

# 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  
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(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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