

# Faster

Kafani

Fasst like a Nascar  
I'm fasst like a Nascar  
Ice like a superstar  
Up and down the boulevard  
I get gouda man  
You ain't fast like my 3-point shooter man  
21s on 351 cougar man  
I get stupid dumb di-d-dumb  
Ice king baby and I have plenty fun  
I go 18 since I was 18  
I got more chains than the nigga from the a-team  
Sideshow's ghostride the whip  
Hey lil momma go on shake them hips  
Go on shake them hips, what it do  
Ride glasspacks 24's on the shoes  
Fasst like a Nascar  
Eeerr, sideways, this way that-a-way With a gallon of that muthafuckin tanqueray  
On my way to get the Cut dawg lifted  
Slap these marshall faulks on so I don't hit this bitch  
Yeah ho, all in the doe  
The money and the dimepiece rims are spinnin whaddi-hittin fo  
Winnin don't know how to lose  
She choose she tearin it off if she do  
Knockin but stock, holdup, I done fucked around and blew a fuse  
Circuit breakers, want my mule and 40 acres  
I break it, shake it to the curb  
That's my word, I'm just crumblin herb  
Fasst like a Nascar

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