Fast Life

Clipse

(Bridge)
I can show you what my paper like
Money first, fast cars, out come the chicks of they panties and Bras
Come on
I said come on(Pusha T verse 1
I do hits for my go-getters, to my O flippers
All my Rose moe sippers, tell the Feds to take more pictures
I smile for the camera, my niggas hold keys like janitors
Throw D's on that bitch, bought her tits like Pamela's
Spend a whole day tryin' to take all my stamina
Never that still got more for Tamara
Pusha's sex game no amateur, I come clean
J Rule damaged the scene, the coupe got a mind of it's own Like Christine
Murderin' the block, half past grind mutherucker be the time On the watch
What you wanna do with me, King Powder flow untouchable
If you don't believe, then homie you sniff me
The scent's still trapped in my clothes
And I just came from over the stove so what you wanna spit?(Chorus)
What yo' paper 'bout? Throw them G's up
Show your watch off, roll your sleeve up
New plates on it, hold them keys up
We buy the bar out, baby drink up
It's the limelight, it's the car show
She wanna joy ride see how fast the car go
Hot summer days, long Vegas nights
We bet it all baby, welcome to the fast life(Malice verse 2)
R-E-U-P-G-A-N-G
Word on the street girlfriend, he's stingy
Yeah, rare like Da Vinci, collars to the ceiling
I'm dreaming, somebody pinch me
My presence is an event, the party don't start until they let us in
That's right, ladies and gents
Coke money turned rap money, give it a rinse
Next come the spin cycle
The rims on that Benz get more spin than Michael
I leave them hoes with an eyeful
Malice be the truth like the Bible
To the red-bottomed souls
All they do is stare like I'm in a fish bowl

Last drag and I got the glow
My public awaits I got to go(Chorus)
What yo' paper 'bout? Throw them G's up
Show your watch off, roll your sleeve up
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It's the limelight, it's the car show
She wanna joy ride see how fast the car go
Hot summer days, long Vegas nights
We bet it all baby, welcome to the fast life(Bridge)
Money first, fast cars, out come the chicks of they panties and Bras
Come on
I said come on(Pusha T verse 3)
I 3D it, if I say it you can see it
No red and blue lenses needed
The red, white, and blues in the chains makes them pledge Allegiance
These 16s is undefeated, now crown me
It's the all mighty duo, you know
Critically acclaimed, movin' weight like a sumo
On my ditty bop, playcloths knitted top
Clipse 3, titled 'Til the Casket Drops(Malice verse 4)
And the boy got swagger
Pop's is a Rolling STone I'm Mick Jagger
Don't wanna pick up the chrome but might hafta
Anyone think he gonna dethrone the rapper
Next chapter, us out in Vegas
Breakin' the bank just like we ballplayers
And we all up in the majors
Pushin' crack to a faults in San Andreas(Chorus X2)
What yo' paper 'bout? Throw them G's up
Show your watch off, roll your sleeve up
New plates on it, hold them keys up
We buy the bar out, baby drink up
It's the limelight, it's the car show
She wanna joy ride see how fast the car go
Hot summer days, long Vegas nights
We bet it all baby, welcome to the fast life

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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