

Fast Money

Big Punisher

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I got the sweetest heist, million in cash, another 3 in ice
Who can I trust? Cuban'll bust plus? Good thief the night?

Here's the plan
(Plan)

We nab the man, bring a camcorder
Grab his fam, and run the train on his granddaughter
Nah chill, that's too ill, for real I'd rather kill somethin'
Here's the deal, we shatter his grill, and drill fuck him
Oral torture, no doubt, the shit is holocaust
In two minutes tops he's guaranteed to cap and give up all the morsels
It's settled, blitt up, put on your metal, foot on the pedal
We got a half hour before the plan sours like Amaretto
Far from the ghetto, a rebel of chance, the devil in pants
Out for the fast cash, level advance
Takin' a chance, I've only got one my hundred shot
Tommy shotguns my judge jury and Johnny Cochran
Movin' on the stash, first we get the cash
For the fast money, I smash a niggaz shit like a crash dummy
Ask money where the safe, anybody move gettin' laced
Look at my face and I'ma shoot the place
Aiyyo the plot thickens, I'm pickin' the locks in the back entrance
Payin' attention, not tryin' to get knocked and catch a fat sentence
Not to mention these kids is mafioso with lots of dough so
They got poco lock with the down to rock Morocco choke hold
Their security system's linear laser protection
No sweat, I brought the miniature mirrors for reflectin'
Inspectin' the vault, for weapons assault, second of course
It's poisonous rays, boiled and baked in Epsom salt
Rep in New York is the cat burglar, the fat murderer
Slippin' the clip in the Mac, inserter
Hurtin' your pockets, droppin' your stock to zero profit
Holding heroes hostage and mansions for ransom like DeNiro mob flicks
Back to the top again, hand the grand prize
The safe flies open, the shining was blinding my eyes
I cracked the code, enough ice to make you laugh at gold
Passed the dough to Cuban started movin' for the back real slow
That's when I heard the sirens hopin' that my ears was lyin'
Knew we was dyin' when I saw the guard we tortured cryin'
Pointing at the building screamin', "I can see them, kill em"
Snipers was willing but couldn't, there's too many

civilians

Still inside nowhere to hide nowhere to run

Cuban said, "Fuck it, we die, we die busting our guns" Movin' on the stash, first we get the cash

For the fast money, I smash a niggaz shit like a crash dummy

Ask money where the safe, anybody move gettin' laced

Look at my face and I'ma shoot the place Movin' on the stash, first we get the cash

For the fast money, I smash a niggaz shit like a crash dummy

Ask money where the safe, anybody move gettin' laced

Look at my face and I'ma shoot the place Aiyyo it's time to pay, and I ain't trying to give my shine away

Let's show these pigs how much we give a fuck about a brighter day

I cocked the Eagle, Cuban drew the Glock it was diesel

Said, "See you in hell, coppers" and started poppin' like it was legal We need a plan, if we can make it to the van

Missile launchers there with the grenade pistol I bought from Uncle Dan

Me and my man are runnin' out of ammo, I got about a handful

Of Black Rhino's and two Rambles strapped to my ankles I trampled over one of the bodies, I grabbed the steel

Threw the bitch over my shoulder and used her butt as a shield

I filled the clip with the little bit of bullets remaining

Cuban said, "Move your fat ass faster motherfucker they gaining" I gave him the case, told him, "Go ahead save yourself

Blaze a L in my memory, tell the family I gave 'em hell"

For real, that's when I heard the tires screechin'

Peeped and it was Joe the God with twenty Terror Squad niggaz reachin'

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