

# 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\*  
Unnnnnnnngggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

### 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 beeper 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  
Unnnngggggggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

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