

3AM In Miami

K Camp

Yeah

Yeah

(It's that trappin' London fa' sho')

Let that money talk to me

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Luxury my fashion, keep them pretty bitches under me

I'm gon' pop my shit, y'all ride my wave, y'all boys some sons to me

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Big ass cuban chain 'round my neck, that bitch get heavy

I'ma put this dick inside your gut if you let me

Baby, I'm too player, I be kickin' shit like Messi

Pull it out my Polos when you slob, make sure it's messy

Both of 'em tryna fuck, I could have sworn y'all hoes was besties

Hoe, you know I'm covered in this ice, Wayne Gretzky

Hoe, you keep on prayin' to the lord, how 'bout you bless me?

Steppin' in some Pradas, I don't wear no damn Giuseppes

You might think it's light when we move, but it's heavy

Yeah, I need that mula (Uh), guap (Uh), fedi (Uh)

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