

# 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 noth in')  
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), tak e 'em down (Ayy), ayy

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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)