

Fast Lane

E-40

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!!