

4 AM

2 Chainz

Yeah, yeah, yeah
(M-M-M-Murda)
Yeah, yeah
Damn right, bro

4 AM, I'm just gettin' started
For my birthday I threw me a surprise party
Reminisclin' 'bout the trap, playin' the first Carter
My life changed when I had my first daughter
Got my first quarter flippin' fifty-dollar slabs
My nigga lookin' at the bills, askin' you for half
Cut from a different cloth, take pride in results
Anytime she wanna dip I'm providin' the sauce
You on side of the boss, so you kind of the boss
You keep playin' with me, I end up signing your boss
Drop an EP on a nigga for the free-free on a nigga
Yeah you ZZ on a nigga, king like BB on you niggas
Ride with Champagne P
If it wasn't for the struggle then I wouldn't be me
Call me Deuce or Dos, anything but broke
Got my aim from the scope, got the game by the throat, damn!

Okay, you popped up on me by surprise (yeah, yeah)
You see I never took you for the poppin' type (straight up)
Damn, it's 4 AM so please believe the hype (its lit)
Hit the lights (yeah), I'm way over top
Pop it, flick it
Drop a pin, send a location (skrirt, skrirt)
I'ma pull up in that bullet-coupe spaceship (skrirt, skrirt)
Drop off a bag of some dangerous (yeah)
I'ma hit you, 4 AM, see if you make it (yeah)

I dropped ColleGrove out the sky, ooh
In a group with the best rapper that's alive, ooh
Never turn my back on my slime, ooh
I ain't wanna fuck the bitch but she was fine, ooh
Hold up baby, let me take my time, ooh
Hard to get some head and try to drive, ooh
Jumpin' out the cake and that's surprisin', ooh
Pickin' up the duffel bag like exercisin', ooh
Bought mama new house 'cause she deserve it, ooh
Practice makes perfect but nobody's perfect, ooh
Escobar is not open for service, ooh
Send you to doctor Miami for your surgery, ooh

Okay, you popped up on me by surprise (yeah, yeah)
You see I never took you for the poppin' type (straight up)
Damn, it's 4 AM so please believe the hype (its lit)
Hit the lights (yeah), I'm way over top
Pop it, flick it
Drop a pin, send a location (skrirt, skrirt)
I'ma pull up in that bullet-coupe spaceship (skrirt, skrirt)
Drop off a bag of some dangerous (yeah)
I'ma hit you, 4 AM, see if you make it (yeah)

Ooh, Riccardo Tisci on the crewneck
Ooh, On a killin' rapper spree and nigga, you next

Ooh, they talkin', chillin', watchin' Netflix
Ooh, I used to trap and watch bootlegs
Ooh, I'm on my wave like a durag
Ooh, I see your boo, now where your crew at?
Ooh, talkin' tequila for the pipe-up
Ooh, I hope you got a clean vagina, yeah
Drench God, drench God, really
Represent and we the squad, really
Tec got the Rollie, now I get it
I used to sell drugs for a living
Got me a job sellin' records
Had to use the jeweler for a reference
Might buy a truck with the extra
Might use the legs for a necklace

Okay, you popped up on me by surprise (yeah, yeah)
You see I never took you for the poppin' type (straight up)
Damn, it's 4 AM so please believe the hype (its lit)
Hit the lights (yeah), I'm way over top
Pop it, flick it
Drop a pin, send location (skrirt, skrirt)
I'ma pull up in that bullet-coupe spaceship (skrirt, skrirt)
Drop off a bag of some dangerous (yeah)
I'ma hit you, 4 AM, see if you make it (yeah)

Don't stop trappin', boy
Got 'bout twelve racks this mornin'
Got 'bout twelve racks
Started last night, still goin'
Twelve racks strong
Got the pitbull in the corner, she pregnant
Got the crackhead in the corner, she pregnant
Everybody in here pregnant, 'cept my partner and them
But we gettin' this money though, I'm tellin' you that