

Wiley

"5am"

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5, 5am, it's so strange to be here again.
Falling, falling down.
Someone help me, before I hit the ground.

[Wiley:]

These are the hours when I capture most of my
magical moments on the power book, money by the
hour book
Let them into my ward and show them how I took,
a sound from there, a sound from here.
Said I never leave the hood but now
I look back don't matter where you live you're alive and
kicking.
I'll always try and stop you tripping,
but it's awkward if you slipping up yourself, I ain't
perfect though.
That's why I haven't stopped my search yet.
Looking for what? I don't know, in the end it's all
worthless.
See the world's just a place full of workers,
non-workers earning like workers, born to not work.
Feels like I ain't worked a day in my life but
I've worked every hour, work any hour.
5am's cool; I get paid by the hour.

[Chorus:]

[Scorcher:]

* Sigh *

Where's my phone?
What's the time?
What?
Can't be, can't be.

5am and I can't sleep it's been the same for the past
week.
I've been up from morning, my daughters clogged up
???
I smile cus she's breathing; I turned on my line in the
evening
It's Friday, I know I've gotta grind through the weekend.
So even if it's 5 o'clock, there's no way that my grind

can stop,
my funds rising, the suns on the horizon, I stop and
admire it.
Then it's back to curb work, as the birds chirp,
I'm out trying to catch the first worm.
No hourglass, no sun dial as the hours pass, not one
smile as
I wipe the cold from my eye; I'm colder than ice.
I look down and the phone saying 5.

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One, Two-three, Four, Five, Five. (4x)
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