

Fast Money

Mac Dre

Fast Money
Might be yo last money
Quick to blast, for the cash money
Squabbin' over past money
Lookin' for spots to stash money
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Might be yo last money

Everytime I meet a niggarrow
They ass wanna hit it
And you tell them HELL NO!
They ass go to talkin' shit
I never gave a flyin' fuck about how this niggas feelin'
Just because I let them eat the pussy they think we did it
Slow down honey love I think you better pump yo brakes
If you had the feelin' we was makin' love that shit waz fake
My pussys tight
That's why you niggas want to get up in it
Just come talk to me (it cost a fee) nigga won't you spend it
Never trust these fools hollarin' they single
Bitches don't be stupid They be liein'
You know these niggas mingle
Yo bitches got bad fuckin' niggas on the first night
Then hollarin' that shit about how a man don't treat them right
Bitches be talkin' about fuckin' niggas
I'm buckin' niggas
To get closer to me is some lucky niggas with (the scrilla)
Niggas better break me off a lil somethin'
Playas better have they money pumpin'
Before we do some grindin' and bumpin'

I'm hungry for the cabbage
The Swabbage
Need a bank
I done sold everything from weed to crank
But now I need to think
How many of my niggas got kilt?
Blood spilt
Done dilt
Cap pilt
For that bad scrill
I'm past will
Pin a picture a criminal conduct
Cause nigga when I'm stuck
My (trigga)comes unstuck
I don't give a fuck
Life is a hustle
If you wanna come up
You gotta flex that muscle
Niggas with little hearts
Get little bread
Some niggas is satisfied with puss and a little head
It's been said
Fuck that bitch get rich
We about it
Now without it
Get yo grits

Be cautious
Cause it's crosses
Get caught up, brought up on charges
And some take loses
Do you thang
Sell dope, hit licks
Cause sometimes it's manditory to get those quick grits

(Yeah) My nigga Mac Dre sellin' kite to me
He was into (Lompoc)
I was in (Tehachapi)
Don't let it red
When we hook up we gonna have a fat sack
(Don't sell these raps like crack)
Nigga, I make big bread (from the night time 'til the sunny)
Real gangters don't (brag) about money
Nigga, this game I look up to all day
Changin' our name from the mafia to (corporate)
(It's like early mornin' in the kitchen, cookin' up dope on the grill)
Nigga, I keeps it real