

# **Rick Ross f/ Birdman, Brisco, Busta Rhymes, DJ Bigga Rankin, DJ Drama, DJ Khaled, "Speedin'"**

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[DJ Khaled]

Remix, Speedin' Remix, the movement  
I introduced you to the projects, I introduced you to the  
hood  
I introduced you to the ghet-to, I introduced you to Rick  
Ross  
The Boss is back, Trilla  
This the remix, Speedin' Remix (Ross got me Speedin'  
baby)  
We the best

[Plies]

This for all my goons, workin' on pills  
Speedin' to make me run in yo crib  
Put they 'opper behind yo ear  
Monkey suit, black mask, City Boy gear  
Slippin' got a lot of niggaz whacked this year  
Been up two days straight homie, no sleep  
Ridin' with choppers lurkin' fo' deep  
Jumpin' out on the first thing, look sweet  
Double 'stangs got the goons grittin' teeth  
Car full of throw away big boy heat  
Two brand new K's hangin' off seats  
Yeah it got me Speedin' all week

[Birdman]

G4 straight from the N.O.  
We get money, stay fly till the next show  
We got money, stay fly till we get mo'  
We got bitches, high rollin' with this cash flow  
Put the H in the hood  
Put a one on the good  
Put a slab on the wood  
Shit, me and Ross doin' good  
One hundred million dollars nigga, hangin' in the hood

[Busta Rhymes]

Check, I'm doin' donuts in the streets (Streets), pedal  
to the glass (Glass)

My lord have MurciÃ©lago max on the dash  
Speedin' niggaz can't see me in the blink of a flash  
You got to slow motion to flick so you can see me when  
I pass  
You know just what to do when you see me give me my  
cash  
When I pull up drop the bags of bread then I'm doing a  
dash  
No confusion understand no gimmicks  
Duke is like the Autobahn, disregardin' the speed limits  
Fast life, fast broads, let's get it fast buddy  
Fast food, fast cars, we gettin' fast money  
Fuck the talk we been doin' this, heat it up  
And when you bringin' me my cake you better speed it  
up

[Hook - R. Kelly with DJ Drama ad-libs]  
Fast life, I live, big cars, big cribs  
Speeeeed, Speedin'  
Speeeeed, I'm speedin'  
I can't stop it's all I know  
From a young'n I was taught to get dough  
Speeeeed, Speedin'  
Speeeeed, I'm speedin'

[Webbie]  
It's all a big ricky in my brand new Bentley  
Doing a buck fifty finna to get another meal ticket  
I ain't bein' funny I don't see the competition  
Since a young'n get the money all I ever  
comprehended  
Business hall ass, ball 'til you fall yeah  
Y'all sit on y'all ass, now I see why y'all mad  
I'm leaving y'all ass, I ain't seein' y'all ass  
Ever cross that line I'm puttin' three in y'all face,  
speedin'

[Gorilla Zoe]  
Seventeen five, god damn lie  
Country niggaz payin' damn near twenty five  
Who gon' pick 'em up, pick 'em up first flight  
Call Ricky Ross, hell yeah high five  
Throw them in the trunk (Trunk) I'll tape them to the  
fender (Fender)  
Scrapin' off the plate like a nigga's eatin' dinner  
I'm speedin' shorty you trippin'  
If you see the blue lights homie I'm dippin'

[Fat Joe]  
Niggaz want hood rep the hood back  
Shit Joey the Don they call me Cook Crack

If you look at 'em wrong you get it pushed back  
From rags to riches and never look back  
I'm watchin' pelicans fly me and Rick racin' Diddy on  
boats  
Throwin' money in the air and you niggaz is jokes  
New York, New York big city of dreams  
I'm a hustler baby I'm addicted to CREAM  
I'm talking money, cars, hoes, bitches  
Cap a damn suit let the feds take pictures  
Eighty eight pose just me and my niggaz  
Thank god for that white if you feelin' religious

[Torch]

I grew up on the crime side the New York time side  
Nickel and dimes to survive  
Fresh out the can, million dollar plans  
Tryin' to triple up that weed money Know'm sayin'  
Precise with the white pirates a job my job to make it  
hard  
Only way up out the hood rap, crack, or playin' ball  
Ain't nobody touchin' the plate if I ain't eatin'  
Fuck it hand me two twenty on the dash let me see it,  
Torch

[Gun Play]

Rest in peace Chad Butler, I'll see you when I get there  
But for now I'm doin' ninety in a cigarette with bitches  
Lookin' back on last year laughin' at the mirror  
I'm on TV, I look a little clearer  
You look a little worried, chill and come and smell the  
money in the bag  
I'm a crash, too many hundreds on the dash  
Killer come ride with me, know what I mean, holla at me  
Trilla, Gun Play, triple c I'm outta here

[Hook - R. Kelly with DJ Bigga Rankin ad-libs]

[Flo Rida]

Flo Rida, I was born to digital dash  
I go ghetto miles per hour, no speed pass  
A Dale Earn knock out my momma pregnant as fast  
They said that he my daddy  
It's "Good Times" Junior NASCAR but in a caddy  
Speedin' this time the snitches won't tell  
I was MTV when the ball dropped playa  
Tila in my tequila before I struck out the twelve  
Big Apple with apple bottoms the haters can go to hell  
Number one on billboard, Mr. Rubber Band boy  
Like a boy-yoy-yoing, bounce back in my tom force  
Got the nitro in the Ford, Alicia Keys with the chords  
Fast cars, I want more

[Brisco]

I'm livin' life in the fast lane with no L's or brakes  
Why should I care about tomorrow when I'm doin' it  
today  
No insurance on the Chevy but it's OK  
Tell them catch me if they can while I'm speedin' away  
Ridin' H.O.V., I'm sprayin' nitrous so they can't see me  
See me I'm P.O.E.  
Everytime I come around  
And I would if I could but I can't slow down

[Rick Ross]

What they need just to give a nigga life  
Give him twenty years just to feed a nigga rice  
Put me in a hole just to let me see the light  
Cuz some niggaz out here free ain't even livin' right  
Five star G's, my car lease  
If we gotta eat puttin' H on the streets  
Heroin haven, heroin graven  
You would think I was a heroin baby  
It's a new year, new year, new money, money  
New Louie shoes and they cost a few hundred  
Left the tip case still bought them new Tommy's  
Got mo' scrilla for niggaz with new drama, Boss

[Lil' Wayne]

Young Money, hookin' up with Ross  
Top way back left foot up out the Porsche  
Right foot flat, I'm good up in the Porsche  
Err, there go Shaq tryin' to pull up on the Porsche  
But I burn that cop on my way to Opa-Locka  
Brisco holla back, I'll be at here in fact  
Like I left somethin' soon as I left somethin'  
Told me go to Damon's and just go and Weezy F  
somethin'  
Ferrari F run Lamborghini test run  
They call me weather man I make it rain and my chest  
sunny  
Yes honey I don't give a damn about the rest honey  
Cash Money, Young Money never ever less money  
All we do is get money, all we do is bet money  
All we do is let money, go and get money  
Now that's money, Young Weezy  
[\*Beat stops\*]  
Baby, ha ha  
And this was the remix baby

