

Fast Quarter

E-40

I was bit by the hustler bug, so damn young
Fuck d slow nickel, I want d fast quarter
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The digital scale for some pot an some yale
A box a sawage bags an a pocket full a sprale
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Pushin d game at a young age, couldn't touch me as I turn tha page
Nigga snotty nose from da mud, with a lot a rage
Watchin d cage like a animal, a prisoner an slum
Gonna give us some hepatistis, hookers, theives and bums
Used to live lavish till they on left their tragic magic, bad habits
Livin under a bridge, pushin a grocery basket (sadness)
I never wanna be like them, so I came up with a plan
Can't swim but I'm not sinkin, keepin ma head above quicksand
Went an hollad at ma mayne, he put me up in da mix
Fundin me some trees, say this safer than servin bricks
But d tree wasn't movin fast enough for me
So I took ma profit an bought me a zabadee (some yola)
Milligrams I had to measure, it's lookin a whole lot better
Startin to have my cheddar, no more bill collector
Follow ma mama an bought her a Honda, paid for
No more sittin on da floor an borrow electricity from next door

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Look, third down, five seconds, last quarter
Twenty five yards left I need tha fast quarter
They blitzin with ma line, bought hand d cash ova
Touchdown I hit em with da shuffle pass solja
Quarterbacking for the Eagles like Mike Vick
In Philly runnin plays with da Eagles like Mike Vick
Day an night shift, on d grind with em white bricks
Call me Terry Crews how I move with dem white chicks
Ha! Catch me up an down tha inner state
Dealin woke me and dat money got a dinner date
The landlord move rooms they neva renovate
I'm 22 but in da state a gettin 28
Ha! I got a whole thang groovin
Pot full a grease, I got tha quarter thang oozin
Whey ma track stars, it's a cocaine movement
Rap game lame, but da dope game boomin

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Been a balla, been a cooka, been a D-boy
On a corner pitch of couple nickels colder to da key boy
I need dat fast money, fast back, fast lane
I fuck da slow nickel, I need that fast change
Then they get you with particles tryna get d overs
Then I got da new leather caddy, tryna get da Rover
Got da egg money, white to d yoga
Errday money, fight for a solja
With da calib donnin quick, like I told ya
Real northern Cali bangin nigga I fold ya
Ask Ward about me, I get in a nigga ass
44 on d leb, I get on that nigga fast
I addicted to paper, so I stay on da caper
I take dat white girl out, then I duct tape her
If you are not a bird, you ain't on ma level
I've neva seen a bird step with da Mets

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D time is runnin out, an I ain't got time for games
So let me pronounciate it, an I make shit simple and plain
All the fairytale antics must fuckin subside
I hit dat BOK big ass takin a low slow ride
I'm tryna grind, stay up on ma p's an q's
Pussies an quarters that help me keep ma shit in two
Grind time, affiliations are sure to become negligent
I won't tolerate slow pokes with pokin ma shit
Stack chips out on da grill so pussy fuckin on trip
A killin CD hustlin nigga only stylin d shit
Like wish d fact well straight masterin like fat joe
Make sure they get to pull out their clips into all you fake ass homes
The fast quarter is goin an d clock isn't runnin
Though they pick up ma hustle game, whie I'm out here big timin
Bitches get tossed under d curb, cause they test ma fuckin mic
Doin what I gotta do under dis bright ass street light

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