

## 3AM In LA

Doe Boy

Gang, you think I'm playin'? (Grr, bah, bah, bah, bah)  
You think I'm playin'? (Bah, bah, bah, bah)  
You think I'm playin'? (On that old dog shit today, Doe Beezy)

Walkin' through the hood on the block with my glizzy (Let's go, rah)  
I shoot like O' dog with that Glock, I get busy (Bah, bah, bah, roof, bah, bah, bah, roof, roof)  
Posted on the set, full of hunnids, not a fifty (Let's go)  
Catch me hangin' with the Bloods out in LA, who shot Ricky? (Oh, really?)  
I'm in Cleveland with my felons, bitch, we terrorize the city (Brrat, brrat)  
Don't compare me to no rapper who ain't never shot his blicky (Bah, bah, bah, boom, bah, bah, bah, bah)  
Nine full of blues (Blues), don't see not a twenty (Twenty)  
Came in with them tools (Tools), broski got the semi (Bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, playin')

Came in with like two sticks, picked the toolkit (Grr)  
Get that nigga, "Shh," whacked, on my to-do list (Pussy)  
I was just eatin' jail bricks, now I'm in Ruth Chris's (Facts)  
And I might jack on that goon shit, he really do shit (Bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, playin')  
Keep one in the head (Head), ain't no need to cock it (Ain't no need to cock it)  
You know damn well I ain't goin', boy, stop it (Boom)  
Choppa like my baby (Yeah), lemme rock-a-bye it (Grrah, rah, grrah, rah, rah, rah)  
Did a drill, now I feel bad, I gotta put it up for adoption (Bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, think I'm playin'?)  
Ask 'em, "Who the hottest?" Bet they say me (Doe Beezy)  
Shot at them, they ate you back, dammit, they sweet (Bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, mwah)  
Pussy nigga scared of me, it's clear as HD (Facts)  
Fuck the blogs, but these VVSs made me say, "Cheese"

Walkin' through the hood on the block with my glizzy (Grrt)  
I shoot like O' dog with that Glock, I get busy (Bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, bah)  
Posted on the set, full of hunnids, not a fifty (Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang)  
Catch me hangin' with the Bloods out in LA, who shot Ricky? (Oh, really? Rah)  
I'm in Cleveland with my felons, bitch, we terrorize the city (Brrt)  
Don't compare me to no rapper who ain't never shot his blicky (No, boom)

Nine full of blues (Blues), don't see not a twenty (Don't see n  
ot a twenty)  
Came in with them tools (Tools), broski got the semi (Grrah, ra  
h)

You think I'm playin'?  
You think I'm playin'?  
Oh, really?