

## 4 AM

2 Chainz

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
(M-M-M-Murda)  
Yeah, yeah  
Damn right, bro

4 AM, I'm just gettin' started  
For my birthday I threw me a surprise party  
Reminisce 'bout the trap, playin' the first Carter  
My life changed when I had my first daughter  
Got my first quarter flippin' fifty-dollar slabs  
My nigga lookin' at the bills, askin' you for half  
Cut from a different cloth, take pride in results  
Anytime she wanna dip I'm providin' the sauce  
You on side of the boss, so you kind of the boss  
You keep playin' with me, I end up signing your boss  
Drop an EP on a nigga for the free-free on a nigga  
Yeah you ZZ on a nigga, king like BB on you niggas  
Ride with Champagne P  
If it wasn't for the struggle then I wouldn't be me  
Call me Deuce or Dos, anything but broke  
Got my aim from the scope, got the game by the throat, damn!

Okay, you popped up on me by surprise (yeah, yeah)  
You see I never took you for the poppin' type (straight up)  
Damn, it's 4 AM so please believe the hype (its lit)  
Hit the lights (yeah), I'm way over top  
Pop it, flick it  
Drop a pin, send a location (skrirt, skrirt)  
I'ma pull up in that bullet-coupe spaceship (skrirt, skrirt)  
Drop off a bag of some dangerous (yeah)  
I'ma hit you, 4 AM, see if you make it (yeah)

I dropped ColleGrove out the sky, ooh  
In a group with the best rapper that's alive, ooh  
Never turn my back on my slime, ooh  
I ain't wanna fuck the bitch but she was fine, ooh  
Hold up baby, let me take my time, ooh  
Hard to get some head and try to drive, ooh  
Jumpin' out the cake and that's surprisin', ooh  
Pickin' up the duffel bag like exercisin', ooh  
Bought mama new house 'cause she deserve it, ooh  
Practice makes perfect but nobody's perfect, ooh  
Escobar is not open for service, ooh  
Send you to doctor Miami for your surgery, ooh

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Ooh, Riccardo Tisci on the crewneck  
Ooh, On a killin' rapper spree and nigga, you next

Ooh, they talkin', chillin', watchin' Netflix  
Ooh, I used to trap and watch bootlegs  
Ooh, I'm on my wave like a durag  
Ooh, I see your boo, now where your crew at?  
Ooh, talkin' tequila for the pipe-up  
Ooh, I hope you got a clean vagina, yeah  
Drench God, drench God, really  
Represent and we the squad, really  
Tec got the Rollie, now I get it  
I used to sell drugs for a living  
Got me a job sellin' records  
Had to use the jeweler for a reference  
Might buy a truck with the extra  
Might use the legs for a necklace

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Don't stop trappin', boy  
Got 'bout twelve racks this mornin'  
Got 'bout twelve racks  
Started last night, still goin'  
Twelve racks strong  
Got the pitbull in the corner, she pregnant  
Got the crackhead in the corner, she pregnant  
Everybody in here pregnant, 'cept my partner and them  
But we gettin' this money though, I'm tellin' you that