

**Missy Elliott F/ Charlene Keys****"Fast Lane"**

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[Bilal]

La, la-la-li-la, la-la-li-la, la-la-li-la

Yeah, oo-oooh, oh, oh

Hey, livin it, in the, fast lane  
Drivin, fast broads, with the fast chains  
Ah, when you pimpin through life (life!)  
seen some people get caught up  
and some charges brought up  
wit some people they shot up  
Hey, liiviiin theee, fast lane  
Drivin, fast broads, makin, fast change  
When you pimpin through life (ooh)  
Seen some people get caught up  
and some charges brought up  
wit some people they shot up  
Hey, there it goes again  
Different face, to the same old tragic end  
Who's to, blame, if you never saw it comin  
Yet they heard the boomer humin  
and he never thought of runnin  
It's too late, for him now, layin out, on the ground  
so cold, soooo cold; nothin much, to live up  
Too damn, it's so far gone (yeaah), sooo gooone  
Livin, in the, fast lane  
Drivin, fast broads, with your fast change  
When you pimpin through the life (life!)  
seen some people got caught up  
and some charges brought up  
from some people they shot up  
Hey, tell me when will it end?  
Wit a baby, paays towards mother city  
(oohh!) Trapped inside, the four walls  
of a penty way too strong, waay too strong!  
(oh) Now she's out, in the cold  
dyin slow and the spoon still warm, whoa, heeeey!

[Jadakiss]

Aiyyo, I'm real wit my self and I'm true to my niggaz  
My only fear is what I might do to a nigga  
The fast lane gotcha man speedin

It make me wanna load the thing-things up, and get  
even  
D block layin 'em down  
In the box hands crossed, same smirk he had playin  
around  
Still go to war wit the same eight and a pound  
This the remix nigga, 'Kiss, Dre and Bilal {\*echoe\*}

[Dr. Dre]

Too often, is a young nigga, in a coffin  
Tryin blossom, got shot down walkin, heh  
Bleek a high to hot guy, turned cold  
Bring the body bag, see the bullet hole and a burned  
soul  
Don't cry, he chose the life  
Fast lane, in the brain, he supposed to fight  
How you smile at a momma when she lost a child?  
This is realness, tell 'em how they livin, where you at  
Bilal?

[Bilal]

No, no, noo  
The way we livin, in the, fast lane  
Drivin, fast broads, wit yo', oh, fast change  
When you pimpin through the life, oooh yeah!  
Caught up, and some charges, brought up  
from some people you shot up, hey

.. (This is another, Dr. Dre production)

{\*Bilal harmonizes and ad libs to fade\*}

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