

# Live Fast, Die Young (feat. Kanye West)

## 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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