Too Fast

Tyga

Yeah, I'm too fast
I'm movin' too fast
Ayy

Too fast, push a button, make the tail drag (Drag)
Burnin' rubber, puttin' two-twenty on the dash (Dash)
I got loyalty, respect, I don't gotta brag (Brag)
Leave you in my rear view, I'm moving too fast (Vyoom)
And you never fold with the world on your back (Back)
Push it to the max, I don't never lack (Lack)
Loyalty, respect, you don't got none of that (Nope)
Leave you in my rear view, I'm moving too fast

Vyoom, I hit the gas, losers finish last (Yeah)
Heard you're looking for me, tell 'em I'm in my bag (Bag)
You know talk is cheap, so I don't speak on that (Nope)
I let the speaker blast, you won't even see me pass (Fwoom)
Got the whole gang with me and it's automatic (Yup)
Looking at my status, you don't want no static (No)
Looking at my shotgun, riding with a baddie (Yup, yup)
You got no loyalty 'cause you never had it (Boom)
Fuck yeah, put my middle finger in the air (Boom, boom, boom)
Bitch, I'm everywhere, you ain't there, I ain't never scared (Boom, boom, bo
om, yup)
My brothers like a army and we ridin' 'til it's no wheel
Bitch, beware ('Ware), the dogs be all here (Yeah)

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Bendin' corners, scrape the rim, baby, pay for them (Pay for them)
I don't about my chicken, dawg, I play with M's
I just left the homie 'Maro, he wanna race again (Huh?)
I'm all gas, do the dash to the checkered flag (Ah)
And I damn near wrecked the Jag tryna figure eight (Tryna figure eight)
That old school in my garage a hundred fifty K (A hundred fifty K)
The mileage on the Lamborghini under fifty K (It under fifty K)
He woofin' on his horsepower, that's gon' get him spanked
I'm motivated by the chilly, niggas on the way (Huh?)
I treat this Maserati truck like it's a throwaway (Uh)
Hey, I might pull up in this Benz and this is not an eight
It's V12, NASCAR edition seat belts (Yeah)

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