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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