

2 FAST

LAZER DIM 700

Fuck
Shit

Pourin' too much mud up like what the fuck?
Poppin' out, I'm bringin' heat, I can't forget the fuckin' steel
Tryna stuff a hundred dubs inside my pants, you eatin' pills
Niggas flexin' that lil' bitty guap, but ain't gettin' no guap
In the dead end with money out, know I ran up Glocks
Pussy boy, you pussy, know it's me, know I let off shots
Got a sticky with a donut fifty, take you out your misery
Pussy boys know they ain't fuckin' with me, AR do the killings
I got thousands, I got thousands, bitch, havin' hella pape'
I just walked down with some dirty shit, this a dirty Drac'
Switch the clip, switch the fuckin' mag, polyester tag
Niggas know 7000 do no flag, walk down super fast
Lil' bro wanna be 7000, he wanna get in Fast
They won't drop they fuckin' nuts today, they know they won't blast
Where the money? Where the fuckin' plays? Lil' boy, where the cash?
I got foreign hoes and foreign weed and some foreign cash, pussy
You think you gon' get off first? Let's see who last
And I only put zaza inside my body, y'all niggas smoke shit bad
Niggas know I'm finna be rich like Roddy, that's why pussies mad
They ain't let Lil' Flame inside the party, I snuck in the back
I got blickys on me everyday, I can't even lack
I can't walk 'round with all this fuckin' money, skinnies stuffed with racks
Niggas see me do it, then go and do it, but I ain't even mad
Damn near fell out on these fuckin' drugs, damn near went out bad
I might draw down by my fuckin' self, I might need no help
Take a nigga plays, a nigga wealth, 56 gon' step
Tryna walk down with a fuckin' semi, AR mini-mini
Niggas know Lil' Flame gon' fuckin' step, they ain't fuckin' with me
Know my closet cost some fuckin' bands, know I ran up bands
Stuffin' green shit inside my pants, put heat on your twins
Had to wait 'til dark to fuckin' pop out, 57 rock out
Smash gang with me to take it, 57, Fast Gang made it

Do a dirty deed, then go and laugh, I can't fuckin' fake it
Ayy, man, I might pop out Off-White drip like I done fuckin' made it
Pussy boy gon' get blam-blammed, he try to fuckin' take it
They think your barber fucked you up, we push your shit back
12 roamin' 'round, we in the hotbox, had to sit back
Pussy boy can't see me in the dark 'cause all my 'fits black
Pop out with a ski, but it's me, niggas know it's me
I pass out Top Villain merch for free, you ain't even gotta pay a fee
Niggas never looked out for Lil' Flame, but it's straight, on gang
Dump the fuckin' stick, I like to see the fye, the fye come out
Bags in the spot, money in the spot, ain't no runnin' out
I can't tell lil' buddy nothin', they wanna catch the kill
Lil' bro get turned into a plate, get turned into a meal
I got hella attachments, gotta pop out with two ratchets
Can't do Tris, that shit be nasty
We need Wockhardt, we need Wockhardt, bitch

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