

Ja Rule F/ Black Child "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

{*D} 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]

{*D} 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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