

# Fastlane

## King Geedorah

Fast lane  
Three, two, one, go Only God is judged, never plea the case  
Oh, reason where is the truth we can never erase?  
I've fallen from grace, black nor face  
Ounce of green smoke, jack wit no chase Peddle on the floor, thirsty for score  
Fastlane destination, top of the cash game  
See keep like a missile with mad aim  
You can't blame missin' spirits who campaign A mystery at most, universal most steel is hot  
Yup off in the knot  
Vision clear like a Hindu with the third eye dot  
We be wig, nah baby that's my word I got 'Nuff rhymes, tuff times, try talkin' to kids  
Who walk around thinkin' that doesn't forgive  
Life in itself is like a bid  
And if you scared to die then you scared to live Ain't it a shame dealin' with the remain?  
Hennessy on the brain, travel the plane Will the copy cats twist the def traps?  
Bliss the sex raps blind to jet black  
The matters awake in response since came to life  
Singin' a seance, escape the realm Bly swift like 'o' at, fake jacks a cast  
Catch two smacks, gentlemen relax  
Blaze trails that haven't been traveled in a while  
Scatter clues for those who equate the style Cruisin' in the Lex out the window seat  
While I be trippin' off the rhyme, bop my head to the beat  
I can't speak on delirious mood swings  
True crowns, a helmed at the true kings Tell ya take it back, straighten  
Money makin', light we sign awaken, idle mind oversaken  
No debatin' on the vessel that we navigatin'  
Gravitatin', schemin', leave 'em standin' waitin' Specialize in futuristic mental picture paintin'  
We are slave to sick ways, I'm quenchin' with thirst  
Gift of a new day they seem like a curse What we made, penetrate the charade  
The incision is barely felt from the sharpness of the blade  
Movin' motionless through this masquerade Loomin' in the dark but justice save a spark, rock  
Like a match made in heaven and hell apart  
But still one, if it's life we start So real reveal, sign is sealed  
What we feels translates to meals  
That nine to five shit is no joke, muscle in scientist  
But don't look upon my hustlin' Will the copy cats twist the def traps?  
Bliss the sex raps, blind to jet black  
The matters awake in response since came to life  
Singin a seance, escape the realm Bly swift like 'o' at, fake jacks a cast

Catch two smacks, gentlemen relax  
Blaze trails that haven't been traveled in a while  
Scatter clues for those who equate the style Look at them, those two space monsters  
The one with the three heads is King Geedorah  
And that one's Gigan, we are controlling them

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