Fast Peg

Ll Cool J

Yeah
Funky! Uh
Yeah
Yo, let me tell you bout a girl named Peg
A D.C. haircut and stewardess legs
Dressed to kill, her physique is ill
Her face belongs on a dollar bill
Her boyfriend's down with the M-O-B
Drivin around in a 300e
Trunk jewelry and all that
Talkin bout, "My man can't fall black!"
Sippin on cham', diamonds on her hand
Takin cash, carryin drugs for her man
Drivin around in a kitted up Jetta
Under the seat a automatic beretta
You know, the whole blase blah of rap
Tellin brothers they need to get off the brastrap
That's the type of girl she is
Word to Miz, she got the
Full length blue fox, knock you out the box
Big rocks, this girl is hype Hobbes
The type of girl that cold did son wrong
She got the face that you wanna spend money on
Her man be smackin her up
Yeah, backin her up
To the wall, get undressed, where you goin?
You ain't playin me out with that hoein
Look in the mirror, check the jewels
Silly rabbit, you know the rules
But he had to leave on another deal
So she's out there with sex appeal
It's the weekend, time for freakin, she's sneakin
Outside, tellin her homegirls, we can
Do the do, with who-ever we want to
Cause we're the fly girl crew
Not knowin her man messed up the money
Ridin around, thinkin everything's funny
Went in a disco, came outside
Somebody pushed her in a beat up ride

She had to pay for her man's mistakes
They shot her in the head
That's the breaks

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/