

Nowhere Fast

EARTHGANG

Going nowhere fast
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Going nowhere fast

Hey, ain't this a damn shame?

I look down and see my phone ring, it's my pops and I ain't even tryna answer

"What's up my, son? I ain't even wanted that much
But how you doing, oh, tell how you been holding up
Fragile contents rolling, how life been handling ya?"

Bands stand, agile movements increase your stamina

I crack a smile just to stay inside parameters

Shit, I hope he picking up the luck inside my inflections

Cause lately life done got my spirit on a bench press

A ten strip a strength test, a journey to within quest

I'm pretty guarded on the particles I ingest

Keep the heartless and charlatans out from where I get dressed

But still I keep it all together like corn tortillas or Ving Rhames leathers

From big ass galaxies to Terrio sweaters

All a bit too familiar with stormy weathers so gon' and direct us

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I been in the trenches

Bottom dollar tryna turn that bitch Olympic gymnasts

When you on the come up ain't no coming to your senses

Young and struggling, ruthless and relentless

I been this for more than a minute

Unfortunately, really I'm more nigga than citizen

Love hoes with cake, she give a fork when you stick it in

Can't fade, raw diggity in my city, it's sickening on the literal sense

Killed the mood real quick

See, my life's in plenty deaths so I always feel protected

No weapon formed to project will perform like you expect it

Cut off all my local hoes, I'm tryna get God pregnant

Cause all dogs go to Heaven

Pussy niggas get rejected over this way

The ghost of Rick James on mixtapes by the lame a mile away

We ain't cut from the same Kinte

Making arrangements that pay for when my kid's kids lay

Grass hoppers and senseis gather round for the big bang

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Aye man look I gotta make a quick stop right quick 'fore I go to Campbellton
man you know what I'm saying

You know what I'm saying, my partner sell dogs

Y'all nigga need a dog?

We got some pits, he got a pit, he got a, he got a, a, a blue nose

What he got? I think it's a tweety bird mixed with a motherfuckin' uh German

Shepherd
I gotta see what this look like
Let's do it
He got the bite of a German Shepherd but the head of a tweety bird
Got to see him
Ah, let's ride
Ugh, and we ridin' down...
Aye finna go to Campbellton on these niggas
Yo, yo, y'all niggas don't know nothin' 'bout that