

# 3 A.M.

## Ragan Whiteside

Here we go, here we go, let's get it  
It's Young Jizzle and I'm back with Timbo  
With another hit, ya still stuck in a limbo  
An adlib here and an adlib there  
\*\*\* it, adlibs everywhere  
As I proceed to give ya what you need  
Spit tre drop, \*\*\* cocoa leaves  
A-Town pimp, tell me what you know about it  
Wanna talk \*\*\*, I'll tell ya what I know about it  
I'm on that Grey Goose, higher than a pelican  
Sophomore year, but I spit it like a veteran  
Gangsta, gangsta, you can tell by the swag  
And it's fresh off the lot, you can tell by the tag, what's up?  
It's about 3 in the morning  
Gotta leave with somethin' hot 'cause a \*\*\* horny  
Now I'm in the parking lot, baby all over me  
Ay, ay, wait a minute ha, let's go  
It's about 3 in the morning  
Got my thang, cocked 'cause them boys they be on it  
\*\*\*\* they be talkin' but, they don't really want it, what ya say?  
Ay, ay, wait a minute ha, let's go  
The flow's so cold and I'm so cool  
Let a \*\*\* try, I'mma act a damn fool  
Got that welfare, we call it old school  
Then we mix it all up, call it pro tools  
Serve 'em demo tracks, let 'em demo that  
All these \*\*\* in the club, where the bad ones at?  
She got a mean walk, I got a big stick  
I see ya muggin' homie, I got a full clip  
See I master that and then I mastered this  
Then I bring it all back, I gotta master wrist

I was on dro and she was on Hen  
She was on her and I was zonin', let's get it  
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Verse three, I'm back to the basics

Fresh out the jeweler, came back with the bracelet

Blowing haze yeah, dog, I can taste it

Parked the 430 came back in a spaceship

And my whip game is so sick mayne

I double up every time I flip mayne

Birds by the flocks, clips in the glocks

Multi-platinum, still watchin' for the cops

Ya girl keep sweating me, she staring at my rocks

Me I'm gee'd up, grabbing on my, huh?

I walk it how I talk it, play it how I say it

Me and Timb on the track, but everybody play it

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