

# fast

## Sueco the Child

Fast  
400 on the dash  
Fifty five bills Buck fifty for the tax on the bag  
I don't really like to brag  
Vetements socks when I'm steppin out of Sak's  
I'mma hit in the morning 'cause I'm whiskey dickin'  
Got my brother out in Cashville flippin' chickens  
Free bro from the can I ain't talkin' whippits  
Bitch I make beats and bad decisions  
You at Sueco's  
Stop the bitchin'  
I ain't really fuckin' with you if you ain't with the vision  
First time she came through, pulled down my britches  
I ain't spendin' no bread, but I'll pay her a visit  
I'm at LIV goin' up, but you can't get in it  
She want a hit, I'm rollin up, got that Popeye spinach  
Told me that I'm a child, told her quit the kiddin'  
I'mma pass it to my rell, let him hit the kitten  
She a vixen on the cam so I grab my iPhone  
She dumb with the head got me doin' a eye roll  
She bad on film, gotta check out the B roll  
Put my D in her V got her singin' a C note

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Get with the program  
Lightskin bitch off that Lindsay Lohan  
She off the dust  
She off the Hillary Duff  
Baby I ain't trynna cuff, I'm just trynna bust  
Wait hol' up  
You gotta play with my nuts, hmm  
I'mma make a beat out your butt, hmm  
007 James Bond  
Double Oreo Stuffed

Double up my funds  
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>