

Think fast - 1/3

Interprété par Crazy-Town.

"Think Fast"

You know that bitch baby.
He's talking shit about our clique.
But he don't know crazy.
You see the writing on my dick.
You know that trick, Tracey.
Yeah, she's making me sick.
Living that life,
We used to do the same shit.
Shit gets drastic.
Some kids need help.
Some need their ass kicked.
And some will never learn
To earn their own way
Living off their daddy.
Had he not been rich,
They'd be broker than a joke
And forced to switch
You've got to change your tune
Or change your pitch.
Because life ain't easy man,
Life's a bitch.
Shit is harder than hard
About as hard can get.
Keep on going where you're headed
You's alive to regret it
Yes it hurts
To face the truth.
And realize that the world's
Got your neck in a noose.
If things ain't like they ought to be
You've got to think fast.
The aftermath
Of your actions whiplash.
I know you all tired of these
Wanna-be thugs claiming they real
Be running, grabbing their steel
Thinking they're going to peel.
My niggas cap.
Roaming the streets with black hats,
Chrome straps.
Sipping on brew
Ready to react
Off any nigga they see.
That nigga could be me.
Capitol I.C.E.

Think fast - 2/3

Got a mother fucking .357 To put eleven holes in their chest.

Thinking they could test

A real rider from the west.

I roll flossin'.

Me and my girlfiend Nina Ross and

The ghetto's been good to me

But you've got to take precautions.

Brothers get got when they least

Expect it or neglect it.

You'll never catch the dirty

In the streets without protection.

Nowadays

You got to pull shit.

Haters on some bullshit.

Jumpin' out of cadillacs

And low lows with a full clip.

If your tool spits

Shake the spot or get your duck on.

'Cause if you press your luck on,

Stupid is what you're stuck on.

That girl Sheila got a daughter.

She be clubbing every night.

Sheila had her daughter young.

Still that just ain't right.

Plus she rides the white horse,

She used to ride my pony.

If I hit it now, I'd break it

'Cause Sheila's just too bony.

Smoking speed released the lions.

I'm not lying.

I'm not sober.

I'm still trying.

Hiding the truth

With substitutes a hundred proof.

A fuck up. Face it.

One of L.A.'s wasted youth.

Label me

As an enemy of the law.

The lost star.

My family's not too happy

With the trouble that I've caused.

See, we be breaking the law,

Smoking on non-menthols,

Thinking fast so I'm ready

For any all out brawls.

And yo, brothers get your hustle on.

Ballers and get your shit tight.

House parties get shot up.

Think fast - 3/3

And turned up before midnight.
Drive-bys and fistfights.
Zig zags and crack pipes.
There's a fifty fifty chance
That tonight will be your last night.