

Rush Hour

Moneybagg Yo

Ayy

Yeah, yeah

Give me the circle yellow junt, the Chinese, Jackie Chan
She wanna speed up
Get her the orange and white junts

Pop a addy, that's a rush hour (rush hour)
Chinese girl named Su Yung (Su Yung)
I just gave her a nut shower (where at?)
Turn the Yukon to a futon (ugh)
In the trenches 'fore the show start (where?)
Face card good, no coupon (trenches)
These niggas feminine, crying and bleeding
I need to start selling tampons (pussy)
Shows after shows, money I gross
Can't help but ball, I was just broke
Ain't watch no cable, I was outdoors
Chains Lucky Charms, big pot of gold
She catch an attitude 'cause I ain't fucking her
She knew I'm in her city, but I'm ducking her
I had to bust a move in a scuffer
I keep a tool, never been a scuffer
I make these rap dudes get they hustle up (hustle up)
This a one of one, this a thumbs up
I left some dope money in a Sun Trust
Kush musty, arms up
I got on water, I'm a lil' wavy
Drippin' like gravy, you so fugazi
Smoking Gelato, hitting like AB
Somebody taze me, feeling lil' lazy
She keep a nigga on standby (waiting)
But she treat me like priority (urgent)
She just pulled up with a gang full of hoes, it's looking like a sorrority (squad)
Whenever I don't get the jet, I'm Delta, sky priority
I throw me a set, got the mansion looking just like a orgy (niggas and bitch es)
We taking phones, just in case these hoes try to record me (hol' up, you twe aking)
How you gon' start something? When you see me, you gon' try to avoid me (you must was geeking)
I just might take a Perc' and then go turbo
Turn into Boston George by my peso
I'm really in the field like a scarecrow
Put up the old 100's, them the retros
Working these pounds, I got me some abs
I feel like I'm Dexter, stay in the lab
She cut you off, so she up for grabs
I gave her a tab and fucked to my raps
Hitters on go, wanna make you a ghost
Might get mad at me if I tell 'em no
Shop at Melrose, I'm on the West Coast
Bitch say I look better when she got up close
All type of shit come with this life, you don't the half (you don't the half)
I'ma keep fucking this money machine, let's do the math (I'ma stay focused, though)

Why would I keep it 100 with niggas, I only get half (I only get 50)
I'm so equipped, Cartier's on
Cleared my path (I can see a lil' better)
I get legit cash at a fast route (but I just made a serve using Cash App)
I just might sip syrup, then lash out (you know the whip mine 'cause the tag
s out. hey!)
Rocking side to side on a Xan now (damn, let's see how it pan out)
[?], money in a stash house (woah, they can't see the man now, nope)