

Krayzie Bone

"Fast Lane"

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Verse 1 (Krazie bone)

Too much strain from all this pain,
I wanna go but don't nobody know my name
Sick of living in this material world,
Times done changed the grind is getting critical
Everybody wanna ball, (they want it all)
Be the boss with nice cars & floss just like stars
Just give me everything you claim to be,
You wanna relieve in this pain you should hang with me
These blues I bet you wouldn't want to sing with me
I'm in the fast lane switching living dangerously
Anxiously, trying to flipin' get a grip on my mind,
No more strippin' no more slippin' my God
No matter what I try to fight for my life
& even if I die I, I got by at least I made it in this cold
cold world
I'd rather be a corpse than be warped in your world

Chorus

Everybody wanna cruise(?) in the fast lane
Diamonds and their dreams and their champagne
They gonna sell them out their soul just to have fame
'Cause in the end it ain't gonna mean a damn thing
('Cause this ain't really living
no we ain't really living) x4

Verse 2 (keef G)

Peeping out my window on my soul I feel
People taking it far for this money to kill
Scrambling for position watch us turn to shade
We was better to each other when they had us in chains
See we done got a couple dollars and done lost our
minds
All these crabs in the barrel, everybody wanna shine
Outdoing each other claiming keeping it real,
Why you so fresh to death with your big ass wheels
Hustle for the paper is what we showing the kids
At the crib watching cribs got you hating where you live

Life in the fast lane you're popping your champagne,
A fool & his money now that's a terrible sight man
When will we learn to get back to how it was
Look at us niggas standing around with a phantom at
the club
Hoping they see us so the ladies could show you love
She ain't tripping of your car you can't bring it in the
club nigga

Chorus

Everybody wanna cruise(?) in the fast lane
Diamonds and their dreams and their champagne
They gonna sell them out their soul just to have fame
'Cause in the end it ain't gonna mean a damn thing
('Cause this ain't really living
no we ain't really living) x4

(Talking)

Rich man, there will be a time when your money won't
spend
There will be a time when your flashy clothes and cars
come to an end
So I varely say unto you, what shall a profitable man if a
man
Is to gain the entire world and lose his own soul

Chorus

Everybody wanna cruise(?) in the fast lane
Diamonds and their dreams and their champagne
They gonna sell them out their soul just to have fame
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