

## 4 A.M.

Wale

Destinies fulfilled off the filling from the pillow talking  
How you killing my highs I hope you built the coffin  
I got virgin lungs please excuse the coughin  
Think I'm bout to blow, they call me George from boston  
Respect is never given so I confiscate it  
Get acquainted with mine I get them aclamated  
Cherry red dice I'm a gambling man I'm never taking twice  
Had to escape the life  
This ain't for ordinary people, don't compare me to rappers  
I'm trying to be like The Beatles,  
Give me some soul money, niggas is gassed up  
Tell them to keep it running, I'm keeping the grass cut  
No snakes, royalty hating niggas don't get no p-ssy  
So it's more for me, she invited me in her mouth  
You know it's cordially we throwin' racks, she said please don't talk to me  
All my niggas is winning, shout out to Charlie Sheen  
I spitting bars the metronome the money machine  
A money machine, of course I'm trying to be the king that was part of my dream  
and Wale told me fuck yall, so we fuck yall, we don't love yall  
Loud B.O.T. above y'all, patron at 4 am, fuck the last call  
The way your heard of that, the way yo heard of y'all

Dogging, Hard listen mean mugging  
For when niggas don't see their C's till they see the judges  
Dark side of town, baby mama blues,  
When drama ensues niggas Ndomakong Suh  
Old lyin' ass defensive ass boys  
Why you knock that bitch up if you can't tend it out boy  
I'm a tenant my opinion is monumental  
I'm here forever, these other niggas scribble in pencil  
Got indelible colors, only look where they're buzzing  
I'm at Dallas with luggage fly straight to the money  
And you don't understand my slang my colloquial's lovely  
So they quote me and love me like I'm a poet or something  
Hoe I kick it, I punt it like Reggie Roby or something  
Shady bitches'll feel me, Reggie Smokers disgust me  
Make the least of you haters, make the most of your money  
Have that consistence drive long as your motor's running  
I used to heat up mama house by opening ovens  
Now mama see that shit on Oprah and know that it's coming  
That's real shit, it's bigger than rap, my nigga Cole busy, but genius is back  
I light up my spliff take a sip of my yack  
Thinking back of when the city weren't thinking of rap  
They weren't thinking of rap, they weren't giving a fuck  
Now everywhere I go they be giving it up  
I seen it all from Barry Farms to Sursum Corders  
They had that rocking like a Park that's word to Mike Shinoda  
Shout out to captain Ginnnny and free my nigga Ricky  
We always pray for polo, we miss you little Penny  
We skip college, chase dollars and black pennies  
Not in the kingdom of Zamunda but it's mad semi's  
Where bad bitches with bad intentions just act friendly  
This where they love you then they hate you, go and ask Fifty  
Yeah, go and ask fifty  
They love you then they hate you, go and ask fifty

Go and ask fifty, hating ass nigga, sweeter than sibling  
Who got the juice nigga ?  
juice nigga,  
juice nigga,  
work, work, work, work, work.