

Plies

"Speedin Remix"

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"Speedin' (Remix)"

(feat. DJ Khaled, R. Kelly, Plies, Birdman, Busta Rhymes, DJ Drama, Webbie, Gorilla Zoe, Fat Joe, Torch, Gun Play, DJ Bigga Rankin', Flo-Rida, Brisco and Lil' Wayne)

[DJ Khaled:]

Remix. Speedin' Remix, the movement.

I introduce you to the projects, I introduce you to the hood

I introduce you to the ghetto, I introduce you to Rick Ross

The boss is back. Trilla, this the remix, Speedin' remix. We the best!

[Plies:]

This for all my goons, reppin' on pills
Speedin' to make me run in your crib
Put they offer behind your wheel
Monkey suit, black mask, city boy gear
Slippin' got alot of niggas whacked this year
Been up two days straight homie no sleep
Ridin' with choppas lurkin' Fo' deep
Jumpin' out on the first thing look sweet
Double stacks got the goons grittin' teeth
Car full of throw away big boy heat
Two brand new K's hangin' off seats
Yeah it got me speedin' all week

[Birdman:]

G4 straight from the NO
We gettin' money stay fly 'til the next show
We got money stay fly 'til we get more
We got bitches high rollin' with this cash flow
Put the H in the hood
Put a 1 on the good put a slab on the wood
Me and Ross doin' good
100 million dollars nigga hangin' in the hood

[Busta Rhymes:]

I'm doin' donuts in the streets pedal to the glass
My lord of Murcielago max on the dash

Speedin' niggas can't see me in the blink of a flash
You got to slow motion to flick so you can see me when
I pass
You know just what to do when you see me gettin' my
cash
When I pull up drop the bags and? I'm doing the dash
No confusion understand no gimmicks
Duke is like the Autobahn disregardin' the speed limits
Fast life, fast broads, let's get it fast buddy
Fast food, fast cars we gettin' fast money
Fuck the talk we been doing this, heat it up
And when you bringin' me my cake you better speed it
up

[Chorus: R. Kelly]

Fast life, I live, big cars, big cribs, speedin, I'm
speedin'
I can't stop it's all I know
From a youngin' I was taught get doe
I'm speedin', speedin', I'm speedin'

[Webbie:]

It's all a big ricky in my brand new Bentley
Doing above 50 fin' to get another mill' tickets
I ain't bein' funny I don't see the competition
Since a youngin' get the money all I ever
comprehended
Business hall ass ball 'til you fall yeah
Y'all sit on y'all ass, now I see why y'all mad
I'm leaving y'all ass, I ain't seein' y'all ass
Never cross that line put 3 in y'all face

[Gorilla Zoe:]

17.5 god damn liar
Country niggas playin' damn near 25
Who gon' pick them up pick up them up first flight
Call Ricky Ross hell yeah high five
Throw them in the trunk and I'll tape them to the fender
Scrapin' off the plate like a niggas eatin' dinner
I'm speedin' shorty you trippin'
If you see the blue lights homie I'm dippin'

[Fat Joe:]

Niggas want hood rep the hood back
Shit Joey the don they call me cooked crack
If you look at them wrong you get it pushed back
From rags to riches they never look back
I'm watchin' pelicans fly me and Rick racing Diddy on
boats
Throwin' money in the air and you niggas just chumps
New york New York big city of dreams

I'm a hustla baby I'm addicted to cream
I'm talking money, cars, hoes, bitches
Cappadon suit let the feds take pictures
88 pose just me and my niggas
Thank god for that white if you feelin' religious

[Torch:]

I grew up on the crime side the New York Times side
Nickel and dimes to survive
Fresh out the can million dollar plan
Tryin' to triple up that weed money nahh I'm sayin'
Precise with the white pirates a job my job to make it
hard
Only way up out the hood rap crack or playin' ball
Ain't nobody touchin' the plate if I ain't eatin'
Fuck it hand me 220 on the dash let me see it

[Gun Play:]

Rest in peace Chad Butler, I'll see you when I get there
But for now I'm doin' 90 in a cigarette with bitches
Lookin' back on last year laughin' at the mirror
I'm on TV I look a little clearer
You look a little worried chill and smell the money in the
bag
I'm a crash too many hundreds on the dash
Killah come ride with me... nah I mean... holla at me
Trilla, Gun Play, Triple C I'm outta here

[Chorus]

[Flo-Rida:]

[?] on the digital dash I go ghetto miles per hour no
speed pass
I did know got my momma pregnant this fast
They said that he my daddy
It's good times junior last saw me was in a caddy
Speedin' this time the snitches won't tell
I was MTV when the ball dropped player
Tila in my Tequila before I struck out the 12
Big Apple with apple bottoms the haters can go to hell
Number one on billboards Mr. Rubberband boy
Like a boy-yoing-yoing [?]

[Brisco:]

I'm livin' life in the fast lane with no L's or brakes
Why should I care about tomorrow when I'm doin' it
today
No insurance on the Chevy but it's ok
Tell them catch me if they can while I'm speedin' away
Ride in HOV, I'm sprayin' nitrous so they can't see me
See me I'm POE

Everytime I come around
And I would if I could but I can't slow down

[Rick Ross:]

What they need just to give a nigga life
Give him 20 years just to feed a nigga rice
Put me in a hoe just to let me see the light
There's some niggas out here free ain't even livin' right
Five star g's my car leased
If you got the heat puttin' H on the streets
Heroin haven heroin graven
You would think I was a heroin baby
It's a new year, new year, new money
New Louie shoes but they cost a few hundred
Left the tip case still bought them new Tommy's
Got more scrilla for niggas with new drama

[Lil' Wayne:]

Young Money hookin' up with Ross
Top way back left foot up out the Porsche
Right foot flat, I'm good up in the Porsche
Ohh there I go Shaq tryin' to pull up on the Porsche
But I burn that cop on my way to Opa-Locka
Brisco holla back I'll be at at here in fact
Like I left somethin' soon as I left somethin'
Told me go to diamonds and just go and Weezy F
somethin'
Ferrari F run Lamborghini test run
Call me weather man I make it rain in my chest sunny
Got your honey I don't give a damn about the raps
honey
Cash Money, Young Money never ever less money
All we do is get money all we do is bet money
All we do is let money, go and get money
Now that's money Young Weezzzzyyyyyyyyyy Baby

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