

# Fast Lane

## Bad Meets Evil

Uh, first verse, uh, I'm on till I'm on an island  
My life's ridin' on the Autobahn on autopilot  
Before I touch dirt, I'll kill y'all with kindness  
I kill ya, my natural persona's much worse  
You've been warned if you've been born or if you can form  
Slap up a cop and then snatch 'im out of his uniform  
Leave him with his socks, hard bottoms and bloomers on  
And hangin' by his balls from the horn of a unicorn  
Y'all niggas' intellect mad slow, y'all fags know  
Claimin' you bangin', you flamin'  
Bet you could light your own cigarette with ya asshole  
Me and Shady deaded the past  
So that basically resurrected my cash flow  
I might rap tight as the snatch of a fat dyke  
Though I ain't wrapped tight  
My blood type's the '80s, my '90s was like the Navy  
You was like the Bradys, you still fly kites daily  
Catch me in my Mercedes, bumpin' Ice Ice Baby  
Screamin' Shady 'til I die, like a half a pair of dice, life's crazy  
So I live it to the fullest 'til I'm Swayze  
And you only live it once, so I'm thinkin' 'bout this nice, nice lady  
Wait, no, stop me now 'fore I get on a roll  
(Damn)  
Let me tell you what this pretty little dame's name is  
'Cause she's kinda famous  
And I hope that I don't sound too heinous when I say this  
Nicki Minaj, but I wanna stick my penis in your anus  
You morons think that I'm a genius  
Really I belong inside a dang insane asylum cleanin'  
Try them trailer parks, crazy, I am back, and I am razor-sharp, baby  
And that's back with a capital "B" with an exclamation mark  
Maybe you should listen when I flip the linguistics  
'Cause I'ma rip this mystical slick shit  
You don't wanna become another victim or statistic of this shit  
'Cause after I spit the bullets  
I'ma treat these shell casings like a soccer ball  
I'ma kick the ballistics, so get this dick, I'ma live this  
Livin' life in the fast lane  
Movin' at the speed of life and I can't slow down

Only got a gallon in the gas tank  
But I'm almost at the finish line, so I can't stop now  
I don't really know where I'm headed, just enjoyin' the ride  
Just gon' roll 'til I drop and ride 'til I die  
I'm livin' life in the fast lane  
(Pedal to the metal)  
Livin' life in the fast lane  
(Pedal to the metal)  
Yeah, my whole goal as a poet's to be relaxed in orbit  
At war with a bottle, as Captain Morgan attacks my organs  
My slow flow is euphoric, it's like I rap endorphins  
I made a pact with the Devil that says "I'll let you take me  
You let me take this shovel, dig up the corpse of Jack Kevorkian"  
Go back and forth in more beef that you can pack a fork in  
I'm livin' the life of the infinite enemy down  
My tenement, too many now  
To send my serenity powers, spin 'em around, enterin' in the vicinity  
Now, was called M&M  
But he threw away the candy and ate the rapper  
Chewed him up and spitted him out, girl giddy-up, now get-get down  
He's lookin' around this club  
And it looks like people are havin' a shit fit now  
Here, little t-t-trailer trash, take a look who's back in t-t-town  
Did I s-s-stutter, mothafucka? Fuck them all, he shuts  
The whole mothafuckin' Wal-Mart d-d-down  
Every time he comes a-r-r-round  
And he came to the club tonight with 5'9" to hold this bitch down  
Like a mothafuckin' chick underwater, he tryin' d-d-drown  
Shorty, when you dance, you got me captivated, just by the way  
That you keep lickin' them dicks like lips, I'm agitated, aggravated  
To the point you don't suck my dick  
Then you're gonna get decapitated  
Other words, you don't fuckin' give me head, then I'm have to take it  
And then after takin' that, I'ma catch a case, it's gon' be fascinatin'  
It's gon' say "The whole rap game passed away"  
On top of the affidavit  
Graduated from master debater slash massive masturbator  
To Michael Jackson's activator, meanin' I'm on fire off the top  
Might wanna back up data, runnin' over hip hop  
In a verbal tractor trailer  
Homie this sick, you can normally ask a hater  
Don't it make sense, these shell casings is just like a bag of paper  
Drop in the lap of a tax evader, homie they spent  
Now make that ass drop like a sack of potatoes, what girl  
I'm the crack-a-lator

Percolator to this party, be my penis ejaculator later  
Tell you boyfriend that you just struck pay dirt  
You rollin' with a player, you won't be exaggeratin' when you sayin'  
I'm livin' life in the fast lane  
Movin' at the speed of life and I can't slow down  
Only got a gallon in the gas tank  
But I'm almost at the finish line, so I can't stop now  
I don't really know where I'm headed, just enjoyin' the ride  
Just gon' roll 'til I drop and ride 'til I die  
I'm livin' life in the fast lane  
(Pedal to the metal)  
Livin' life in the fast lane  
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