

3 in the Mornin'

UGK

Damn, already 3 in the mornin'
It's going down, leanin', drink your drink
Candy sweets, know what I'm saying.
Third coast nigga, UGK 'bout to wreck shopMan, I'm larger than life
These motherfuckers ask, "Is it the bark or the bite?"
It's both, chillin' on streets you scared to park on at night
Just forfeit just like I'm becoming part of the light
And you, you goin' to be the biggest mark at the fight
I never understood what made you think you was handlin'
You half-ass runnin' through my neighborhood vandlin'
Next time I'ma light your world up like a cannon
Get some Italians to play your ass like a mandolin
These cocaine wars got my mind in a frenzy
The feds tried to confiscate my 'lac and my Benzy
Colombian assassins hunt a nigga like Lindsey
And one of my workers came up short with my ends see
Shit, runnin' the streets used to be complicated
But now it's all easy, drug is strong arm related
But never can a bomb be faded
Fool ring the alarm, pour the Dom
I'm comin' down real shiny like candy paint
'Bout 3 in the morning, yawnin'
I wish I could come down but you know I can't
'Cause I'm leanin' off the dank and the good ole drank
I got 5 on the weed, 50 on the drank
Fool comin' down fuck what these hoes think
I wish I could come down but you know I can't
'Cause I'm leanin' off the dank and the good ole drank
3 in the morning, just turned over
Jumped into my clothes
Got to get around some hustlers movin' in the Chevy Nova
Done flagged me down for some more of that brown
To go with that green, now they sittin' on lean
Now the light is green, got to get the snaps
So I bails from the scene, the wash is still packed
With dealers and fiends freakin' for cheese and greens
See it's the same thing every night
Niggas pimpin' down G way and keepin' they head tight
Watchin' for laws 'cause you know they wanna hate
Jealous 'cause a nigga gettin' ahead of this paper chase
Can't place my face in these streets
But some niggas hustle just to eat
Niggas jackin' and packin', they playin' for keeps

No peace of mind, keepin' my heat behind
No seekers see a lie to be caught sleepin'
By another blue law out creepin'
While I'm chillin' gettin' sweeted
What you see is what the fuck you get
Young Pimp C baby comin' down real wet
I got a pump in the 'lac 'cause
These niggas tryin' to jack us
But we don't give a fuck, I got the AK in the back of
Came out the night club, 3 o'clock struck
Tryin' to holler at my people she in Lexus, I'm in truck
We 'bout to eat breakfast, we in Houston, Texas
The city of the crack, and the 'lacs, and the plexuhs
Say man I'm hollarin' at the body Courtney came with the love
We comin' down mang blowin' smoke in his lungs
'Cause I'm a candy sweet dipper, a big 'caine pimper
I'm playin' with the guitar, I'm squeezin' on the nipples
Even though this hoe look good and the pussy was tight
After I hiy, jump in my shit, I'm scratching off for the night
Fuck that laying in the bed with the hoe 'til the morning
Bitch I'm getting out here yawnin', coming back to reformin'
3 in the morning
3 in the morning

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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