

# 3 In The Mornin'

UGK

Damn, already three in the morning, huh?  
It's going down, leaning, drink your drink  
Candy sweets, you know what I'm sayin'  
Third coast, nigga, UGK 'bout to wreck shop  
This c-note off dead body  
Smokin' and leanin' nigga,  
Stackin' paper foo, you know what I'm talkin'? Man, I'm larger than life  
These motherfuckers ask, is it the bark or the bite?  
It's both, chilling on streets you scared to park on at night  
Just forfeit, just like I'm becoming part of the light  
And you, man, you going to be the biggest mark at the fight  
See, I never understood what made you think you was handling  
You half-ass running through my neighborhood vandling  
Next time, I'm a light your world up like a cannon  
Get some Italians to play your ass like a mandolin  
These cocaine wars got my mind in a frenzy  
The feds tried to confiscate my 'Lac and my Benzy  
Colombian assassins hunt a nigga like Lindsey  
And one of my workers came up short with my ends, see  
Shit, running the streets used to be complicated  
But now it's all either drug or strong-arm-related  
But never can a bomb be faded, fool  
Ring the alarm, pour the Dom I'm coming down real shiny like candy paint  
'Bout three in the morning, yawning  
I wish I could come down, but you know I can't  
'Cause I'm leaning off the dank and the good ol' drink  
I got five on the weed, fifty on the drink  
Fool, I'm coming down, fuck what these hoes think  
I wish I could come down, but you know I can't  
'Cause I'm leaning off the dank and the good ol' drink  
Three in the morning, just turned over  
Pimped into my clothes  
Gots to get around, some hustlers moving in the Chevy Nova  
Done flagged me down for some more of that brown  
To go with that green, now they sitting on lean  
Now the light is green, got to get the snaps  
So I bails from the scene, the watch was still packed  
With dealers and fiends freaking for Gs and greens  
See, it's the same every night  
Niggas creeping down G way and keeping they head tight

Watching for laws because you know they wanna hate  
 Jealous 'cause a nigga getting ahead of this paper chase  
 Can't place my fate in these streets  
 But some niggas hustle just to eat  
 Niggas jacking, they packing, they playing for keeps  
 No peace of mind, keeping my heat behind  
 My seat, 'cause see, I'm not the one to be caught sleeping  
 By another fool out creeping  
 While I'm chilling getting sweeted I'm coming down real shiny like candy paint  
 'Bout three in the morning, yawning  
 I wish I could come down, but you know I can't  
 'Cause I'm leaning off the dank and the good ol' drink  
 I got five on the weed, fifty on the drink  
 Fool, I'm coming down, fuck what these hoes think  
 I wish I could come down, but you know I can't  
 'Cause I'm leaning off the dank and the good ol' drink What you see, is what the fuck you get  
 Young Pimp C, baby, coming down real wet  
 I got a pump in the 'Lac 'cause these niggas tried to jack us  
 But we don't give a fuck, I got the AK in the back of  
 I came out the night club, three o'clock struck  
 Trying to holler at my people, she in Lexus, I'm in truck  
 We 'bout to eat breakfast, we in Houston, Texas  
 The city of the crack, and the 'Lacs, and the big trucks  
 Say man I'm hollering at Bonnie, Courtney came with the love  
 We coming down, mane, blowing cuz in his lungs  
 'Cause I'mma candy sweet dipper, a big 'caine pimper  
 I'm playing with the clit-ah, I'm squeezing on the nipples  
 Even though this ho look good and the pussy is tight  
 After I hit, jump in my shit, I'm scratching off in the night  
 Fuck that laying in the bed with them ho 'til the morning  
 Bitch, I'm getting out here yawning, coming back to reforming  
 Three in the morning  
 Three in the morning I'm coming down real shiny like candy paint  
 'Bout three in the morning, yawning  
 I wish I could come down, but you know I can't  
 'Cause I'm leaning off the dank and the good ol' drink  
 I got five on the weed, fifty on the drink  
 Fool, I'm coming down, fuck what these hoes think  
 I wish I could come down, but you know I can't  
 'Cause I'm leaning off the dank and the good ol' drink

Songwriters

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