

5 to 9

FIDLAR

Three a clock in the morning, double vision with my homies,
Four a clock, feeling funny, got no car and we got no money.

Five a clock, body, sunset, reggae, forty, so we can't see
Six a clock, came to dentist, asked if he's got anything.

Eight a clock, feeling shitty, coming down the GPSP
Nine a clock, drunk and driving, on my way to Conquer city.

Ten a clock, I ain't driving, taking vomit in the back seat,
Twelve a clock, caring less if all my way is all way down.