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
Sideshows 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, sidewayz, this way that-a-wayWith 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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