Live Fast, Die Young

Rick Ross

[Sample]
(And I wanna show you how you all look like beautiful stars tonight)
(You've got to feel it)
(I've got the sign)

[Kanye West - Chorus]
They say we can't be livin' like this for the rest of our lives
Well, we gon' be livin' like this for the rest of tonight
And you know they gon' be bangin' this shit for rest of our lives
So live fast and die young, live fast and die young, live fast and die young

[Rick Ross - Verse 1]
Livin' fast now it's all linen rags (Unn)
Hard headed but my top peelin' back
Tinted glass on my '57, nigga wit' a attitude (Me)
Young and radical, methods are mathematical (Ha)
Let my convertible marinade on the avenue
Mommy that's half a million, I'm livin' la vida happy though
Die young but fuck it, we flew first class
Turned you to a rich bitch buy you first class
Up in this bitch and we lit up like a screen
Everytime we hit the charts niggas shoot up like a phene (Unn)
Stuntin' like we printin' money wit' machines
Which you see me wavin' Visorone Constantine (Unn)
Like Mike my spikes they all white
twenty fo' carat gold, baby carats worth of ice
Ice insured, fuck life insurance
I live for the moment and put a bullet on it (Boss)
Got the club rockin' like a fuckin' boat
I'm the pirate on this ship, all you mates got to go
The party over here, everybody over here
You know the word travel fast, everybody know we here (Yeah)
Bottles over here, even spread it over there
All the models over here but they swallow everywhere (Yeah)
She came to party like it's 1999
If she died on my dick
She would live through my rhymes

[Chorus]

[Kanye West - Verse 2]
For all my young ladies that's drivin' Miss Daisy
Drivin' me crazy, rock the beat baby!
Hop up out the rrrt, she beat up the payment
I don't give a rrrt, baby he craazzy
I'm back by unpopular demand, least he still poppin' in Japan
Shoppin' in Milan, hoppin' out the van
Screams from the fans
"Yeezy, always knew you'd be on top againnn"
And we 'bout to hit Jacob the jeweler
So I could be like Slick Rick and rule ya
Dr. Martin Louis the King Jr.
And I'ma never let the dream turn to Kruegers
My outfit's so disrespectful
You could gon' ahead and sneeze 'cause my presence blessed you
I mean, we walked in this bitch so stylish
Niggas done mistook me for my stylist
And I know it's superficial and ya say it's just clothes
But we shoppin' in that motherfucker and they just closed
So go ahead and just pose
When she walked up out the dressin' room
The store just froze
And I know, they trying to get their cool back
And them ghetto bitches hollin' "How you do that?" (Un)
So they could never say we never lived it
And if I see Biggie tonight I loved every minute

[Chorus]

[Rick Ross - Verse 3]
Peter piper pickin' peppers, Rick pitched poems
My leather long enough to keep a thick bitch warm
When her ass is enormous
Abs abnormal and tans in the morning on sands in California
Seems like we gettin' money for the wrong things
Look around Maseratis for the whole team
Look at Haiti, children dyin' 'round the clock nigga
I sent a hundred grand but that's a decent watch nigga
I'm gettin' better 'cause it would've leased the drop nigga
I'ma get my money right just watch nigga
She had a miscarriage I couldn't cry though
'Cause you and I know she was only my side hoe
(Un) I got 'em catchin' amnesia

Time to pull my fuckin' minks out the freezer
See the links and you just think Jesus
I'm hot till a day a day freezes
Young and radical, methods are mathematical
I multiplied my money through different avenues
Took many awards
Shook never before and for my mother I applaud
Ms. Afeni Shakur
Ice insured, fuck life insurance
Three bad bitches, dope come concurrent
Still, you know the dope won't stop
If I die today bury me in a dope ass watch

[Chorus]

[Sample]
(Hey, hey, hey, hey)
(Hey, hey, hey, hey)

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