

# Fast Lane

## Styles P

First verse, uh, I'm on 'til I'm on a island  
My life's ridin' on the Autobahn on autopilot  
Before I touch dirt, I'll kill you all with kindness  
I kill ya, my natural persona's much worse  
You've been warned if you've been born or if you can form  
Slap up a cop and then snatch him out of his uniform  
Leave him with his socks, hard bottoms and bloomers on  
And hang him by his balls from the horn of a unicorn  
Y'all niggers intellect mad slow, y'all fags know  
Claimin' you bangin', you flamin'  
Bet you could light your own cigarette with ya asshole  
Me and Shady deaded the past  
So that basically resurrected my cash flow  
I might rap tight as the snatch of a fat dyke  
Though I ain't wrapped tight  
My blood type's the '80s  
My '90s was like the Navy, you was like the Bradys  
You still fly kites daily  
Catch me in my Mercedes  
Bumpin' 'Ice, Ice, Baby', screamin' Shady 'til I die  
Like a half a pair of dice, life's crazy  
So I live it to the fullest 'til I'm Swayze  
And you only live it once  
So I'm thinkin' 'bout this nice, nice lady  
Wait, no, stop me now 'fore I get on a roll  
(Damn)  
Let me tell you  
What this pretty little dame's name is  
'Cause she's kinda famous  
And I hope that I don't sound too heinous when I say this  
Nicki Minaj but I wanna stick  
(My penis in your anus)  
You morons think that I'm a genius  
Really I belong inside a dang insane asylum cleanin'  
Try them trailer parks  
Crazy, I am back and I am razor-sharp, baby  
And that's back with a capital B with an exclamation mark  
Maybe you should listen when I flip the linguistics  
'Cause I'm on a rip this mystical slick shit

You don't wanna become another victim  
Or statistic of this shit  
'Cause after I spit the bullets  
I'ma treat these shell casin's like a soccer ball  
I'ma kick the ballistics  
So get this dick, I'ma live this  
I'm livin' life in the fast lane  
Movin' at the speed of life and I can't slow down  
Only got a gallon in the gas tank  
But I'm almost at the finish line, so I can't stop now  
I don't really know where I'm headed  
Just enjoyin' the ride  
Just gon' roll 'til I drop and ride 'til I die  
I'm livin' life in the fast lane  
(Pedal to the metal)  
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(Pedal to the metal)  
Yeah, my whole goal as a poet's to be relaxed in orbit  
At war with a bottle, this Captain Morgan attacks my organs  
(C'mon)  
My slow flow is euphoric, it's like I rap endorphins  
(Woo)  
I made a pact with the Devil that says, "I'll let you take me  
You let me take this shovel, dig up the corpses Jack Kevorkian"  
(C'mon)  
Go 'back and forth in more beef that you can pack a fork in  
I'm livin' the life of the infinite enemy down  
My tenement, too many now  
To send my serenity powers  
Spin 'em around, enterin' in the vicinity  
Now was called Eminem but he threw away the candy  
And ate the rapper, chewed him up and spitted him out  
Girl, giddy-up, now get, get down  
He's lookin' around this club  
And it looks like people are havin' a shit fit now  
Here, little t-t-trailer trash, take a look who's back in t-t-town  
Did I s-st-stutter, motherfucker? Fuck them all  
He's just a whole motherfuckin' Walmart  
D-d-down every time he comes a-r-r-round  
And he came to the club tonight  
With 5'9 [unverified] to hold this bitch down  
Like a motherfuckin' chick underwater  
He's tryna d-dr-drown  
Shawty, when you dance  
You got me captivated

Just by the way that you keep lickin' 'em dicks  
Like her lips I'm agitated, aggravated  
To the point you don't suck my dick  
Then you're gonna get decapitated  
Other words, you don't fuckin' give me head  
Then I'm have to take it  
And then after takin' that  
I'ma catch a case, it's gon' be fascinatin'  
It's gon' say 'The whole rap game passed away'  
On top of the affidavit  
Graduated from master debater  
Slash massive masturbator  
To Michael Jackson activator  
(Woo)  
Meanin' I'm on fire off the top  
Might wanna back up the data  
Runnin' over hip-hop in a verbal tractor-trailer  
Homie, this sick, you can normally ask a hater  
Don't it make sense  
These shell casin's is just like a bag of paper  
Drop in the lap of a tax evader  
(Homie, they spent)  
Now make that ass drop like a sack of potatoes  
What, girl, I'm the crack-a-lator  
Brung ya lay to this party, be my penis ejaculator later  
Tell ya boyfriend  
That you just struck pay dirt  
You rollin' wit' a player  
You won't be exaggeratin' when you sayin'  
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