

3 in the Mornin'

UGK

Damn, already three in the morning, huh?
It's going down, leaning, drink your drink
Candy sweets, you know what I'm sayin'
Third coast, nigga, UGK 'bout to wreck shop
This c-note off dead body
Smokin' and leanin' nigga,
Stackin' paper foo, you know what I'm talkin'? Man, I'm larger than life
These motherfuckers ask, is it the bark or the bite?
It's both, chilling on streets you scared to park on at night
Just forfeit, just like I'm becoming part of the light
And you, man, you going to be the biggest mark at the fight
See, I never understood what made you think you was handling
You half-ass running through my neighborhood vandling
Next time, I'm a 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, running the streets used to be complicated
But now it's all either drug or strong-arm-related
But never can a bomb be faded, fool
Ring the alarm, pour the Dom I'm coming down real shiny like candy paint
'Bout three in the morning, yawning
I wish I could come down, but you know I can't
'Cause I'm leaning off the dank and the good ol' drink
I got five on the weed, fifty on the drink
Fool, I'm coming down, fuck what these hoes think
I wish I could come down, but you know I can't
'Cause I'm leaning off the dank and the good ol' drink
Three in the morning, just turned over
Pimped into my clothes
Gots to get around, some hustlers moving in the Chevy Nova
Done flagged me down for some more of that brown
To go with that green, now they sitting on lean
Now the light is green, got to get the snaps
So I bails from the scene, the watch was still packed
With dealers and fiends freaking for Gs and greens
See, it's the same every night
Niggas creeping down G way and keeping they head tight

Watching for laws because you know they wanna hate
Jealous 'cause a nigga getting ahead of this paper chase
Can't place my fate in these streets
But some niggas hustle just to eat
Niggas jacking, they packing, they playing for keeps
No peace of mind, keeping my heat behind
My seat, 'cause see, I'm not the one to be caught sleeping
By another fool out creeping
While I'm chilling getting sweeted I'm coming down real shiny like candy paint
'Bout three in the morning, yawning
I wish I could come down, but you know I can't
'Cause I'm leaning off the dank and the good ol' drink
I got five on the weed, fifty on the drink
Fool, I'm coming down, fuck what these hoes think
I wish I could come down, but you know I can't
'Cause I'm leaning off the dank and the good ol' drink What you see, is what the fuck you get
Young Pimp C, baby, coming down real wet
I got a pump in the 'Lac 'cause these niggas tried to jack us
But we don't give a fuck, I got the AK in the back of
I came out the night club, three o'clock struck
Trying 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 big trucks
Say man I'm hollering at Bonnie, Courtney came with the love
We coming down, mane, blowing cuz in his lungs
'Cause I'mma candy sweet dipper, a big 'caine pimper
I'm playing with the clit-ah, I'm squeezing on the nipples
Even though this ho look good and the pussy is tight
After I hit, jump in my shit, I'm scratching off in the night
Fuck that laying in the bed with them ho 'til the morning
Bitch, I'm getting out here yawning, coming back to reforming
Three in the morning
Three in the morning I'm coming down real shiny like candy paint
'Bout three in the morning, yawning
I wish I could come down, but you know I can't
'Cause I'm leaning off the dank and the good ol' drink
I got five on the weed, fifty on the drink
Fool, I'm coming down, fuck what these hoes think
I wish I could come down, but you know I can't
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