

## Rush Hour

Hanumankind

Step deep into the darkness  
Home of where the heartless  
Living on the edge  
Yeah we testing out the sharpness  
Slicing through your chest cause  
Home is where the heart is  
Cardiac arrests in a mansion or apartment  
Creeping through the night  
Savage on the hunt  
Run into the fights  
Throw the first punch  
Left and then a right  
Cross and upper cuts  
Time to test your might  
Time to test your luck  
Four leaf  
Rabbit foot  
Take it from who have it good  
Give it to my neighbours who got children who don't have enough  
Had it smooth  
Had it rough  
Get it if you mad enough  
Anger is the weapon I been using when we battle bruh  
War cry  
Saddle up  
Strategy gone rattle ya  
Fuck ya Little beef  
I'm here to take the cattle bruh  
Holy cow  
Holy shit  
This sinner be the holiest  
Fight for mankind mask on like Mick Foley did  
Fuck it mask off  
This the last of  
A dying breed Poseidon's seed  
Flows in my blood  
Hoes on my phone  
Turn that shit off  
Walk this path alone  
This the gift of  
Solitude, I'm the dude  
Pop up on your caller tune  
Hungry motherfucker yeah you watch me as I swallow food  
Travelled around the world so I don't settle with a smaller view  
Rupees in my wallet but I'll tell you what a dollar do  
That's holler at your mama yeah she love it when I call her through  
She said she'd be quiet but she lying cause she audible  
Screaming at the sky saying that I ain't like other dudes  
People said they'd hit the spot  
The difference is I follow through  
Now who the fuck gon' follow you if you ain't worth following  
Leaders are believers in a code worth honouring  
At the front lines yeah we the first hollering  
Only two options is the hearse or we conquering  
Now where you been  
Been looking for some solace  
Freedom what we fight for, charging in like William Wallace

Where's my, face paint  
Rocking different colours, than your everyday folk  
My technique looking flawless  
I demolish when the mic inside the hand  
The hypest in the land  
The brown boy the tightest with the tan  
They ain't like us 'cause we doing what they can't  
With nothing but the fam  
And make it look fly as Peter Pan  
Get the green and then we go do it again  
The process do not end  
Till the garden filled to the brim  
Got some moves that I've been saving for the end  
Kick hard like Jackie Chan  
It's Rush Hour baby going in like  
Ooohhhh