

A.M. 2 P.M.

Drake

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Head to works, I get some breakfast 'cause, still a nigga yawning
From the night before, at the club I was up I'm tryna live
Only twenty two my nig, 'bout to be twenty three ya dig?

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Time don't wait for none of us that's why I gotta chase my dreams
Make my momma proud so she can show off all her pearly teeth
And be half the man my dad was, I thank God he was in my life
I realize how many [?]

Either I, need to make this music work or move from the Earth
I'm preachin' fire, need a choir, 'bout to take you all to church
My congregation bombed the nation with this HIP HOP
We in the race to fame, blowin' pass the PIT STOPS
I heard the prize was some chicks and a WRIST WATCH
And all you gotta do is go to jail or GET SHOT
Yeah Nick cop but he ain't never get popped
How we gonna get pop fans? Give 'em a quick shot
Now I get ya chick hot with my wrist watch
Yeah shorty drip drop when it tick tock
It's kinda sick huh? Ay Jay, put it in the heart of Pickering
And tell them niggas this is NICK'S SPOT
They don't keep it fresh enough I got it zip locked
Saran wrap, anthrax, it make ya sick huh
I'm hot as fire wanna put me out with piss huh

It ain't as easy as it looks, we go through some shit
You cut us a check, then we go through some hits
Then you show us respect, then we'll say you legit
And this is the life that I lead from AM to PM

I'm tryna get that cash, then watch how tall it grows
Soon as we get the ass, we start callin' 'em hos
The concept you don't grasp, I'm guessin' you too old
And this is the life that I lead from AM to PM

Ayo I stay up every evening, write that shit that they believe in
DJs run it, they approach me, and it's praise I be receiving
From the night befo', at the club, fake I.D. my record spins
Got me dancin' right outside since these niggas won't let me in
Well guess again, slip around the back and get it crackin'
And all the bottles wrapped in cellophane [?]
Hundred grand, Nickle F, that nigga's the next to win
Virgina go rep for him, and Memphis represent for me
To the tenth 10 degree, Tennekey, T Dot to the country ya'll
Orangemen and White Haven, an back up north to Montreal
I ain't ashamed, my city ain't on the map
[?] Light that fire, realize they ain't born to rap

Maybe they can bring they career back
But these niggas right here ain't tryna hear that
Cause I'm on set, make it work, break even on 9 to 5's
Cigarettes and lotto tickets, tryna keep that grind alive

All my uncles, they hit the casino when they get they check
My cousins, they paint they [?] to get respect
This can't be life, dominoes and [?] dro and twenty stacks

Rest In Peace to SKUMMY this reality not funny rap!
You think it's funny till these youngings suck a bunny
Pull the jack rabbit out and get to screamin' where the money at?!

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