

3 AM

Maxo Kream

Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy
Chill out, LaMarcus, man, all your gloves, man, your guns, nigga
It was right here, nigga
Right here, yeah, yeah, it's right here
Oh, so you goin' 'round the back, you goin' 'round the side
Good looks, you feel me, nigga

Black gloves, black cigs, three in the morning, okay
Pimpin' outside your crib, like I'm buying Jordans, huh
Money man, money do, Ali and Lamarcus, huh
Lookin' for our target, aye, pull over and park it, hey
Front door, backyard, two story, one garage
Four cameras, no alarm, two dogs, burglar bars
Four deep, six sticks, one Blood, three Crips
Gon' drop, hesi-stick
Lollipop, hit lick

See, my jumbos saggin', Bo Jackson
Toe ratchets, toe taggin'
Blue flaggin', no Magnum
Douchebaggin', raw doggin'
Jaw lockin', house flockin'
Codeine; strip, no coughin'
Molly, Roxy, Oxycontin
Pop 'em over, everybody
See, I'm so ooh, bangin'
Figueroa, pick and roll
Finger roll, give and go
We retro, Flu Gamin'
Osama, Hussein
AK-K, K sprayin'
Four part Crip, was cravin'
Lean, molly, sedatin'
Spot 'em, got 'em, no bad man I'm robbin' (Bitch, we robbin')
My niggas robbin' (Hey), they do just what I showed 'em (Shh, don't say nothin')
Spot 'em, pop 'em (Hey), headshot, do blegatta (Uh-huh, hey)
Camp out (Hey), wait around (Break it down), shake 'em down (X 'em out), take 'em down (Ayy), ayy

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Money man, money do, Ali and Lamarcus, huh
Lookin' for our target, aye, pull over and park it, hey
Front door, backyard (Ayy), two story, one garage (Woo)
Four cameras, no alarm (Ayy), two dogs, burglar bars (Brrt)
Four deep, six sticks, one Blood, three Crips (Ayy, ayy)
Gon' drop, hesi-stick (Brrt)
Lollipop, hit lick (Woo, ayy)

Okay, my blunt, lace it, gon' face it (Ayy)
Nine classic, gon' crack it (Ayy)
Word of mouth, that gang raised me (Ayy)
Word of mouth, my chop, chop, chop (Brrt, brrt)
Park it down, gang, put it up
I got a fix, ain't gonna miss
That shoulder kick, might get a wrist (Ayy)

Them futile boys don't play on Fig' (Ayy, ayy, ayy)
Keep goin' live, we see that shit
Location on, vibration on
Gon' take 'em on, what type of niggas don't put 'em on (Ayy)
Through the walls, I done did it all
They runnin' off, keep dumbin' off, keep pullin' rags
I shoot 'em first, and shoot 'em last
Then pillow tags, your silly ass (Ah)

Spot 'em, got 'em (Woo, woo), two try fixin' problems (Ayy, woo)
Spot 'em, got 'em (Ayy, brrt), flip Chubacca (Ayy, brrt, brrt)
Spot 'em, got 'em (Ayy), nigga, my chop got Grammys (Ayy, ayy)
Nigga, my wrist go hammy (Ayy)
Take a bitch out them panties (Ayy)

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Hit lick, hit lick
Hit lick, hit lick
Hit lick, hit lick (I gotta hit this lick)
Hit lick, hit lick (I gotta hit this lick)