

# 3 A.M. (Feat. Timbaland) (Produced By Timbaland)

## Young Jeezy

Uh, ay, uh, ay, uh, ay, ay, ay  
(mumbling) Here we go, here we go  
Let's get it It's Young Jizzle and I'm back with Timbo (whoa)  
With another hit, ya still stuck in a limbo (damn)  
An adlib here, and an adlib there (ay)  
Fuck it, adlibs everywhere (yeah)  
As I proceed to give ya what you need (need)  
Spit tre drop, nigga cocoa leaves (leaves)  
A-Town pimp, tell me what you know about it  
Wanna talk white, I'll tell ya what I know about it (ha ha)  
I'm on that Grey Goose, higher than a pelican (damn)  
Sophomore year, but I spit it like a veteran (yup)  
Gangsta, gangsta, you can tell by the swag (swag)  
And it's fresh off the lot, you can tell by the tag, what's up? [Chorus]  
It's about three in the morning (ay)  
Gotta leave with somethin' hot cause a nigga horny (yeah)  
Now I'm in the parking lot, baby all over me (ha ha)  
Ay, ay, wait a minute ha (let's go)  
It's about three in the morning (ay)  
Got my thing, cocked cause them boys they be on it (yeah)  
niggas they be talkin' but, they don't really want it (what ya say?)  
Ay, ay, wait a minute ha (let's go) The flow's so cold (yup) and I'm so cool (whoa)  
Let a nigga try, I'm a act a damn fool (ay)  
Got that welfare, we call it old school  
Then we mix it all up, call it Pro Tools (ha ha)  
Serve em demo tracks (tracks) let em demo that (yeah)  
All these bitches in the club, where the bad ones at? (huh)  
She got a mean walk (walk) I got a big stick (yeah)  
I see ya muggin' homie, I got a full clip (yeah)  
See I master that, and then I mastered this  
Then I bring it all back, I gotta master wrist  
I was on dro (dro) and she was on Hen (Hen)  
She was on her, and I was zonin' (let's get it) [Chorus] Verse three, I'm back to the basics (yup)  
Fresh out the jeweler, came back with the bracelet (ay)  
Blowing haze yea dogg I can taste it  
Parked the 430 came back in a spaceship (damn)  
And my whip game (game) is so sick man (yeah)  
I double up every time I flip man (whoa)  
Birds by the flocks, clips in the glocks

Multi-platinum, still watchin' for the cops (ha ha)  
Ya girl keep sweating me, she staring at my rocks (rocks)  
Me I'm gee'd up, grabbing on my...huh?  
I walk it how I talk it, play it how I say it  
Me and Timb on the track, but everybody play it[Chorus]

Songwriters

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