

# Don't Rush (feat. DaBaby)

## Young T & Bugsey

Don't rush, slow touch  
Brown and white, like I got cunch  
Gyal run by, like I'm gon' buss (Buss) Eye for eye, like I lose trust  
White rum, fizzy pop (Pop)  
Where you dey go-go, we dey go up?  
Catch my vibe (Vibe), let me go off (Off) Blammed her twice, man it's so tough Aight yo, put  
the beller on the bite, it make her cotch  
Seen the watch, now she wanna give crotch Boy got Ps, now she hopping in the pod  
Man in real life, sugar gyal dem haffi get wopped (Yeah)  
Know she want dark, told her "Meet me at the top"  
Switching lanes the other day, I seen her waiting for a bus  
Baby this a Moncler sweater, Diesel denim  
Buy another when my pockets fat like Heather  
Neck froze like I don't know no better  
Benzo truck, white seats and they leather Go broke never, on my grind  
She make it clap like I'm Busta Rhymes  
I got the juice, the sauce and all them things  
I blammed her twice and neither wore my bling Big Benz, I drive, I brought that ting  
Any girl you want, they want my ting Don't rush, slow touch  
Brown and white, like I got cunch  
Gyal run by, like I'm gon' buss (Buss)  
Eye for eye, like I lose trust White rum, fizzy pop (Pop)  
Where you dey go-go, we dey go up?  
Catch my vibe (Vibe), let me go off (Off)  
Blammed her twice, man it's so tough  
Flood my ice, make a hoe blush  
Back at the tour bus, gettin' caught up  
DSquared got 'em distressed, got a hand wash New racks with the old Nikes in the shoe box  
Keep my straps, no cuffs  
Pull up in a new plate and she might just  
She weren't tryna move bait when our eyes locked  
New tints on the coupé, that's a head loss  
Off my whites, right my wrongs  
Gucci my mom while you twiddle your thumbs  
Count my sums, this is gonna get long Love my green, I'm tryna get strong  
Tryna get on, where I'm from, it's on  
Yes, man don't take no dumb, threats  
They see feds, they hop, fence  
We been up, not up next Don't rush, slow touch Brown and white, like I got cunch  
Gyal run by, like I'm gon' buss (Buss) Eye for eye, like I lose trust  
White rum, fizzy pop (Pop)  
Where you the go-go, we dey go up?

Catch my vibe (Vibe), let me go off (Off) Blammed her twice, man it's so tough And introducing  
The one and only  
Big truck, no clutch (Clutch) Wrist froze, don't touch  
French Ciri, I'm so drunk (Turnt)  
If I can't drink and drive, where's my chauffeur?  
Bando upsuh, whip that coca  
I really hope this time my worker don't floss  
See, I was in the wok, now my penthouse at the top  
Shawty said they're best friends, I bet they both fuck 'Cause they won't cuss, 'cause they said I  
sold drugs  
And when you down there, ain't nobody around  
Where's the comeback? When you blow up  
I forgot my jacket but my heated seats help me warm up  
Fast train to Inverurie, I used to go up  
It's ironic, I just sold out my show in Scotland  
Used to say I wanna put Tottenham on the map  
But one day I'ma change the map in Tottenham Don't rush, slow touch  
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White rum, fizzy pop (Pop)  
Where you dey go-go, we dey go up?  
Catch my vibe (Vibe), let me go off (Off)  
Blammed her twice, man it's so tough

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>