

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