

## Life in the Fast Lane

Geto Boys

[Scarface:]

Life in the fast lane, no time for the slow  
Some people slang 'caine, thinkin the money'll flow  
But brothers gangbang, robbin people for dough  
Get out the chain gang, or your freedom'll go  
Stand on the sidewalks, with a fistful of crack  
Watchin the guys talk, your boys watch your back  
This game is dangerous, you're livin in fear  
You pack a 9 for insurance to give the geekers a scare  
He needs a 20, sell him a 10 and a half  
And he'll be fiendin and dreamin you'll take his 20 and laugh  
Continue slangin, makin all you can make  
You hear a [sirens] that's the law gotta break  
Hop in the Beemer, and roll up the glass  
You put your car in reverse to make your getaway fast  
Now they're suspicious - how could he be clean?  
He packs a beeper, drives a Beemer, and he's only 19  
Yo let's harass him, to see what he's got  
What started off as a game ended the lives of 2 cops  
Life in the fast lane

Another hot spot, you screech to a halt  
Yo look what I've got, then reach for the wall  
They find the product, and the cops'll say OHHHHHHH~!  
They'll put your butt in the bump  
Roll to the station, yo captain whassup?  
I caught this brother on the cut, we gotta lock this boy up  
Straight to the jail cell, no 9 or a clip  
And the ones you triple-crossed'll want revenge so get hip  
Out in an hour, on your way to the pad  
A copper starts to trail you, now you're sweatin bad  
Turn on his flashers, you stop Tommy Tucker  
He stuck his head in the window so you shot him like a sucker  
Fell to the pavement, blood pourin on the cement  
There's witnesses standin by and you knew that he seen it  
Back on the run again, and the boys on your block  
Was blabbin all to the cops about the people you shot  
Did you get nervous, well why continue your route?  
When you know that normal folks don't chill with blood on their suits  
Took off his jacket, flung to the back  
Grabbin a pull from the pack, I gotta break I get back  
Right to his rock spot, before the brother got shot  
He tried to sell 2 ki's to Tony that was filled full of sheet rock  
Bumped off~! They ain't let him slide  
Now his family's tryin to figure out the reason he died  
... But that's the name of the game  
Way he died was a shame, pushin 'caine  
... Life in the fast lane

I remember fast times, sellin dope was my pasttime  
Life in the fast lane, while countin cash I'd  
Sit back and wonder, what would become of me  
The fiends would see the Beemer comin, and then they'd run to me  
Step out the vehicle, yo what you need Joe?  
I need a 20 and a nickel bag of weed bro  
Make the sale then I'd bail out  
Now it's time to get the hell out

Every day was the same thing, dopefiends named me  
Big Crack Ak cause I sold 'caine mainly  
Out of the big I had the biggest  
Rocks on the block, so check it out yo money dig this  
It was the purest in the rock form, the only way I sell it  
No cuts, uh-uh, no B-12 to swell it  
I got lucky made it out of the game  
... Life in the fast lane