

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