

5 A.M.

Lost Boyz

Chorus: QB

It's be them real life ghetto shit
Be couple grounds, listen close while niggas run it down
Games not to be played, '99 straight chips, hot chicks
We got no time for these dicks
(Push the hot whips)
Burn trees, drink hennecy
When I die you'll remember me
So when I'll die you'll remember me
This be some real life ghetto shit

[LG]

Niggas thinkin shit is sweet
But I aint with too much talkin, I'mma let my heat speak
And don't get caught asleep with some with a freak
'cause the chicks I deal with give me everything cheap, chief

[Mr. Cheeks]

I hear them talkin, we push the whips and still walkin
Yo this nigga done, cousin stick a fork in him
Try to warn him, my little brother and they team they
had to run up on him
A new asshole, they chon him

[LG]

These chicks opened up they cheeks, deep note they meat
Whatever, they play for keeps just to keep some fresh feet
The streets, we from the streets, we gotta hold heat
No matter where we go, never know if we got beef

[Mr. Cheeks]

Aiyo, niggas on the streets, nobody speaks
But when it's showtime, they on line, che che che che
Listen, nigga play your position
You was glisten, when a nigga like me had no pot to piss in

[LG]

Yo I feel you god, this rap life shit is really hard
I spent my money at the bar, but I still be large
Charge cards, your garage for my truck
My cellys off the nuts, yo Cheeks wake the fuck up!

[Mr. Cheeks]

Yo fuck the dumb shit, we spit official slum shit
Yo what the fuck, is that the best a nigga come with
I love the night life, a gift to soak my right rhymes
I got a pint of henny backwards and a light dime

[LG]

And I know that it hurts Cheeks, I love my niggas
So my niggas come first Cheeks, you feel me son?
Fuck the trips, fuck the whips and exotic women
Let's stack the dough so we can see ya niggas out of prison
We miss 'em

Chorus

[Mr. Cheeks]

Aiyo these niggas wanna outline us
What's the deal god, they hard to find us
Be prepared to feel my nine bust
Took my brother from me, aiyo you know how deep the slum be
But youse afraid to even come see

[LG]

Ghetto and grimy, with chicks with Timbs
The streets are dims, the heats on hits
The freak are pimps, the hood livin
Where bummy niggas gotta lie to dough
I'm not a pimp, but I still gotta buy them hoes

[Mr. Cheeks]

Take a cold heart jeans, surrounded by the crack heads and dope fiends
The type of no hope seems, life stays in the mix
Rather be judged by twelve, then carried by six
I need the fix

[LG]

Chicks so intimated, cause I'm not innovative
Hey yo, they mad 'cause I made it, I'm glad that they hate it
Blow them away, coin toss, throw her away
Put your clothes on trick, nobody told you to stay, bitch!

Chorus

[Mr. Cheeks]

My hot outta stay drips
Lead the hot outta stay chicks
The shorty named toots push the six
Love to shake her shimmy, seen her one night, me and Bimmy
Aiyo some more she wanna give me?

[LG]

And you can catch me in the city spinnin
5 A.M., window crack with my teeth grinnin
With the sight, straight livin
While I'm lookin at these pretty women
Crossin the light, they lookin at me
Like this niggas winnin, I know they hate me

Chorus