MotoLyrics

MotoLyrics.com Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database



Visit "Fast Cars" on MotoLyrics.com

True mizza-Mast' on the triz-nack Bob Digi back for a snack Kinetic 9 in the biz-nack Raekwon got the triz-nap

We be ridin' fast cars Weed all in the glass jar Chrome all on my crash bar Glocks all in my stash box

We be ridin' fast cars Weed all in the glass jar Chrome all on my crash bar Glocks all in my stash box

Gats burst off, thugs take their shirts off Five niggaz drop off, before I got the verse off Pop go the glock, wipe the fuckin' smirf off Your face, my bitch pulled up in a lime green and turquoise

SL5, five AMG, while you shoppin' for a deal like it's A and P

On the paper chase, like blood, my thoughts circulate No caffeine, but the submachine gun will perculate Rikki Tikki Tavi, y'all niggaz Duck Daffy

Get fucked like Daphne, stuck like the taxi Drivin' through the hill at night to the weedspot I got two hands but I'm known to carry three glocks B O B B Y, niggaz see I, only rock the Wu-Wear jeans, not the Levi

Used to break days smokin' coke and digi 'Til I bulked up to the Incredible Hulk like Bill Bixby Face green, knuckles burst out like Wolverine Should I rip this bitch pussy or go pull a sting?

Fatal guillotine carrier, boy, ya'll niggaz know me Wrap niggaz in sheets, fold 'em like the roll singing Sick silky six syllable stanza Slap simple sadiddies swine sleazy Samantha

She blowin' up my horn, bitch ain't try'n to answer Bobby Digital, Zodiac sign, Cancer

We be ridin' fast cars Weed all in the glass jar Chrome all on my crash bar Glocks all in my stash box

We be ridin' fast cars Weed all in the glass jar Chrome all on my crash bar Glocks all in my stash box

Yo, yo, yo, this is P. Tone, 5 minutes from the Park Hills, Staten Isle I do bad, only when the Mack good to stay balanced You shoot me? I shoot you, best bet's to finish me 'Cuz if not, if I get the chance, I'm do you

Your shit all off the hood, the clips go buckin' me good The shells get stuck in the wood, Starks is a veteran Clarks, jewelry, bitches, jeans, darts is his medicine Y'all can't build me, your technique's Ecederin'

Look, I will take my time in the bushes, right Paid up people no mind like I'm crooked, right Shoot a nigga on down, do him somethin' right He on the floor, tell his grams, "Yo, I seen the light"

The red car it just pulled off like Un Hall was drivin' the joint

Faster than ya had ya the fifth smokin' lookin' moist I ain't know what to do so I told the boys I'm not a sucker look, y'all mothafuckin' made noise

We be ridin' fast cars Weed all in the glass jar Chrome all on my crash bar Glocks all in my stash box

We be ridin' fast cars Weed all in the glass jar Chrome all on my crash bar Glocks all in my stash box

Ice Water exclusive, Bob Digi Kinetic 9, Killa Beez Straight up, Raekwon the Chef Bizza-bizza-O, Di-di-Dirty Bastard

Gizza gizza, ga gizza gizz ga, Ghostface Killah, Killah,

Killah The GZA, The Genius Mizza mizza mizza, M E T H O D Man Straight up, Masta Killa The Inspectah Deck, U-G-O-D The B O B B Y

Visit <u>RZA</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.