

## **Bad Meets Evil "Fast Lane"**

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Uh, first verse, uh, I'm on till I'm on an island  
My life's ridin' on the Autobahn on autopilot  
Before I touch dirt, I'll kill y'all with kindness  
I kill ya, my natural persona's much worse

You've been warned if you've been born or if you can  
form  
Slap up a cop and then snatch 'im out of his uniform  
Leave him with his socks, hard bottoms and bloomers  
on  
And hangin' by his balls from the horn of a unicorn

Y'all niggas' intellect mad slow, y'all fags know  
Claimin' you bangin', you flamin'  
Bet you could light your own cigarette with ya asshole  
Me and Shady deaded the past  
So that basically resurrected my cash flow

I might rap tight as the snatch of a fat dyke  
Though I ain't wrapped tight  
My blood type's the '80s, my '90s was like the Navy  
You was like the Bradys, you still fly kites daily

Catch me in my Mercedes, bumpin' Ice Ice Baby  
Screamin' Shady 'til I die, like a half a pair of dice, life's  
crazy  
So I live it to the fullest 'til I'm Swayze  
And you only live it once, so I'm thinkin' 'bout this nice,  
nice lady

Wait, no, stop me now 'fore I get on a roll  
(Damn)  
Let me tell you what this pretty little dame's name is  
'Cause she's kinda famous  
And I hope that I don't sound too heinous when I say  
this  
Nicki Minaj, but I wanna stick my penis in your anus

You morons think that I'm a genius  
Really I belong inside a dang insane asylum cleanin'  
Try them trailer parks, crazy, I am back, and I am razor-  
sharp, baby

And that's back with a capital "B" with an exclamation mark

Maybe you should listen when I flip the linguistics  
'Cause I'ma rip this mystical slick shit  
You don't wanna become another victim or statistic of this shit  
'Cause after I spit the bullets  
I'ma treat these shell casings like a soccer ball  
I'ma kick the ballistics, so get this dick, I'ma live this

Livin' life in the fast lane  
Movin' at the speed of life and I can't slow down  
Only got a gallon in the gas tank  
But I'm almost at the finish line, so I can't stop now

I don't really know where I'm headed, just enjoyin' the ride  
Just gon' roll 'til I drop and ride 'til I die  
I'm livin' life in the fast lane  
(Pedal to the metal)  
Livin' life in the fast lane  
(Pedal to the metal)

Yeah, my whole goal as a poet's to be relaxed in orbit  
At war with a bottle, as Captain Morgan attacks my organs  
My slow flow is euphoric, it's like I rap endorphins  
I made a pact with the Devil that says "I'll let you take me

You let me take this shovel, dig up the corpse of Jack Kevorkian"  
Go back and forth in more beef that you can pack a fork in  
I'm livin' the life of the infinite enemy down  
My tenement, too many now  
To send my serenity powers, spin 'em around, enterin' in the vicinity

Now, was called M&M  
But he threw away the candy and ate the rapper  
Chewed him up and spitted him out, girl giddy-up, now get-get down  
He's lookin' around this club  
And it looks like people are havin' a shit fit now  
Here, little t-t-trailer trash, take a look who's back in t-t-town

Did I s-s-stutter, mothafucka? Fuck them all, he shuts  
The whole mothafuckin' Wal-Mart d-d-down

Every time he comes a-r-r-round  
And he came to the club tonight with 5'9" to hold this  
bitch down  
Like a mothafuckin' chick underwater, he tryin' d-d-  
drown

Shorty, when you dance, you got me captivated, just by  
the way  
That you keep lickin' them dicks like lips, I'm agitated,  
aggravated  
To the point you don't suck my dick  
Then you're gonna get decapitated  
Other words, you don't fuckin' give me head, then I'm  
have to take it

And then after takin' that, I'ma catch a case, it's gon'  
be fascinatin'  
It's gon' say "The whole rap game passed away"  
On top of the affidavit  
Graduated from master debater slash massive  
masturbator  
To Michael Jackson's activator, meanin' I'm on fire off  
the top

Might wanna back up data, runnin' over hip hop  
In a verbal tractor trailer  
Homie this sick, you can normally ask a hater  
Don't it make sense, these shell casings is just like a  
bag of paper  
Drop in the lap of a tax evader, homie they spent

Now make that ass drop like a sack of potatoes, what  
girl  
I'm the crack-a-lator  
Percolator to this party, be my penis ejaculator later  
Tell you boyfriend that you just struck pay dirt  
You rollin' with a player, you won't be exaggeratin'  
when you sayin'

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