5 O'clock

T-pain

Somebody told me sleep was a cousin to death
And following a dollar finds nothing but stress
A marathon grind like I'm running from rest
It's (5 o'clock in the mornin')
Somebody told me sleep was a cousin to death
And following a dollar finds nothing but stress
But I'm going hard 'till there's nothing left under my chest
The streets empty 'round 5 o'clock
Driving by the cops
Low key microscopic 'till the eyes that watch
Everything a hustle when you tryin' come buy some guap
I'mma keep grindin' 'till I'm still shining like a diamond watch
Me and boo here bringing you the truth
With all night sessions we just living in the booth
Strong balls like we spitting out 150 proof
Take shots get loose 'till you spitting up yo' food (like ohh)
You see 'dat I'mma need a recap
Grab a weed sack cheap that 'till my feet flat
I got this covered like a pro bowl d-back
Breathe rap been a been known to make the b-clip
Need cash so I'm tryin' to move some trees fast
Tell you where to meet at
Ask you where the cheese at
People 'round the city see the youngin' and respect the grind
Puttin' in th extra time
Guaranteed next to shine
Somebody told me sleep was a cousin to death
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But I'm going hard 'till there's nothing left under my chest
(Boaz)
I rise before the sun come up and get my day started
Pray to the most how I roll up my hays and spark it
And then my paper starts to roll in
Money in paper bags

Hammers with laser tags
We grown men
Out on the corner 'till the early morn'
The blood of a hustla gettin' mines before I was born
You get stormed by these tight ass bars
From being easy Mac
Crusin' in lax smokin' weed with no season at
There ain't no reason that these other rappers hatin' on us (why?)
Except these labels anticipating and waiting on us
They get the BBS's radios play us
Then we blaze in the Benz's
And sit this off on BBS's
And from P.A to Texas
These niggas know about me
International hustla can't get no snow without me
Or get no dough without me
Niggas gettin' hardly stackin' on 'er
Early bird get the worm
I'm knockin' at the cracker dome
Somebody told me sleep was a cousin to death
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