

Mac Dre "Fast Money"

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(feat. Dutches, Kokane, Warren G)

[Chorus x2]

[Warren G]

Fast Money
Might be yo last money
Quick to blast, for the cash money
Squabbin' over past money
Lookin' for spots to stash money
Fast Money
Might be yo last money

[Dutches]

Everytime I meet a niggarrow
They ass wanna hit it
And you tell them HELL NO!
They ass goin' talkin' shit
I never gave a flyin' fuck about how this niggas feelin'
Just because I let them eat the pussy they think we did
it
Slow down honey love I think you better pump yo
brakes
If you had the feelin' we was makin' love that shit waz
fake
My pussys tight
Thats why you niggas want to get up in it
Just come talk to me to cross the feast nigga wont you
spend it
Never trust these fools hollarin' they single
Bitches aint dont be stupid
They know they liein'
You know these niggas mingle
Yo bitches got bad fuckin' niggas on the first night
Then hollarin' that shit about how a man dont treat
them right
Bitches be talkin' about fuckin' niggas
Im buckin' niggas
To get closer to me is some lucky niggas with (?)
Niggas better break me off a lil somethin'
Playas better have they money pumpin'
Before we do some grindin' and bumpin'

[Chorus]

[x2]

[Mac Dre]

Im hungry for the cabbage
The Swabbage
Need a bank
I done sold everything from weed to crank
Now I need to think
How many of my niggas got kilt?
Blood spilt
Done dilt
Cap pilt
For that bad scrill
Im past will
Pin a picture a criminal conduct
Cause nigga when Im stuck
My (?) comes unstuck
I dont give a fuck
Life is a hustle
If you wanna come up
You gotta flex that muscle
Niggas wit little hearts
Or little bread
Some niggas is satisfied with puss and a little head
Its been said
Fuck the bitch get rich
We about it
Now without it
Get yo grits
Be cautious
Cause its crosses
Get caught up, brought up on charges
And some take loses
Do you thang
Sell dope, hit licks
Sometimes its manditory to get those quick grits

[Chorus]

[x2]

[Kokane]

(Yeah) My nigga Mac Dre savin' kite to me
He was into long pause
I was into hatchepe
Dont let it red
When we hook up we gonna have a fat sack
(Dont sell these raps like crack)
Nigga, I make big bread for the night time
For the sunny

Real gangsters dont brang about money
Nigga, this game I look up to all day
Changin' our name from the mafia to (?)
(Its like early mornin' in the kitchen, cookin' up dope on
the grill)
Nigga, I keeps it real

[Chorus]
[x4]

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