

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