

Uhh! Livin the life in the quick lane, only the strong can survive  
These streets'll swallow you up mayne, and eat you alive  
Cain't be no poodle, run tuck yo' tail and hide  
They'll spaghetti yo' noddle mayne, (Element of Surprise)  
It's goin around mayne! Death in the air  
Better not be scared, cause ay-henas can smell fear  
It's not a lot of love but it's a whole lot of hate  
Beware of your surroundings, they starvin, they ate  
The lake of fire awaits for those with no souls  
Hot like a stove, hotter than hot coals  
Not a knock on the server, got hella clients waitin  
Fuck the FDA, the Food & Drug Administration  
That's the thought process of a soil soldier  
6's on the Nova pistola, spinach and yola  
I'm talkin realer dope money this hustler makin  
and I don't be cattin and capin and cupcakin  
I go BAD on a batch man, I ain't playin!!  
Knock a broad without even liftin a hand  
Ain't even gotta touch her - mind games mayne!  
Brain fuck her - I ain't lyin heyy!  
Never been a bitch made motherfucker just a professional sucka ducker  
I'm one nigga-rish motherfucker cars houses and diamond clusters  
Fucks with hustlers, not no busters allowed around us  
No saps, suckers, snitches bitches or punk tattlers

Young nigga havin thangs (havin thangs)  
Fancy cars and rangs  
This hustler 'bout his change  
Nigga really out here doin it (doin it)  
Claimin hella fame (hella fame)  
E'rybody know my name (they know my name)  
I'm deep off in this game  
Wherever money at I get to it - what'chu livin?  
In the fast lane, in the fast lane  
Uhhh! Wakin up with greenbacks on yo' mind is a good thang  
My name ringin like a high school bell, like a church chimes  
This ain't Chamillion', but go get a glass of wine  
Listen to me preach my rhyme, sit back and recline  
I'm too real to be unreal, too truthful to be fake  
Daddy and momma went they separate ways when I was 8  
But it made me great - mo' stronger and God willing  
A few years later, I'm worth a few million  
Top billin, killin 'em with my independent grit  
Got rid of my digital scale and started makin hits!  
Flippin all kinda whips, Benzes, Cutlass and Lexuses  
Me and The Click at St. Charles, God was blessing us  
Successfulness, all praises due to Allah  
Jesus, Jehovah, the most highest almighty God  
Reverend Thurman and Mother Thurman I miss you much  
I know you up in heaven watchin over us  
Give back and help people that's what they taught me to do  
Can't save the world, but I can help save a few  
People talked behind my back, laughed and smiled all in my face  
Said my voice was too squeaky and my style was a disgrace  
Now I'm hittin, they ain't! Laughin all the way to the bank  
Makin deposits and promotin my own drank  
Walkin with my nose in the air, like my shit don't stank

Came in the game blindfolded, stressin, guessin, walkin the plank

In the fast lane!!