

# 6AM

Warren Hue

Call me 6AM, no, no, no  
I really gotta go, go, go  
Ultra deep in the flow, flow, flow, flow  
My racks steep gotta grow, grow, grow

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And I get my bag on the road  
6AM when I dash in the zone  
Keep my head straight I don't wanna know  
What's the deal this the life that I chose

+62 wanna dial me up  
Bucks I blew better sign me up  
Bling bling  
Telephone  
Ring ring  
I just get the call then they write me up

With the whole gang yeah we sliming up  
Shoutout shax in the cut yeah we vibing up  
Real friends you don't really wanna fuck with us  
Spent your cash on the drinks where's the hundred bucks?

(Yeah yeah yeah)

I'm going dumb in this city  
You are the punk in this city  
I might just mess with your missy  
I got a text from your main  
I'm going super insane  
Turn up I swerve in your lane  
I cannot ask for a change  
Damn who would thought you would follow me  
Stupid boy, now try hitting up my B  
Confront me saying not to mess with you  
Now you heard my shit, I don't wanna message you  
Told your big friends to come talk to me  
Your breath stink I don't wanna talk to you  
Do my flex really bother you  
Do my checks really bother you  
Be my guest I will finish you  
Eating up the checks for my dinner food  
No  
I be in the freshest mood  
You be scoring none, you the resting group

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Damn I gotta grow  
Uno on me and you know you the dos  
Get out the door  
I'm making bred and I'm burning the toast  
Burning the coast  
Ghost writer on you I Murder the ghost  
Doing the most, I catch a beat and I furnace the flows  
I get the max  
Clean like a bath  
You don't want beef  
I bring out the math  
I bring out the cast  
Comparing you to me is trash  
Dashing like flash  
My life is straight out in the cam

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