

# David Banner, Fast Life

[Chorus]

Got me living that fast life  
I think a nigga need to slow it down  
Stack my paper get in and out  
Niggaz know what I am talking about, yeah

[Verse One]

Oh, might take your golds  
Oh, might take your shit  
Leave me your dope and your girl  
Might pimp on that bitch  
Got a tech and I'm sprayin  
Look man, huh, I'm just sayin  
Cause I'm smiling and bustin  
Y'all bitches think that I'm playin  
From the home of the trill  
Cadillac and wood wheel  
Bodies dropping when I'm p--p-poppin up in your grill  
Give a shit how you feel  
Bitch I'm cockin to buck  
We could fight or just bust off these slugs  
I could give a fuck, yeah!!

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

High gone off that dro  
Bitch nigga what you know  
So sick of being po' and tired  
Then tired then po'  
So get on flo'  
Hoe, give me your dough  
Oh catch the b-blow  
From this uh forty-fo'  
Me I be so tr-trill  
In this C-Coupe Deville  
Tr-Tryin to s-stack up a m-mill  
Before I g-g-get killed  
Boys snortin them hills  
Girls poppin them pills  
Trying to buy some la-love  
In this world through dollar bills, yeah!!

[Chorus]

[Bridge: x2]

Vibe to the beat  
Bust a swisha sweet  
Fill it up with dro  
Nigga you know  
What's about to take place in this smoked out atmosphere

[David Banner]

All my real niggaz sing it loud  
Smoke, smoke on  
Get your swisha sweets nigga and  
Smoke on, smoke on

[Chorus]