

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

Don't rush, take your time with it
I pull up Lamborghini with the dime in it
She say I'm a super pretty, yeah, a chocolate fine nigga
And I ain't runnin' from those niggas if it's not niggas
You gotta show me somethin' (Yeah)
I made her bring that pussy back
It's like she owe me somethin' (Bring it back)
I met her, she was twenty-four
I'm talkin' Kobe number (Swish)
I bought a rim, I'm in that pussy
Tryna score me somethin' (Rr)
She put my dick all down her throat
She tryna choke or somethin' (Nasty)
She pull her titties out and flash me
They like the way I smell, these bitches sniff when I walk past
Bling, bling, bling (Bling), you know my jewelry look like elastic
Ring, ring, ring (Brrt, brrt), she keep on callin' but I ain't answer
The red, I been declinin' on 'em (Yeah)
I took me down a tall bitch
She had me climbin' on her (I had to climb)
I pull up, they like, "Aw, shit, we got a problem, don't we?" (Pussy)
I smile and show my dimples off
Look like my momma, don't I? (Cheese)

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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, gyal dem 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
I got the juice, the sauce and all them things
I blammed her twice tonight with all my bling
Big Benz, I drive, I brought that ting

Any girl you want, they want my ting

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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

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