

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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