

## 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