

Kool G Rap "Fast Life (Feat. Nas)"

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The time has come, we gotta expand, the whole
operation
Distribution, New York, to Chicago, L.A.
We gotta set our own market, and enforce it

Verse One: Kool G Rap

Champagne wishes of caviar dreams ?a penis didn't
cream?
With sales of fish scales from triple beams I gleam
Livin the live of rowdy packin fifty cali's
Rockin lizard Bally's while we do our drug deal in a
dark alley
Up in casinos just me and my dino primo
Pushin beam-o's then parlay in Reno with two fly latinos
Nas, he runs the whole staff, we count mad for seen
bad
We've seen a half a milli dashin out there on the
Queens half
Three major players gettin papers by the layers
And those that portray us on the block get rocked like
Domateus
Fakers get used to shootin targets, soon as the dark
hits
Front on the drug market, bodies get rolled up in a
carpet
Those that cheat us try to beat us we got hookers with
heaters
That'll stray pop and put more shells in your top than
Adidas
Da leaders, lookin straight crimy in our Giorgio
Armani's
You wanna harm me and Nas you gots ta come get
through a whole army
The celo rollers money folders sippin bola holdin mad
payola
Slangin a Coke without the Cola
Me and black don't fake jacks but we might sling one
It ain't no shame in our game we do our thing son

Chorus

Livin the fast life, in fast cars
Everywhere we go, people know who we are
A team from out of Queens with the american dream
So we're plottin up a scheme to get the seven figure
cream
(repeat 2X)

Verse Two: Nas Escobar

Yo I got, guns from Italy, smoke trees, considerably
Mid-state and Green it seems, is where all my niggaz
be
The ghetto misery, shootouts and liquor stores
A perpendicular, angle of the clout war
Police searchin up my Lex over who's petrol
My tech blows straight off the roof and tests yo' respect
though
But dough don't respect me, it got me handcuffed
The rough life, I just be up nights, breathin with scuffed
Nike's
Pour my beers for my peoples under the stairs
These years I got they names in my swears
Poppin Cristal like it's my first child, lickin shots,
holiday style
Rockin Steele sweaters, Wallaby down
Twenty-four carats, countin cabbage, like the arabs
The marriage of me and the mic is just like magic
Elegant performance, bubble Lex full insurance
Guzzlin Guinness shootin catchin cases concurrent
It's Nas, seven hundred wives, King Solomon size
We on the rise, me and G, ghetto wise guys
The Luciano Frankie Aiel, Buggy Seagal
Green papers with eagles from a tray that's illegal

*singer*Brother you've got to make it happen
Yeahhhahhyeahhh, get this money, yeahhh
Brother you've got to make it happen
When you're living in the fast life, heyy yeah yeah

Verse Three: G Rap, Nas

[Rap] Aiiyyo my lifestyle's exquisite, yayo like a blizzard
[Nas] It's choir attire standin on ground with one pivot
[Rap] Two players rockin silk blazers and diamonds like
glaciers
[Nas] Lands with namebrand seats reclinin like in
spaceships
[Rap] Bodies on ice
[Nas] Livin trife, rollin fixed up dice
[Rap] Gamblin Grants
[Nas] Handlin stamps

[duo] Moves are sheist
[Nas] My bankrolls, got the cops comin in plain clothes
[Rap] Tryin to arraign again cause of our fame that's
how the game goes
[Nas] True
[Rap] Right out the slammer with the fame and
glamour
Cookin up grams with Arm & Hammer supplyin
scramblers in Alabama
[Nas] Rub out faces and leave no traces
My aces got mad body cases, preserve spaces at the
horse races
Servin us Dom P my cliquo
Dimes with magnifico, puttin in cut inside ?perico?
Heat for foes, shoppin sprees with my fleet for clothes
In Carribean suites, deep, rippin beats with flows
[Rap] Aiyyo, we went from standin on blocks, without
some socks
Sellin rocks, to pickin up stock and boat docks with
glocks
And got poppy seed fields with million dollar bills
Packin all the blue steel we keeps it real inside the
battlefield
[Nas] Yeah so here's a toast to the funds and things
Gun smokes in rings, graveyards is buried with kings

Chorus

*singer does same part again with variations to fade,
mostly "I" for "you"

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