

## Its 3 So What A.m. So What

Andre Nickatina

It can get real cold if you not standin' in the lobby  
Girl you Kamikaze cuz  
I know you work your body yeah  
You need to put me in your mind  
Hit you with some baby oil  
Yo everything shine  
Dolce and Gabana  
Ho it won't impress your mama  
You roll around the city like your Lola Falana  
It's 3 so what?  
A.M so what?  
Me and you talking conversation so tough  
Really on the under girl I feen for your attention  
But I gotta get paid for it  
that admission  
You can't be a Christian  
Did I forget to mention  
You gotta be a sinner  
And a bread winner  
No T-bone dinners  
Maybe Top Ramen  
Late night counting money with my bottom  
It's 3 so what?  
A.M. so what?  
Me and you talking conversation so tough  
It's sorta like ice the way we skate through the city  
Even hockey players gotta say you look pretty  
You gettin' every penny  
You always say \"gimme\"  
You wash the Heni down baby girl with the Remi  
I hate to miss the phone when I see that you called  
Cuz I know it's conversation that'll make me wanna ball  
You make money fall like snow in Minnesota  
12 a.m. and there ain't no rollers  
It's something like music when your heels hit the street  
A symphony plays when you walk the concrete  
And I love yo eyes cuz yo eyes don't lie  
I remember when I asked and you said that you'll try  
Baby work your body like a rookie running back  
My life is coping blows  
Soul ain't never coming back  
They all ran track like the ? Olympics  
I spit the gift so that made them all gifted  
Now I remixed it  
Put it in a capsule  
Pineapple to the big red apple  
Finish that Snapple  
Don't leave thirsty  
I still ? the game first cursed me  
Its 3 so what?  
A.M. so what?  
Me and you talking conversation so tough  
Ya know I'm from the city of Joe Montana  
My curls bang out like gang bandanas  
Freak you bananas  
Paying is a privilege  
I look you in the eyes and say \"the game did this\"

Coconut future  
Real Karma Sutra  
I used to buy clothes from this fine ass booster  
Now I'm with the roosters  
When it comes to you  
The way you hit the streets and the things that you do  
Even politicians try to get you through the wire  
Come back and tell me cuz you know they all liars  
Turning like tires so fast no brakes  
Sometimes we laugh about the money you make  
Cakes I bake  
T-Bone steaks  
Fallas that race to your face then chase  
Let me lace you up  
Roll up two blunts  
Some think it late  
But its 3 so what?