

3AM

Bliss n Eso

3 in the morning the house is haunted
Walls are talking, I hear them call
The door they closed it, I kicked it open
I'm a rolling stone upon the open road
And I can't see, set me free
Dolce dancing in my soul
Till I hit the horizon I keep on driving
When will I get there man I dont know

(Yeah, yo, check it out)

Homie we rollin' and you know we blowin' smoke
Pass my house it's always haunted wit' a oak tree full of crows
Dolce dancing daily, and that's the house that raised me
But if you come inside it's enough to drive a motherfucker crazy
I'm as crazy as they come dawg, tell me where that suns gone
You see I bleed but best believe that baby I'm a young god
And all I see are my ghosts, even with my eyes closed
Believe it I dont see shit that'll leave these people mind blown
And now that I'm a daddy, of course I'm goin' all out
Cos either way to keep you safe these walls are gettin' torn down
So never let 'em lock you in, the keys to have a free mind
Beheaded all my demons so that we could raise our seed right
Now this house is on fire and the flames are risin' high
My old life is just a tombstone (Tombstone)
And baby we're alive and we can make it if we try
I think its time we build ourselves a new home

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I don't know
I don't know
I don't know
Baby I don't know
I don't kno-ow, yeah

Yeah, I don't know man, I don't know
I'm wakin' up in my closet, next to all my skeletons
Yeah they pilin up', (uh)
Shit last night was wild as fuck
Penthouse up in the clouds about a mile up (Mile up)
It's getting dark now but we about to fire it up (Fire it up)
I got the Devil on speed dial so dial him up (Hello? Room 666)
The elevator opened like whooh
I'm walkin' through the doors like Jim Morrison
Who the fuck got the Garden of Eden partyin? (The Devil)
Got models that bring bottles in
Little naughty things gettin' erotic (They're wearing not a thing)
(Yeah) Dancin' with rich doctors actin' like witch doctors mixin' concoction
s like lit pharmacists (The Devil)
Walkin' round in a dressing gown like King Solomon
Mixed with Hugh Heff' the shit's awesome

Snowin' like Colorado, yolo is the model
They crazy all these models, ragin' till tomorrow
Hop in the Phantom with (The Devil) they got the genie bottle
I think I've lost my fuckin' head like I'm a Sleepy Hollow

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