

T Ice

"The Lane"

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[CHORUS]

The fast lane, half heart, half money

Ain't nobody smilin, ain't nothin funny

Raise the risk, raise the profit

And can't nobody stop it

Unless your game's weak

So baby, don't sleep

The fast lane, half heart, half money

Ain't nobody smilin, ain't nothin funny

Raise the risk, raise the profit

And can't nobody stop it

Unless your game's weak

So player, don't sleep

[VERSE 1]

The streets crawl with ill niggas on the block

Goin hand in hand

Leanin in and out of sedans

Pumpin crack dreams to crack fiends for a fee

Their dream is to re-up to a ki

Cops watch the influx of dope

Through a telescope

Snitches in the game

Give the young g's names

Bitches on the jock

Of the hustlers on the block

Jump from gee to gee

Similar to a flea

Suck the blood out, or in this case the dough

Roll with the blow till considered a hoe

Babies are born and pawned off to grandmama

The bitch ain't done, she still lives for the drama

Lookin for another baller

To hit and never call her

All in vain

Life in the Lane

A new crew of hookers on the track from up north

Vice cops, they watch em stroll back and forth

They take a pay-off

Or a blow job just to lay off

The Lane's no joke

Yo, you players stay broke

A ghetto garage makes a nice laboratory

PCP and crystal meth, wars of glory

End of story, gotta watch my back myself

Or else they'll find my body layin on a coroner shelf

It's the Lane

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 2]

Gees take the game on the road to Minnesota

Supermarket's all sold out on baking soda

Gangbangers start to understand the dope game fast

Kidnap the drug dealers for the ransom cash

Gotta represent, what you say you are, that's a star

Feds got a homing device on your car

That made you easy to follow to Denver, Colorado

Birds you had, 12 now you got a 1

Crack babies born in the hospitals cryin

Drive-by shootings can't end, kids are dyin

The cream is the ultimate goal

Gots to roll

Till my cash flow's mega

Baller not a beggar

Bitches workin plastic with the fake ID's

Life in the Lane, stackin up g's

Chop shops taggin up Benzes and Beamers

Crack spots boilin full kilos in beakers

Damn, the game's quicker than shit, don't slip

Cause bet your life there'll be another hustler checkin
yo grip

It's the Lane

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

Brother on parole need a quick lick to come up
The score went bad, now he's back stuck
Bitches settin niggas up jacked and waxed
Small-time workers movin weight in a g ride Lac
Don't talk on your cellular, your phone is tapped
Don't check the rear view, there's no turnin back
It's the Lane, now you're in it, hit the gas and mash
Through the land of the hardcore hoes and cash
Jackers and robbers, hustlers and clockers
Everybody'll squeal, take the l or the deal
Yo, spin the wheel, for the cops you're a meal
Tailor suits gator boots make the fly hoes kneel
But if you miss, my friend, guess what you win
A one-way ticket to the federal state pen
It's the Lane you chose, you fill your shit, ride Rolls
High-priced clothes, baddest fuckin hoes
Anything goes, there's no limit, just mash
The cops will be there when you crash

[CHORUS

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