

# Fast Lane

## 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 corpse 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]