

6 'n Tha Mornin'

Master P

Verse One:

6 'n tha mornin' police at my do' *door knocking*
Fresh Nike's squeak across my bathroom flo'
Out my back window I made my escape
Didn't even get a chance to grab my Bout It Bout It tape
Man with no music but I'm happy cause I'm free
In the streets is a place for a playa to be
Got a knot in my pocket when I unleashed the green
Gold tank around my neck my pistol's close at hand
I'm a self made millionaire in these silly streets
Remotely controlled by hard hip-hop beats
But just livin in tha city is a serious task
Didn't know what cops wanted, din't have time to ask
drum break followed by gunshot 3X
Unnnnnnnngggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Verse Two:

See my homeboys coolin way way out
Told them bout my mornin, cold bugged em out
Shot a lil dice til my knees got sore
Kicked around some stories bout the night befo'
TRU to the corner where the fly girls chill
TRU action to some freak until one bitch got ill
She started actin silly, simply would not quit
Called us all punk pussy said we all wasn't shit
As we walked over to her hoe continued to speak
So we beat the bitch down in the back of the street *screams*
But just livin in the city is a serious task
Tha bitch didn't know what hit her didn't have time to ask
drum break followed by gunshot 3X
Unnnnnnnngggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Verse Three:

Continued clockin freaks with a nice posterior
Roll in an Expedition with the leather interior
Would bring tha teekies but tha ride was rough
Bust a left turn, was on South Broad
Silkk the Shocker was the driver known to get free tell
Had the beepe going off like a high school bell *beeper sounds*
Looked in the mirror, what did we see

Fuckin blue lights, N.O.P.D.
Pig searched our car cause they day was made
 Found an uzi, fo'-fo', and a hand grenade
They t-rew us in the county house, power with lock
 No more freaks to see, no more shows to rock
 Didn't want no trouble but the shit must fly
Squabble with this fuckin hater, shanked him in the eye
 But just livin in the county is a serious task
Nigga didn't know what happened didn't have time to ask
 drum break followed by gunshot 3X
 UnnnnnnnngggggggggghhhhhhhhhH!
 We bout it bout it
 Now I say "Wus up to Ice-T"
 This from tha old to tha new generation
 This is what hip-hop's all about
 We represent baby
 From tha south to tha north to the east coast mid-west
 It ain't nutin but luv
I want to say whats up to Bobby Brown, Andrew Shack
 For hookin this & we outty outty
 Like 6 'n tha Mornin, you heard me?
 I told y'all we're no limit
 Represent baby
 Unnnngggggggghhhhhhhhhhh

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