

# Fast Boy

## The Hitt Boyz

I'm a fast boy  
I've got worry  
I've got engagements  
I'm in a hurry  
So come on

Don't use telephones  
I won't hear ya  
Beneath the radar  
So inferior  
So come on

Who's the man every weekend  
Who's the fast boy, who's your best friend  
First you twist my arm, then you grease my palm  
Keeping cool and calm, not doing any harm.

I'm a fast boy  
I'm on the guest list  
I've got a gram of joy  
Wrapped in a clenched fist  
So come on

Who's the man every weekend  
Who's the fast boy, who's your best friend  
First you twist my arm, then you grease my palm  
Keeping cool and calm, not doing any harm.

Please not a word to the mother  
Please not a word to the mother  
Please not a word to the mother  
So come on

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written by DEVLIN, ADAM PATRICK/CHESTER, EDWARD DANIEL  
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