

Klokken fem om natten

Lars Vaular

Klokken fem om natten, e ennÃ¥ ute pÃ¥ gaten
EnnÃ¥ vÃ¥ken, e ennÃ¥ ikkje I kÃ¥ken
Klokken seks om natten, e ennÃ¥ ute pÃ¥ street'en
Plukker om mobilen og finner nummer til Pete'n
Men eg tror han sover, eg kan'kkje komme over
Han har sikkert kommet over en tÃ¥s han har kommet over
Det e streit, det e greit, det e kult
Eg kan'kkje vÃ¥re sur
Klokken fem om natten, klokken seks om natten
Klokken syv om natten, e ennÃ¥ ute pÃ¥ gaten
Eg e sÃ¥ trÃ¥tt eg neste stuper
Byen vÃ¥kner opp og det e allerede lys I noen ruter
MÃ¥ter venner som vender hjemover igjen
EnnÃ¥ en evnelÃ¥s kar, denne har vart I flere uker
Eg lengter hjem etter sengen, men den e fult med no puter utav dunfjÃ¥r
Du tar feil hvis du tror eg ender tomhendt der hjemme
Eg har en kjerring der som bare sitter og puggar kamasutra
SÃ¥ framtiden e brukbar, brukbar
Rett skal vÃ¥re rett, sÃ¥ eg bare setter pÃ¥ no 2Pac
UtavmegsjÃ¥, loppelse, lever det regelrett
Unntaket som bekrefter regelens leverett
I midten av forvirringen og klirringen, kronerullingen
Vil ingen [?] rÃ¥re tingenes stilling
Kjerringen sier det faller naturlig for oss to Ã¥ vÃ¥re tvetydig
Det e'kkje seint, nei det e tidlig
Hon sier at det faller naturlig for oss Ã¥ vÃ¥re tvetydig
Det e'kkje seint, nei det e tidlig, tidlig, tidlig, tidlig
SÃ¥ treffer eg tjommien min Clova
Han kommer hele veien fra Huntsville, Alabama
SÃ¥ han mÃ¥ si ka det gÃ¥r I
One fingerprint on that button, watch it crank
Ace of Spade up in my cup is what I like to drink
Since I'm highly toxicated I think I'm the man
I just rather be alone, I ain't got time for holding hands
I'm spending money I ain't even got
Just my buzz alone got me buying out the nightspot
Damn, they told me it would never be the same
Yeah I'm fuckin', but I don't even remember names
And I'm sorry, this shit is so timeless

Once you in the game, you ain't even gotta buy shit
I'm at Austin at the South by Southwest
Labels wanna sign me, I don't even want the damn check
Yeah I change my style, niggas still be wearing last year's
Yeah I'm outta space, I don't even breath the air here
I don't even spend cash here
Do it for my fans, that's the only reason I'm here
For vi eier den der undergrunnen
NMG G-Huset, Slow Motion Soundz
Tjommien 2 Lettaz e og oppi kÅ¥ken
Ey si ka det gÅ¥r i, mann
They call me Slick Tony
Macaroni on these low self esteem bitches then I pass'em to my homies
I'm everything these other boys used to be
I can tell by her face she ain't used to me
See them other dudes treat her like she fine
She say she like me 'cause I don't treat her like she mine
And I be up on my grind, and I beat up on her spine
So she say she can't keep me up of off mine
Thoughts turn to tweets, and tweets to texts
And texts turn to speech, and speech turns to sex
But she ain't gotta feel like a freak, boo
If it make you feel any better I'm a freak too
It's five AM in the morning and I'm in Bergen
Only thing on my mind is burnin'
No sleep, I'm on my shit, I'm earnin'
Got a Norwegian freak that speak English, but give head in German
Hon sier det faller naturlig for oss Å¥ vÅ¥re tvetydige
Det e'kkje seint, nei det e tidlig
Det e'kkje seint, nei det e tidlig
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