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Re-Up Gang "Fast Life"

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What yoâ€Â™ paper like? What yoâ€Â™ paper like? What yoâ€Â[™] paper like?

I can show you what my paper like Money first, fast cars, out come the chicks Off their panties and bras Come on, I said come on

I do hits for my go-getters, to my O-flippers All my Ros $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ [©] Moe sippers Tell the feds to take more pictures, I smile for the camera My niggas hold keys like janitors

Throw D's on that bitch, bought her tits like Pamela¢Â€Â™s Spend a whole day tryin $\tilde{A} \notin \hat{A} \notin \hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ to take all my stamina Never that, still got more for Tamara Pushaâ€Â™s sex game no amateur, I come clean

J Rule, damaged the scene The coupe got a mind of it's own like Christine Murder in the block, half past grind, motherfucker Be the time on the watch

What you wanna do with me, king powder flow untouchable If you don't believe then homie you sniff me The scent's still trapped in my clothes And I just came from over the stove, so what you wanna spit?

What yoâ€Â[™] paper â€Â[~]bout? Throw them G's up Show your watch off, roll your sleeve up New plates on it, hold them keys up We buy the bar out, baby drink up

It's the limelight, it's the car show She wanna joy ride see how fast the car go Hot summer days, long Vegas nights

We bet it all baby, welcome to the fast life

R E U P G A N G Word on the street girlfriend, he's stingy Yeah, rare like a Da Vinci, collars to the ceiling Iâ€Â™ m dreaminâ€Â™ , somebody pinch me

My presence is an event The party don't start until they let us in That's right, ladies and gents Coke money turned rap money, give it a rinse

Next come the spin cycle The rims on that Benz get more spin than Michael I leave them hoes with an eyeful Malice be the truth like the bible

To the red-bottomed souls All they do is stare like lâ€Â™ m in a fish bowl Last drag and I got the glow My public awaits, I got to go

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I 3D it, if I say it you can see it No red and blue lenses needed The red, white and blues in the chains Makes them pledge allegiance These 16s is undefeated, now crown me

It's the all mighty duo, you know Critically acclaimed, movinâ€Â[™] weight like a sumo On my ditty bop, play cloths knitted top Clipse 3, title till the casket drops

And the boy got swagger Pop is a rolling stone, Iâ€Â™ m Mick Jagger Don't wanna pick up the chrome but might have to Anyone think he gonna dethrone the rapper

Next chapter, us out in Vegas Breakinâ€Â[™] the bank just like we ballplayers And we all up in the majors Pushinâ€Â[™] crack to a fault, San Andréaâ€Â[™] s

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