

## Side 2 Side

Lil Rob

It's time to ride  
Front, back, side to side  
Corner and pancake  
Haha, make my car shake shake

My carrucha got so many pumps and dumps  
Hydraulics, custom paint, rims and bumps  
Everything I need in my low-low  
I go hook it up with them vatos who can hook it up  
Wrap it up from the bottom up, homeboy tear it up  
When I'm done juice them up, go back out and use some up  
Front, back, side to side, corner and pancake  
People trip out when they see my carro shake like a Southern California eart  
hquake  
I take, many chances on this carrucha that dances  
Like a ruca, ass up, titties down  
So many Chevys you would think we're in the 60's  
Now I'm through, grab a tissue from my dispenser  
Grab another 45 for me and change the record  
My neck hurts from hitting all day  
You play you pay but that's ok, I'll hit my switches til the day I pass away

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I hit my switches up, I hit my switches down  
I put the top up, I put the top back down  
No matter where I go they say my tire's the glow  
And next time tell me something I don't know, I like to roll low  
I'm a lowrider rolling on hundred-spoke wires  
Gotta be thirteen inch Dayton's wrapped with 5x20 tires  
You say that you three wheel, I bet that I three wheel higher  
Got a chrome extinguisher just in case I catch fire  
And if I do I'll get myself a '62 or have some fun in a rag-  
top '61 and it's done  
That's Q-Vo, Q-Vo, I got the itches to hit the switches  
People tripping, how I lit this, street up with sparks  
Listen to my perros bark, slam it to the ground everytime I park  
But when I leave I raise it up again  
Hit the front down, hit them up again, down, then I get them up again

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Hey homeboy that's a pretty bad ass convertible you got there homeboy, '63?  
Simon  
Hey that's a pretty bad ass Cadillac Fleetwood you got there homeboy, '93?  
Simon

I start my car up and gas her everytime I dance it I break something  
Don't worry, it's nothing that we can't fix  
Cuz I don't stop until the pumps bust or until I get a head rush  
Or until some hynas get in the mix  
I hit my switches, the jura gives me tickets  
Whenever you fix it, back to hitting switches  
Hynas blowing kisses, throwing out their digits  
Pay me a visit, Lil' Rob, and we can kick it  
You see my six tail-lights when I'm at the stop light  
Go up at an angle, watch my front tire dangle  
Threw it up on three wheels, but I can hear my pump squeel  
Time for me to go holmes, my batteries are low holmes

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