

Don't Rush

Young T & Bugsey

Don't rush, slow touch
Brown and white, like I go cunch
Grab and buy, make 'em go bust (Buss)
Eye for eye, make 'em lose trust
White rum, fizzy pop (Pop)
Where you dey go? (go) We dey go up
Catch my vibe (Vibe), let me go off (Off)
Blammed her twice, man it's so tough

Aight yo, put the Belaire on her batty, make it kotch
Seen the watch, now she wanna give crotch
Boy got ps, now she hopping in the pod
Man in real life sugar, gyaldem haffi get wopped (Yeah)
Know she want dark, told her "Meet me at the top"
Switching lanes the other day, I seen her waiting for a bus
Baby this a Moncler sweater, Diesel denim
Buy another while my pockets fat like Heather
Neck froze like I don't know no better
Benzo truck, white seats and they leather
Go broke never, on my grind
She make it clap like I'm Busta Rhymes

Young T
Bugsey
A long time the people a meh hear from me at all
Another murderation in the first degree
Come on!

Man you get cuff
Oh you're gwammin so much
Oh you're so fluff
City boi we turn up baby all of them are bluff
Only part we about, you no say that we nuff
Gyalest thing
See them fill up on us
Had to make every denim, and diggin out your guts
Fucking up your weave, me know you need a brush
She come fi cocky again, because it is a must
Trust
Look on chune trifery adjust
Like somebody did a killa, the way that she-a cuss
Frame em to them filla, from every nut she bust
Fuck it like gorilla, make that put on me plush
Busta Bust
Some well like move like them a dance
No one I'm not me talk them, for run off fidi guns
Relax your liquor sulk boi, don't fuck people fun
Before you and your friend die, just know I ain't the one
Done

Don't rush, slow touch
Brown and white, like I go cunch
Grab and buy, make 'em go bust (Buss)
Eye for eye, make 'em lose trust
White rum, fizzy pop (Pop)
Where you dey go? (go) We dey go up
Catch my vibe (Vibe), let me go off (Off)

Blammed her twice, man it's so tough

Flood my ice, make a ho blush
Back at the tour bus, gettin' caught up
DSquared got 'em distressed, gotta hand wash
New racks with the old Nikes in the shoe box
Keep my stripes, no cuffs
Pull up in a new plate and she might just
She weren't tryna move bait when our eyes locked
New tints on the coupé, that's her head lost
Off my whites, right my wrongs
Gucci my mum, while you diddle your thumbs
Count my sums, this is gonna get long
Love my green, I'm tryna get strong
Tryna get bun, where I'm from, it's on
Yes, man don't take no dumb, threats
They see funds, they hop, fence
We been up, not up next

Don't rush, slow touch
Brown and white, like I go cunch
Grab and buy, make 'em go bust (Buss)
Eye for eye, make 'em lose trust
White rum, fizzy pop (Pop)
Where you dey go? (go) We dey go up
Catch my vibe (Vibe), let me go off (Off)
Blammed her twice, man it's so tough