

LL Cool J, 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