin out out like simps, walkin your block with  
gangsta limp

[Pimp C]

Some fool roll Lincoln, some fools roll Jag  
but the crew from Texas roll them Lacs, white gloss  
and rags  
With the candy paint and wheel and grill, and wooden  
dash  
'94 I gotta keep it trill, down for my cash

[Bun B]

I gots my stash so I switches, keep on burnin  
and these tyres keep on turnin  
I be rollin through your scene, flashin green, freaks be  
yearnin  
to be down, the Under Ground Kingz drinkin Crown with  
the Coke  
Never broke, we make the concrete bound baby

[Hook - x2]

[Bun B]

It's the tough boy, boulevard niggas, rollin around tan  
up  
All four corners on your block fool, nuttin but that bunny  
hop  
happenin, high gassin, daily routine, my load is plush  
Interior crush and fool I'm through clean  
Don't be like the rest, I must excite the best  
in your soul so letta player take control  
And do what the hell ya been waitin  
to see and that's me rollin on three Dayton's  
Wit one of them thangs in the air, it's hangin up there  
Shinin steel fat man, but I don't care if everybody sit  
back and stare  
Everywhere we go they linin up as if we're startin up a  
parade  
And everybody thinkin they get paid  
But I don't really give a damn, what a six pack?  
Twelves in the trunk, chrome dip, don't even trip, I ain't  
nobody's punk  
Go swing down sweet rag top and let me ride  
on a skank, baby don't wait let's glide and slide right

[Pimp C] Never let broke gold diggers ride  
Never let broke gold diggers ride  
Never let broke gold diggers ride

"Got front and back, and side to side"  
Never let broke gold diggers ride

"Got front and back, and side to side"  
"Got front and back, and side to side"  
Never let broke gold diggers ride  
\* repeat to fade \*

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