

# Fast

Juice WRLD

Well, I've been livin' fast, fast, fast, fast  
Feelin' really bad, bad, bad, bad  
Time really moves fast, fast, fast, fast  
Better hurry up, and get in your bag, bag, bag, bag  
I wear Dior, not a flag, -ag, -ag, -ag  
I know all these niggas gettin' mad, mad, mad, mad  
My hand on my trigger, I'm 'a die with respect, yeah  
Fuckin' with my money, you'll get dealt like that, yeah

I took too many pills, count up the bills, uh  
Molly in my cup, I can't tell you how I feel  
Uh-uh, last call  
Uh-uh, it's gnarly  
Every day I be countin' up, countin' up the blues  
Gotta win sometimes, when you always lose  
I get high as a bitch, still the same dude I was back then  
And now I'm lost and confused

I ain't see it coming  
I ain't see it coming  
But it still came  
I'm talking 'bout life, aye  
(Talkin' 'bout life)

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I go through so much, I'm 19 years old  
It's been months since I've felt at home  
But it's okay 'cause I'm rich,  
Psych! I'm still sad as a bitch

Right, I don't want nobody to think that I'm a asshole  
I don't try to be mean on purpose, I promise  
My momma taught me better than that, I'll be honest  
I'll blame it on the drugs and this life I'm involved in

I ain't see it coming (I ain't see it)  
I ain't see it coming (I ain't see it)  
But it still came (Yeah, yeah, it still came)  
I'm talking 'bout life, aye  
(Talkin' 'bout life, yeah)

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Elevate, elevate, elevate myself  
Now I'm on the ground, on the ground, haven't been myself,  
But it's OK, it's cool, won't push the issue  
What happens next? (a story to be continued)  
Yeah

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(This is fire)

(Yeah, yo)

(This is fire)