

## 6 A.M.

Papoose

I asked him he wanted me to hustle up his bail, but he said "no"  
He just didn't give a damn anymore

Six in the morning, police at my door  
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They would say "bling-bling," if my jewels could talk  
So you can still see me shining when the room gets dark  
I'm like Tony Danza, I'll show you who's the boss  
Teach my worker who's the fiends and who's the narcs  
It's a lot of niggas out trying to prove they hard  
'Til you hit they cousin up, and make them move they aunt  
Yo, I would wild out and let the Rug' just spark  
But you know how the hood be when someone screwed your start  
All the basketball tournaments was cool to watch  
Bet your money: lose a little, or lose a lot  
They beat us by one point; yeah, them dudes was sharp  
But I'm a sore loser, so I had to shoot up the park  
I wouldn't of robbed your man if the fool was smart  
But a fool and his money will soon depart  
Then I went to my crib, went to sleep 'bout four  
When I woke up, police was at my door, damn...

Just aired the dice game out, that's the truth, babe  
'Bout to hit the crib, take a shower, watch a bootleg  
Glad nothing popped off, got to get the bag out of the crib  
Goose dropped off, so it can get knocked off  
Then I got a sharp pain in my chest  
About knowing I ain't supposed to have it in the place I rest  
Yes - but it's a half a joint in there  
Two .40 cal's with the hollow points in there  
Few bricks of diesel, couple pounds of purple  
Gallon of the water, plus a thousand circles  
A man hit me, saying that he'd be here in a minute  
All I've got to do is wrap it, and bring it down to the rented  
By now, it's a little past five  
And I'm still trying to roll, could barely open my eyes  
Next thing I know, she giving me a massage  
Instead of waking up rich, I woke up to a surprise

It goes: "six in the morning, police at my door"  
At five in the morning, I was up in this broad  
At four in the morning, we was out the club door  
A few hours before that, I was getting fresh in the store  
Now a week before that, I was at the car lot  
Thinking convertible so I can make the broad drop  
A half a mill in cash off a three-month run  
Them rubber bands stacks in ten-G lump sums  
Police is on our back 'cause we dump guns  
So when Bird Gang's outside, motherfucker, just run  
We just dumb, like the hyphy life  
I told you life was a bitch, not the wifey type  
Help you get the right bricks, if the price is right

Catch you standing on the strip in the icy whites  
Season of heirs, we in the V switching gears  
Dropping the top, blowing weed in the air  
She's showing her ass, and  
Next think I know, I've got a detective all in my face  
Asking me all kinds of questions  
I don't know shit but get my lawyer