

## **Kool G Rap**

### **"Fast Life"**

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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 latin  
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] Aiyyo 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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