

Fastlane

Bad Meets Evil

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 conform
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 niggas intellect mad slow, y'all fags know
Claimin' you bangin', you flamin'
Bet you could light your own cigarette witcha 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 eighties!
My nineties was like the Navy, you was like the Brady's
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 before I get on a roll (danish)
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 gonna 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 casings like a soccer ball
I'ma kick the ballistics! So get this dick, I'ma live this

[Chorus]

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)

My whole goal as a poet's to be relaxed in orbit
At war with' a bottle, this Captain Morgan attacks my organs
My slow flow is euphoric, it's like I rap endorphins
I made a pact with the Devil that says "I'll let you take me
You let me take this shovel, dig up the corpe of Jack Kevorkian"
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 the mall, he shuts
The whole motherfuckin' Wal-mart d-d-down every time he comes a-r-r-round
And he came to the club tonight with five nine to hold this bitch down
Like a motherfuckin' chick underwater, he tryna d-dr-drown
Shawty, when you dance, you got me captivated
Just by the way that you keep lickin' them dicks like 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 fascinating
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
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 casings is just like a bag of paper
Dropped 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

Percolator to this party, be my penis ejaculator later
Tell your boyfriend that you just struck pay dirt
You rollin' with a player, you won't be exaggeratin' when you sayin'

[Chorus]

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