

Andy Summers

"Fast Money"

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I got the sweetest heist, million in cash, another 3 in ice
Who can I trust? Cuban'll bust plus ?good thief the
night?

Here's the plan (plan), we nab the man, bring a
camcorder

Grab his fam, and run the train on his granddaughter
Nah chill, that's too ill, for real I'd rather kill somethin
Here's the deal, we shatter his grill, and drill fuck him
Oral torture, no doubt, the shit is holocaust

In two minutes tops he's guaranteed to cap and give up
all the morsels

It's settled, blitt up, put on your metal, foot on the pedal
We got a half hour before the plan sours like Amaretto
Far from the ghetto, a rebel of chance, the devil in
pants

Out for the fast cash, level advance

Takin a chance, I've only got one my hundred shot
tommy shotguns my judge jury and Johnny Cochran

Chorus:

Movin on the stash, first we get the cash
For the fast money, I smash a niggaz shit like a crash
dummy
Ask money where the safe, anybody move gettin laced
Look at my face and I'ma shoot the place

Aiyyo the plot thickens, I'm pickin the locks in the back
entrance
Payin attention, not tryin to get knocked and catch a fat
sentence
Not to mention these kids is mafioso with lots of dough
so
they got poco lock with the down to rock Morocco
chokehold (oh oh)
Their security system's linear laser protection
No sweat, I brought the miniature mirrors for reflectin
Inspectin the vault, for weapons assault, second of
course
It's poisonous rays, boiled and baked in epsom salt
Rep in New York is the cat burgalar, the fat murderer

Slippin the clip in the Mac, inserterer
Hurtin your pockets, droppin your stock to zero profit
Holding heroes hostage and mansions for ransom like
DeNiro mob flicks
Back to the top again, hand the grand prize
The safe flies open, the shining was blinding my eyes
I cracked the code, enough ice to make you laugh at
gold
Passed the dough to Cuban started movin for the back
real slow
That's when I heard the sirens hopin that my ears was
lyin
Knew we was dyin when I saw the guard we tortured
cryin
Pointing at the building screamin, "I can see them, kill
em!"
Snipers was willing but couldn't, there's too many
civilians
Still inside nowhere to hide nowhere to run
Cuban said, "Fuck it, we die, we die busting our guns"

Chorus 2X

Aiyyo it's time to pay, and I ain't trying to give my shine
away
Let's show these pigs how much we give a fuck about a
brighter day
I cocked the Eagle, Cuban drew the Glock it was diesel
Said, "See you in Hell coppers" and started poppin like
it was legal
We need a plan, if we can make it to the van
Missile launchers there with the grenade pistol I bought
from Uncle Dan
Me and my man are runnin out of ammo, I got about a
handful
of Black Rhino's and two Rambles strapped to my
ankles
I trampled over one of the bodies, I grabbed the steel
Threw the bitch over my shoulder and used her butt as
a shield
I filled the clip with the little bit of bullets remaining
Cuban said, "Move your fat ass faster motherfucker
they gaining"
I gave him the case, told him, "Go ahead save yourself
Blaze a L in my memory, tell the family I gave em Hell"
For real, that's when I heard the tires screechin
Peeped and it was Joe the God with twenty Terror
Squad niggaz reachin

conversation and gunfight to fade

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