

**Rick Ross****"Speedin' (feat. Birdman, Busta Rhymes, Dj Khaled)"**

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[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:]

I got 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-going-going by smackin my tounge foward  
that i couldn't afford,  
Alicia Keys wit the chords

[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

And this was the remix babyyyyyyy

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