

# 5 O'Clock (feat. Boaz) (prod.

Mac Miller

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  
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 (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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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