Fast Lane

Tokyo Witch Hunt

First verse, uh, I'm on 'til I'm on a island
My life's ridin' on the Autobahn on autopilot
Before I touch dirt, I'll kill you 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 him out of his uniform
Leave him with his socks, hard bottoms and bloomers on
And hang him by his balls from the horn of a unicorn
Y'all niggers 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'm on a 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 casin's like a soccer ball
I'ma kick the ballistics
So get this dick, I'ma live this
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)
I'm 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, this Captain Morgan attacks my organs
(C'mon)
My slow flow is euphoric, it's like I rap endorphins
(Woo)
I made a pact with the Devil that says, "I'll let you take me
You let me take this shovel, dig up the corpses Jack Kevorkian"
(C'mon)
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 Eminem 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-st-stutter, motherfucker? Fuck them all
He's just a whole motherfuckin' Walmart
D-d-down every time he comes a-r-r-round
And he came to the club tonight
With 5'9 [unverified] to hold this bitch down
Like a motherfuckin' chick underwater
He's tryna d-dr-drown
Shawty, when you dance
You got me captivated

Just by the way that you keep lickin' 'em dicks
Like her 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 activator
(Woo)
Meanin' I'm on fire off the top
Might wanna back up the 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 casin's 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
Brung ya lay to this party, be my penis ejaculator later
Tell ya boyfriend
That you just struck pay dirt
You rollin' wit' a player
You won't be exaggeratin' when you sayin'
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Only got a gallon in the gas tank
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