

# Fast Life

## Kool G Rap

The time has come, we gotta expand, the whole operation  
Distribution, New York, to Chicago, L.A.  
We gotta set our own market, and enforce it

Champagne wishes of caviar dreams ?a penis didn't cream?  
With sales of fish scales from triple beams I gleam  
Livin' the live of rowdy packin' fifty cali's  
Rockin' lizard Bally's while we do our drug deal in a dark alley  
Up in casinos just me and my dino primo  
Pushin' beam-o's then parlay in Reno with two fly Latinos  
Nas, he runs the whole staff, we count mad for seen bad  
We've seen a half a milli dashin' out there on the Queens half  
Three major players gettin' papers by the layers  
And those that portray us on the block get rocked like Domateus  
Fakers get used to shootin' targets, soon as the dark hits  
Front on the drug market, bodies get rolled up in a carpet  
Those that cheat us try to beat us we got hookers with heaters  
That'll stray pop and put more shells in your top than Adidas  
Da leaders, lookin' straight crimy in our Giorgio Armani's  
You wanna harm me and Nas you gots ta come get through a whole army  
The celo rollers money folders sippin' bola holdin' mad payola  
Slangin' a Coke without the Cola  
Me and black don't fake jacks but we might sling one  
It ain't no shame in our game we do our thing son

[Chorus]

[Repeat x2]

Livin' the fast life, in fast cars  
Everywhere we go, people know who we are  
A team from out of Queens with the American dream  
So we're plottin' up a scheme to get the seven figure cream

Yo I got, guns from Italy, smoke trees, considerably  
Mid-state and Green it seems, is where all my niggaz be  
The ghetto misery, shootouts and liquor stores  
A perpendicular, angle of the clout war  
Police searchin' up my Lex over who's petrol  
My tech blows straight off the roof and tests yo' respect though  
But dough don't respect me, it got me handcuffed

The rough life, I just be up nights, breathin' with scuffed Nike's  
Pour my beers for my peoples under the stairs  
These years I got they names in my swears  
Poppin' Cristal like it's my first child, lickin' shots, holiday style  
Rockin' Steele sweaters, Wallaby down  
Twenty-four carats, countin' cabbage, like the Arabs  
The marriage of me and the mic is just like magic  
Elegant performance, bubble Lex full insurance  
Guzzlin' Guinness shootin' catchin' cases concurrent  
It's Nas, seven hundred wives, King Solomon size  
We on the rise, me and G, ghetto wise guys  
The Luciano Frankie Aiel, Bugsy Seagal  
Green papers with eagles from a tray that's illegal

Brother you've got to make it happen  
Yeah yeah, get this money, yeah  
Brother you've got to make it happen  
When you're living in the fast life, hey yeah yeah

Aiyyo my lifestyle's exquisite, yayo like a blizzard  
It's choir attire standin' on ground with one pivot  
Two players rockin' silk blazers and diamonds like glaciers  
Lands with name brand seats reclinin' like in spaceships  
Bodies on ice  
Livin' trife, rollin' fixed up dice  
Gamblin' Grants  
Handlin' stamps  
Moves are sheist  
My bankrolls, got the cops comin' in plain clothes  
Tryin' to arraign again cause of our fame that's how the game goes  
True  
Right out the slammer with the fame and glamor  
Cookin' up grams with Arm & Hammer supplyin' scramblers in Alabama  
Rub out faces and leave no traces  
My aces got mad body cases, preserve spaces at the horse races  
Servin' us Dom P my cliquo  
Dimes with magnifico, puttin' in cut inside perico  
Heat for foes, shoppin' sprees with my fleet for clothes  
In Caribbean suites, deep, rippin' beats with flows  
Aiyyo, we went from standin' on blocks, without some socks  
Sellin' rocks, to pickin' up stock and boat docks with Glocks  
And got poppy seed fields with million dollar bills  
Packin' all the blue steel we keeps it real inside the battlefield  
Yeah so here's a toast to the funds and things

Gun smokes in rings, graveyards is buried with kings

[Chorus]

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