1AM

Y.G.

It was 1 in the morning and I was up yawning
Moms asked where I'm going, to the hood if you ain't knowing
Pops locked up so mama couldn't stop me
I was out the house ASAP Rocky
And it wasn't cause she couldn't control us
We wasn't babies, she just wanted to hold us
And we ain't get disciplined, her friend started whisperin'
About how she was a bad mama, mama said "fuck 'em then"
I was in the streets styling, nobody could tell me nothing
Grandpa or grandma, not my auntie or my favorite cousin
I was buzzin'
Fucking all these hoes wearing no condoms, no nothing
I used to ditch school when the homie had the Chevy
I used to sneak and smoke stress weedBut now I'm rolling on dubs
How you feel, whooptie woop, nigga, what?
Now I'm rolling on dubs
How you feel, whooptie woop, nigga, what?
All these hoes showing love
How you feel, whooptie woop, nigga, what?
All these hoes showing love
How you feel, whooptie woop, nigga, what?SKKKRRRT, I was on a mission
On a mission to the money, sun down 'til it sunny
Know my family love me
Riding in the car with 2 niggas and a pistol
This ain't funny, I do it all for the money, hold up
Slowly as I pull up to the donut stand
I already know the plan, hop out and get on your mans
And take what he got
Go through pockets, wallets and socks, dig all the knots
This a stick-up
Phone ring, it's my mama in the middle of some drama
So I don't pick up thinking I gotta get my shit up
I gotta pick my bitch up
Let's hurry up and leave, I feel the police near us
So we left with a thousand dollars cash
It was me and my nigga so you know I went half
Shit get real when niggas get greedy
Pop, pop, pop, pow, that's where he leave me

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