

Raw Fusion

"Traffic Jam"

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[Money B]

Everybody rides the expressway of life

Man expressway is not like the best way

Why even bother they say? But I'm tryin my luck

in the bumper to bumper, and I get stuck

in the traffic, but the ride didn't last that long

'fore I tripped, and figured somethin must be wrong

with the rat race, feels like I'm comin in last place

Then I looked behind me, kinda reminds me

of fish swimmin up the stream in a pack

and like a pair of spandex you gets no slack

from the autos, cause the rush hour's upon us

Can you dig it yeah that's what I thought

[break and hook]

So can I get a beep beep? {*beep beep* (Money blow your horn..)

When I feel sometimes that I'm stuck, "Stuck in a traffic jam!"

I keep on, but I can't slow down

That's when I know that I'm stuck, "Stuck in a traffic jam!"

And beep beep, goes the sound

When I know that I'm stuck, "Stuck in a traffic jam!"

I keep on, but I can't slow down

That's when I know that I'm stuck, "Stuck in a traffic jam!"

And beep beep, goes the sound, of the traffic jam

{*DJ Fuse scratches up "jam" samples*

[Money B]

Checkin out the fast lane, cruisin in the slow lane

Brothers in the fast lane seem to have no brain

He's in the cocaine white Maserrati

with the big engine and the kitted out body

Lookin real fancy and he loves the power

Everybody's on the jock, he lives every hour

kinda reckless, but I should expect this, cause he got on

at the ghetto entrance, right?

Cruise towards a better part of town

at a breakaway speed, I wish he'd slow down

As he passed me he asked me to roll with him

But if I roll with him then I gotta pay the toll with him

if another fast car, with a big engine

takes him out, cause fast cars be sendin

other fast cars to the wrecking yard

Yeah, fast lane life is hard

[break and hook]

{*DJ Fuse scratches up "jam" samples*

[Money B]

Movin along, I use my right turn signal
Spot a commotion so I roll down my window
A beemer is smashed, by a cock diesel
truck, who says so what, because he's so
fed up, with seein, the rich just cruisin
by so fly while he's fightin a losin
battle with life as a blue collar workin truck
But nobody really gives a damn
So I am what I am, he says to himself
cause he can't visualize attainin the wealth
that he deserves so he swerves as the pressure drops
I think he's gettin off at the next stop
And check out Ronda, over there in the Honda
from around the way, she says that she's kinda
sick of it all, so she gives us a sob story
wishin that she had a paint job
She'll do just fine with the nice white hood
Cause in this kinda traffic, the black's no good
for a vehicle, here we go again
I guess that the grass looks greener for the whites
to some black cars, by far, this has been a long day
I hope that I haven't been goin the wrong way
I keep on, to the early morn
with both hands close to my horn
So can I get a beep beep? {*beep beep* (Money blow
your horn..)

When I feel sometimes that I'm stuck(When I feel
sometimes..)

that I'm out of luck when I'm stuck, "Stuck in a traffic
jam!"

I keep on, but I can't slow down

That's when I know that I'm stuck, "Stuck in a traffic
jam!"

And beep beep, goes the sound

When I know that I'm stuck, "Stuck in a traffic jam!"

I keep on, but I can't slow down

That's when I know that I'm stuck, "Stuck in a traffic
jam!"

And beep beep, goes the sound, of the traffic jam

{*DJ Fuse scratches up "jam" samples*

{*"jamming" ad libs to the end*

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