

3 A.M.

Andre Nickatina

(Three in the fuckin mornin...yeah)

Brave like an indian the Mohican of his last,
no money weed or ass baby no backstage pass,
we rendezvous, I'm flippin on my kenneth cole shoes,
and some bitches talk too much I'm letten them bitches spread the news,
like channel 4,
Why gangsta niggas love to snort blow?
chewy is the god down here in the 'Moe pina colada,
the set done got hotter than a sauna,
we break 'em like a puzzle then we gather like pirhanna,
I keep my money by my nuts,
dip through the cuts we don't front we at the front and we roll big blunts,
layin pagans down,
just like a bearskin rug,
goin deep into the depths just like a Russian navy sub,
on course, rollin with the front lights off...I can smell the gunpowder,
bullets dipped in the sauce,
some jokers floss,
yeah, but ? is the impression they've adapted,
my steel declare'll spark the flare,
the ? or the plastic,
burning rubber
doin doughnuts that the pigs just couldn't eat,
they brought the coffee and the cream but all they saw was tire streaks,
I'm on the streets.
I can feel my mother worry in her sleep,
It's 3 a.m.
I'm with Sun Kim and we smokin to the beat,
It's Nickatina....
Meow Meow Meow Meow
Meow Meow Meow Meow...
I be a suitor, a freeway drivin bay bridge commutor
my roll of decks in full effects has turned into a computer,
we got weed, but cheese out all the snitches
we want the money and the women,
you can keep them scandalous bitches... for ya self.
I make ya put ya mic up on tha shelf, broke ass hoes they want new cothes
be axin niggas for help, but I can't hear em' but I can hear a needle,
drop on top a pillow.
When a clucker fiend here go a sceme, a piece of yellow skittle, a tin shot
follow me as I parade around the block, blowin wind like a tornado,
dirchargin' like a glock, steel plated, I usually get an X when im rated.
Them sucka MC's Them wannabees, they talk when only faded, like the blunt. t
hat once was plump then burned to ashes.
I garuntee my third degree is just like twenty lashes, on ya face.
I'll one hundred percent represent my race. while them bastards blast that r
ock n' roll, my niggas crank the bass for tha chamillion.
The F finger answer all ya questions, my pitbull alliance no doubt
my only cure is protection stutter steppin,
my killer cross ain't false its been perfected.
Baby ya got nice clothes, but Ive come to see ya nekked,
like its ya birthday, like a fiend would say,
when they broke and they on the rock,
your conbination has been invaded, your safe has been unlocked
it's Nickatina
(laughter)

Baby just pull ya panties down, all that other shit is um... irrelevant
Meow Meow Meow Meow
(laughter)
let me hear that
(3x) Meow Meow Meow Meow Meow Meow
(3x) Three Oh clock in the morning...