

# Mac Dre, Fast Money

-- Chorus --

(2x)

-- Warren G --

Fast Money

Might be yo last money

Quick to blast, for the cash money

Squabbin' over past money

Lookin' for spots to stash money

Fast Money

Might be yo last money

-- Dutches --

Everytime I meet a niggarrow

They ass wanna hit it

And you tell them HELL NO!

They ass goin' talkin' shit

I never gave a flyin' fuck about how this niggas feelin'

Just because I let them eat the pussy they think we did it

Slow down honey love I think you better pump yo brakes

If you had the feelin' we was makin' love that shit waz fake

My pussys tight

Thats why you niggas want to get up in it

Just come talk to me to cross the feast nigga wont you spend it

Never trust these fools hollarin' they single

Bitches aint dont be stupid

They know they liein'

You know these niggas mingle

Yo bitches got bad fuckin' niggas on the first night

Then hollarin' that shit about how a man dont treat them right

Bitches be talkin' about fuckin' niggas

Im buckin' niggas

To get closer to me is some lucky niggas with (?)

Niggas better break me off a lil somethin'

Playas better have they money pumpin'

Before we do some grindin' and bumpin'

-- Chorus --

(2x)

-- Mac Dre --

Im hungry for the cabbage

The Swabbage

Need a bank

I done sold everything from weed to crank

Now I need to think

How many of my niggas got kilt?

Blood spilt

Done dilt

Cap pilt

For that bad scrill

Im past will

Pin a picture a criminal conduct

Cause nigga when Im stuck

My (?) comes unstuck

I dont give a fuck

Life is a hustle

If you wanna come up

You gotta flex that muscle

Niggas wit little hearts

Or little bread

Some niggas is satisfied with puss and a little head

Its been said

Fuck the bitch get rich

We about it

Now without it

Get yo grits

Be cautious

Cause its crosses  
Get caught up, brought up on charges  
And some take loses  
Do you thang  
Sell dope, hit licks  
Sometimes its manditory to get those quick grits  
-- Chorus --  
(2x)  
-- Kokane --  
(Yeah) My nigga Mac Dre savin' kite to me  
He was into long pause  
I was into hatchepe  
Dont let it red  
When we hook up we gonna have a fat sack  
(Dont sell these raps like crack)  
Nigga, I make big bread for the night time  
For the sunny  
Real gangters dont brang about money  
Nigga, this game I look up to all day  
Changin' our name from the mafia to (?)  
(Its like early mornin' in the kitchen, cookin' up dope on the grill)  
Nigga, I keeps it real  
-- Chorus --  
(4x)