

## Fast Peg

LL Cool J

Yeah  
Funky! Uh  
Yeah  
Yo, let me tell you bout a girl named Peg  
A D.C. haircut and stewardess legs  
Dressed to kill, her physique is ill  
Her face belongs on a dollar bill  
Her boyfriend's down with the M-O-B  
Drivin around in a 300e  
Trunk jewelry and all that  
Talkin bout, "My man can't fall black!"  
Sippin on cham', diamonds on her hand  
Takin cash, carryin drugs for her man  
Drivin around in a kitted up Jetta  
Under the seat a automatic beretta  
You know, the whole blase blah of rap  
Tellin brothers they need to get off the brastrap  
That's the type of girl she is  
Word to Miz, she got the  
full length blue fox, knock you out the box  
Big rocks, this girl is hype Hobbes  
The type of girl that cold did son wrong  
She got the face that you wanna spend money on  
Her man be smackin her up  
Yeah, backin her up  
to the wall, get undressed, where you goin?  
You ain't playin me out with that hoein  
Look in the mirror, check the jewels  
Silly rabbit, you know the rules  
But he had to leave on another deal  
So she's out there with sex appeal  
It's the weekend, time for freakin, she's sneakin  
outside, tellin her homegirls, we can  
do the do, with who-ever we want to  
cause we're the fly girl crew  
Not knowin her man messed up the money  
Ridin around, thinkin everything's funny  
Went in a disco, came outside  
Somebody pushed her in a beat up ride  
She had to pay for her man's mistakes  
They shot her in the head  
That's the breaks