

# 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  
Fast Money  
Might be yo last money

Everytime I meet a niggaw  
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