

## Rush Hour Traffic

The Cool Kids

We get long,  
Let them trunks lift up  
Ay, ay

We all know Mikey a.k.a. the Great Estaré, Banco Populaire  
Looking rare homie, what's the skit  
So you could holla at me if you want me  
If you don't keep it rollin' don't be  
Droppin' names like a ton of bricks  
I'm in the '96 SL5, but ain't nothin' on that bad boy  
The button stick when I be unlockin' it  
So I grabbed the cut less keys like a fuckin' thief  
Take a sweet, gut it, stuff it then we puff it baby  
The Baileys, mixed with Grandma ye'  
See we callin' it the grandmama  
See, just like the Larry Johnson kinds  
In the huddle with the Bubble goose down  
Downtime spent working on my rhyme schemes  
Them alpiners hit like a young rocky  
A skinny dude but I'm eating like I'm stocky  
Bucket seats 70's challengers for the amateurs

This is for them Regals, Granddaddy's cutlasses  
Stuck-in-town vehicles  
The speakers gon' love it  
The trucks is all low like I talked about his mother  
Drivin' around slow, like there's an accident or somethin'  
Skur

Diggin' the dumps, cigar guts into anything  
Piggy bank change couldn't break if the ground shake  
Earthquake shake and San Andres fault  
First-place trophy is the only to race in them  
Talk to me dawg, please don't talk at me  
I thought I saw the credits runnin' on with all that acting  
Was happenin'  
Surely, surly, rerun  
See me with it now like they gotta get theirs tomorrow  
Ferrari's? nah, phantoms? nope  
Triple gold spokes on them Lincoln town cars  
Like back when I was driving to the mall where that Circuit City was  
Gotta get this installed

That flip face touch screen remote control and all that  
Bass treble biz  
And it smells like a loud pack  
Strawberry air fresheners to mix with the scent  
Shooting free throws for the win