

# Jackie Chan (feat. Migos)

## Gucci Mane

feat. Migos Jackie Chan glasses, Rush Hour traffic  
'now he one in the trunk'  
Go pack in the blunt because I'm in it slow  
'smoking a blunt in my truck in the front  
You like it, I leave it, I leave it alone  
'I'm hitting the bong and I leave it alone  
Lean and Patrone, I know that it's wrong  
I know that it's wrong, I jug on the phone  
The day that they came, the day that they gone  
The day of the business conduct with a tone  
Gucci ass nigga, we back in the business  
My pockets, my piggy, I'm back on m throne  
My diamonds hit like Jackie Chan  
My ring hit like Jackie Chan  
My diamonds hit like Jackie Chan  
My ring hit like Jackie Chan  
My diamonds hit like Jackie Chan  
My ring hit like Jackie Chan  
My diamonds hit like Jackie Chan  
My ring hit like Jackie Chan  
Jackie Chan, Jackie Chan, Jackie Chan, Jackie Chan  
Jackie Chan, Jackie Chan, Jackie Chan, Jackie Chan  
Jackie Chan, diamond wrists, kicking like Liu Kang  
Bruce Wayne, Bentley coupe, karate chop my brain  
Alligator belt, Versace, Versace, Versace my ring  
The jade, the lyrical cane, they sniffing the dope on my ring  
You know that I'm a magician, the place, I get it inflicted  
This lean is killing my kidneys, these birds are singing like Whitney  
Call me Jackie, my diamonds kicking, I came a long way from that midget  
To pull up in Honda Civics, to chopper on the top of my Bentley  
'I was smoking on Jackie, my eyes is shaky  
My money is long like a slinky, I fought with a Bentley like Pinky  
I'm Jackie Chan in my city, wherever I go I'm good I can kick it My diamonds hit like Jackie  
Chan  
My ring hit like Jackie Chan  
My diamonds hit like Jackie Chan  
My ring hit like Jackie Chan  
My diamonds hit like Jackie Chan  
My ring hit like Jackie Chan  
My diamonds hit like Jackie Chan  
My ring hit like Jackie Chan  
Jackie Chan, Jackie Chan, Jackie Chan, Jackie Chan

Jackie Chan, Jackie Chan, Jackie Chan, Jackie Chan  
My eyes look like Jackie Chan 'cause I  
smoke that mary jane  
My eyes look so Asian, man, 'cause I'm smoking that purple thing  
Gucci Mane got stupid Jordans, my kick game on Jackie Chan  
Meet Chris Tucker, run through trucker, got pulled over 'cause we two black brothers  
Chris Tucker start laughing, man, this shit here ain't funny, man  
Rush Hour traffic, smoking Cadi's, diamond right like Jackie Chan  
Kush got hit like Jackie Chan, better get, nigga, chopping ours  
Nigga told me who's back balling, two weeks later he was'  
Jackie Chan bitch, my bitch falling, Jackie Chan bitch, my bitch falling  
Put your hands up for the black man, keep your eyes open for the black van  
Gucci say we better pack, man, no Pac man, it's Jackie Chan  
My diamonds hit like Jackie Chan  
My ring hit like Jackie Chan  
My diamonds hit like Jackie Chan  
My ring hit like Jackie Chan  
My diamonds hit like Jackie Chan  
My ring hit like Jackie Chan  
My diamonds hit like Jackie Chan  
My ring hit like Jackie Chan  
Jackie Chan, Jackie Chan, Jackie Chan, Jackie Chan  
Jackie Chan, Jackie Chan, Jackie Chan, Jackie Chan

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>