

# WE FAST

LAZER DIM 700

Fuck  
Shit  
Phew phew

Drugs got me down bad, I can't feel my feets  
Bitch I been on that rocky bag  
Might lay down for some weeks  
Lil gang don't I ain't got no fuckin chill  
Might dump the stick in [?]  
I might try to stuff a hunnid dubs, in fucking skinny jeans  
Get inside so I don't ask pussy nigga for nothing  
Lil boy know I got my blick on me, can't come without my gun  
12 got different kinds of motors, be hard to fucking run  
I might come out with some crazy shit a different gun  
Might see me come out woods  
Late night we in the hood, late night we in the slum  
Might drive with two guns  
This fye be with Lil Flame  
57 we be the gang  
Jump out with an accurate aim, walk down on your gang  
Fuck that shit I got fast gang, hit a fucking target  
We got hella blicks, hella guns, sticks out the trap  
Tried to sell my player a dirty scrap, pourin drank & juice  
I got blicks inside the fucking booth, might walk down with some loot

This Hellcat gun, you can't even fuckin run  
I got the police [?], I'm hot just like the sun  
Promise I'm get off [?], promise Imma dump my fye  
This same [?], but I shoot that bit' with rapid fire  
Talk bout you gon' walk down on Lil Fast, boy you fuckin wack  
I just go inside create a class, then I pop out black  
Niggas seen me pop for racks, aim up top we aim for hats  
This a smelly pack, I might pop out jump out black  
You can't run from Fast, back the glizzy blast  
Blowin Zaza and we driving fast  
Bust a fucking, get outside the box  
Fuck 12 hit my fucking spot, I had to hide the Glocks  
[?] I got Glock room in my spot, Glock room in my house  
We might draw down on your whip, draw down on your ride  
Bitch I got, phew phew, bit' we got phew phew

Fuck  
Shit