

Fuck
Shit

You can't post in the trap, gotta purchase
I'm a slimy lil' boy, I be lurkin'
You on the other one, I know what you workin'
I might dump the stick, shoot this bitch perfect
On the late grab, I ain't havin', I'm servin'
He a bitch, the kill ain't even worth it
Pop out, we got rounds
Check my artillery, I got whole hundred rounds
Bitch, I ain't havin' pape'
That's a cap, B-roll ain't havin' pape'
They might pop it on live, send a drop fast, gang gon' step right now
Bitch, you better smile, you'll get walked down tryna fuckin' frown
I'm in a dead end now, crazy clips, crazy thirty rounds
Dark to start the night, I can't slow down, I live a fast life
Might just tell lil' bro to snap me up, I pop out drip
I might slap that lil' boy out, I don't even need my fuckin' trip
Lil' bro a try-hard for these stains
We rock out, I let him do his thing
Who say Fast can't aim?
Nigga got drip, got racks, got drip right now
Pop out, do bad crimes
Fast on fuck shit, bitch, can't slow me down
Pussy-ass nigga be lyin'
Y'all smoke four feet, we smoke zaza, loud
I might invest inside the town, put bags in the town
Drugs goin' down, so we eat a pilly back
Catch a kill, aimin' neck up, fire somethin', take your ceiling back
On a pursuit, bitch, you better not fall, don't answer random calls
This 7000 shit get really wicked, finessed him for his riches
Niggas pussy, niggas really bitches, Fast Gang pass out stitches
I done taught that boy everything he know, bitch, I'm Chris Brickley
This a glizzy, not no fuckin' Smith &, get up on him, he dinner
He get dizzy real fast, that lil' boy really ain't no spinner
Dirty Glock, pass out dirty shots
To be honest, bags really high, taxin' for that 'za
I don't even want it, Fast Gang been done took it, smash gang with me
to take it
Out of town, I got blick on me, can't lack on no vacation
I'm a hot boy, I started scammin' hard, now I'm doin' fraud
Niggas wanna be tapped in with them boys, talkin' 'bout Lazer 'dem

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