

# Fast Cars

RZA

True mizza-Mast' on the triz-nack  
Bob Digi back for a snack  
Kinetic 9 in the biz-nack  
Raekwon got the triz-nap We be ridin' fast cars  
Weed all in the glass jar  
Chrome all on my crash bar  
Glocks all in my stash box We be ridin' fast cars  
Weed all in the glass jar  
Chrome all on my crash bar  
Glocks all in my stash box Gats burst off, thugs take their shirts off  
Five niggaz drop off, before I got the verse off  
Pop go the glock, wipe the fuckin' smirf off  
Your face, my bitch pulled up in a lime green and turquoise SL5, five AMG, while you shoppin' for a deal like  
it's A and P  
On the paper chase, like blood, my thoughts circulate  
No caffeine, but the submachine gun will percolate  
Rikki Tikki Tavi, y'all niggaz Duck Daffy Get fucked like Daphne, stuck like the taxi  
Drivin' through the hill at night to the weedspot  
I got two hands but I'm known to carry three glocks  
B O B B Y, niggaz see I, only rock the Wu-Wear jeans, not the Levi Used to break days smokin' coke and digi  
'Til I bulked up to the Incredible Hulk like Bill Bixby  
Face green, knuckles burst out like Wolverine  
Should I rip this bitch pussy or go pull a sting? Fatal guillotine carrier, boy, ya'll niggaz know me  
Wrap niggaz in sheets, fold 'em like the roll singing  
Sick silky six syllable stanza  
Slap simple sadiddies swine sleazy Samantha  
She blowin' up my horn, bitch ain't try'n to answer  
Bobby Digital, Zodiac sign, Cancer We be ridin' fast cars  
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Chrome all on my crash bar  
Glocks all in my stash box We be ridin' fast cars  
Weed all in the glass jar  
Chrome all on my crash bar  
Glocks all in my stash box Yo, yo, yo, this is P. Tone, 5 minutes from the Park Hills, Staten Isle  
I do bad, only when the Mack good to stay balanced  
You shoot me? I shoot you, best bet's to finish me  
'Cuz if not, if I get the chance, I'm do you Your shit all off the hood, the clips go buckin' me good  
The shells get stuck in the wood, Starks is a veteran  
Clarks, jewelry, bitches, jeans, darts is his medicine

Y'all can't build me, your technique's Ecederin' Look, I will take my time in the bushes, right  
Paid up people no mind like I'm crooked, right  
Shoot a nigga on down, do him somethin' right  
He on the floor, tell his grams, "Yo, I seen the light" The red car it just pulled off like Un Hall was drivin' the  
joint  
Faster than ya had ya the fifth smokin' lookin' moist  
I ain't know what to do so I told the boys  
I'm not a sucker look, y'all mothafuckin' made noise We be ridin' fast cars  
Weed all in the glass jar  
Chrome all on my crash bar  
Glocks all in my stash box We be ridin' fast cars  
Weed all in the glass jar  
Chrome all on my crash bar  
Glocks all in my stash box Ice Water exclusive, Bob Digi  
Kinetic 9, Killa Beez  
Straight up, Raekwon the Chef  
Bizza-bizza-O, Di-di-Dirty Bastard Gizza gizza, ga gizza gizz ga, Ghostface Killah, Killah, Killah  
The GZA, The Genius  
Mizza mizza mizza, M E T H O D Man  
Straight up, Masta Killa  
The Inspectah Deck, U-G-O-D  
The B O B B Y

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