Airbourne, Too Much, Too Young, Too Fast

Some people like to make all the rules And tell others what to do They make it their way so they always win And the others always lose Street gangs and madmen How they wage their private wars In bankers clothes their hearts are froze and Their wives hold hands with whores I'll sit and spin for a little while If it's the end of days I'm goin out in style Too much, Too young, Too fast I'm gonna drink it up while it lasts Too much, Too young, Too fast I'm gonna tear it up so fill my glass Thieves in the night rob you blind With surgical precision You can't evade the eye in the sky He got facial recognition Paranoia on every street It's hard to stay alive Never know when you'll feel the heat Before it takes your life I'll sit and spin for a little while If it's the end of days I'm goin out in style Too much, Too young, Too fast I'm gonna drink it up while it lasts Too much, Too young, Too fast I'm gonna tear it up so fill my glass Too much, Too young, Too fast I'm gonna drink it up while it lasts Too much, Too young, Too fast I'm gonna tear it up so fill my glass Too much I'm gonna drink it up Too fast yeah while it lasts