

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 scuffler

I keep a tool, never been a scuffler

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 tweeking)

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)