

## Lucy Diamonds

### "Speed It Up"

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Artist : Lucy Diamonds Ft. Ron G

Album: Poor Dream Redemption

Lucy Diamonds

Big Shouts to my nigga wayne

Races

Everybody's gonna try an speed it up

Everybody's gonna try an speed it up

HaHa!

[. Verse 1 .]

People like that speed, that crystal meth shit

My uncle a redneck with his own lab, a death trap

It's in the woods like, on some unibomba shit

Sit back an ponder it, speed got you off an honor it

Im not sure if people eatin X are onto it

Dehydratin' heart racin', till they can't keep pacin'

Keep pumpin' music thumpin, people jumpin'

Cuz they all lost sumthin', that speed do naturally

An naturally, catastrophe's are happenin

In the form of OD's like ODB

He's slowly foamin, from strict nine tuct wit kobe

Hopein it's pure, but it's eroding

Like battery acid, light a joint an pass it

Slow down so it's not tragic, like that beauty pageant

Prom queen addict, suckin' dick to pay a habit

She needs to be locked up, in a padded straight jacket

Straddled to her own safety, no escaping the russian  
rullet

Without the safety, an safely

Her parents sleep in Seberbia, it's get dirtier

Shockin' and disturbin' ya, while they servin' you speed

Through the local pharmacies, over the counter

Wallgreens

By all means, while Travis mixes on tv

On intervention on A&E(what?)

But Hey! Their payin' me right?

It's their life right?

[. Chorus .]

Everybody's gonna try an speed it up  
Tryna spit with this, an get a lil twist, an it goes like this  
An nobody keeps up

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[. Verse 2 .]

My sisters strung out in a homeless shelter  
I'd help her, I'd get on Delta and fly to her rescue (go  
for it!)

But I cant get through, so the best I do  
Is pray that she'll be rescued  
By God, or herself  
Her vesels pumpin speed  
That speed that ressels her internal organs  
And I'm morning at the fact, of seein' her in a morg (oh  
my god!)

An she forged her own life  
It's rainin' it's pourin'  
Plottin rock at stores  
Gas stations in the wee hours of morning  
Smacked up like Billy Corgan  
Idilage and boredom  
Leads to disfloring  
Speed and Anfedamines are for weezing  
Are for reasons, your not needing  
As you're apeasing your weekends  
But you're weekends, are now weekdays  
And everyday is a replay  
As you run, run, run like a relay  
As you spa, spa, spinin like a DJ  
No le-way, as this freeway is filled with speeders  
Who are eager, to digest like readers  
Followers not leaders, you cant hide  
I can see ya, you cant hide  
I can see ya!

[. Chorus .]

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[. Verse 3 .]

The epidemic is spreading, without a speed limit  
So you eat it up, as it speeds you up, and eats you up  
You can't keep it up, or keep in touch  
Reality that leads you up, that sees you bluff  
You're minds playin tricks, it's teasin ya  
Leavin' ya broke, an brain dead like amnesia  
While deseavin' ya, leadin' ya down the dope road  
Watchin speed commin in by the boat loads  
Distributed by the locals to addicts, for tabrines  
Ragged livin' jagged, an worn like jet laggin'  
From red eyes, with his blood shed red eyes  
Where his head lies, in a back ally in Bed-Stuy

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