

4Th Avenue Jones "Rush"

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What I buss is for the ghetto
What I buss is third world
What I buss is bald head or locked
It ain't that Jerry Curl
I don't buss for pimp juice
I don't buss that watered down
I don't buss that Sambo my grand folks wore a crown
What I buss is revolution
What I buss is full of life
What I buss is for my people, me, my baby, and my
wife
I don't be with fakes or lames
I won't leave my faith for fame
I don't need no Jacob chain
You gon' see me change the game

Rush
Hurry
Run by those
People as they lay
On side walks
Look at them with disdain
And when their voices call
You just ignore them all
A thousand times a day

(Chorus:)
You get paid, people slave, then you take more
A thousand times a day
So afraid of the grave, that you make war
A thousand times a day
You're enraged, full of hate, murder rates soar

A thousand times a day

I know you scared of us
Wanna stay ahead of us
I know you scared of us
Rush

Rush
Hurry

Join the side show
Circus the charade
Behind those
Animals encaged
And when your name is called
Dance for us all
A thousand times a day

(Chorus)

You rush to get to the top
So you clawing away
You rush to get to that job you hate more every day
You rush to pick up your order
Rush to eat but you tired
Rush to get you a quarter
Fore' your meter expire
You rush to give him them drawz
Cause' he rushed you to hit it
You did it
Now y'all fussing while you rush to the clinic
Come on rush
Hurry up no time to play
Rushing is on your mind but hey
Don't worry yourself grind away
Rush one thousand times a day

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