

# Fast Money (feat. Dutchess, Kokane & Warren G)

## Mac Dre

-== Chorus ==-

(2x)

-== Warren G ==-

Fast Money

Might be yo last money

Quick to blast, for the cash money

Squabbin' over past money

Lookin' for spots to stash money

Fast Money

Might be yo last money

-== Dutches ==-

Everytime I meet a niggarow

They ass wanna hit it

And you tell them HELL NO!

They ass goin' talkin' shit

I never gave a flyin' fuck about how this niggas feelin'

Just because I let them eat the pussy they think we did it

Slow down honey love I think you better pump yo brakes

If you had the feelin' we was makin' love that shit waz fake

My pussys tight

Thats why you niggas want to get up in it

Just come talk to me to cross the feast nigga wont you spend it

Never trust these fools hollarin' they single

Bitches aint dont be stupid

They know they liein'

You know these niggas mingle

Yo bitches got bad fuckin' niggas on the first night

Then hollarin' that shit about how a man dont treat them right

Bitches be talkin' about fuckin' niggas

Im buckin' niggas

To get closer to me is some lucky niggas with (?)

Niggas better break me off a lil somethin'

Playas better have they money pumpin'

Before we do some grindin' and bumpin'

-== Chorus ==-

(2x)

-== Mac Dre ==-

Im hungry for the cabbage

The Swabbage

Need a bank  
I done sold everything from weed to crank  
Now I need to think  
How many of my niggas got kilt?  
Blood spilt  
Done dilt  
Cap pilt  
For that bad scrill  
Im past will  
Pin a picture a criminal conduct  
Cause nigga when Im stuck  
My (?) comes unstuck  
I dont give a fuck  
Life is a hustle  
If you wanna come up  
You gotta flex that muscle  
Niggas wit little hearts  
Or little bread  
Some niggas is satisfied with puss and a little head  
Its been said  
Fuck the bitch get rich  
We about it  
Now without it  
Get yo grits  
Be cautious  
Cause its crosses  
Get caught up, brought up on charges  
And some take loses  
Do you thang  
Sell dope, hit licks  
Sometimes its manditory to get those quick grits  
-=- Chorus -=-  
(2x)  
-=- Kokane -=-  
(Yeah) My nigga Mac Dre savin' kite to me  
He was into long pause  
I was into hatchepe  
Dont let it red  
When we hook up we gonna have a fat sack  
(Dont sell these raps like crack)  
Nigga, I make big bread for the night time  
For the sunny  
Real gangters dont brang about money  
Nigga, this game I look up to all day  
Changin' our name from the mafia to (?)

(Its like early mornin' in the kitchen, cookin' up dope on the grill)

Nigga, I keeps it real

-- Chorus --

(4x)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>