

## Drake "A.M. 2 P.M."

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[NICKELUS F:]

Yo I wake up every morning, shower, gather my belongings

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Head to works, I get some breakfast 'cause, still a nigga yawning

From the night before, at the club I was up I'm tryna live  
Only twenty two my nig, 'bout to be twenty three ya dig?

Yo I wake up every morning, shower, gather my belongings

Head to works, I get some breakfast 'cause, still a nigga yawning

From the night before, at the club I was up I'm tryna live  
Only twenty two my nig, 'bout to be twenty three ya dig?

Time don't wait for none of us that's why I gotta chase my dreams

Make my momma proud so she can show off all her pearly teeth

And be half the man my dad was, I thank God he was in my life

I realize how many [?]

Either I, need to make this music work or move from the Earth

I'm preachin' fire, need a choir, 'bout to take you all to church

My congregation bombed the nation with this HIP HOP

We in the race to fame, blowin' pass the PIT STOPS

I heard the prize was some chicks and a WRIST WATCH

And all you gotta do is go to jail or GET SHOT

Yeah Nick cop but he ain't never get popped

How we gonna get pop fans? Give 'em a quick shot

Now I get ya chick hot with my wrist watch

Yeah shorty drip drop when it tick tock

It's kinda sick huh? Ay Jay, put it in the heart of

Pickering

And tell them niggas this is NICK'S SPOT

They don't keep it fresh enough I got it zip locked

Saran wrap, anthrax, it make ya sick huh

I'm hot as fire wanna put me out with piss huh

[?]

[CHORUS:]

It ain't as easy as it looks, we go through some shit  
You cut us a check, then we go through some hits  
Then you show us respect, then we'll say you legit  
And this is the life that I lead from AM to PM

I'm tryna get that cash, then watch how tall it grows  
Soon as we get the ass, we start callin' 'em hos  
The concept you don't grasp, I'm guessin' you too old  
And this is the life that I lead from AM to PM

[DRAKE:]

Ayo I stay up every evening, write that shit that they  
believe in  
DJs run it, they approach me, and it's praise I be  
receiving  
From the night befo', at the club, fake I.D. my record  
spins  
Got me dancin' right outside since these niggas won't  
let me in  
Well guess again, slip around the back and get it  
crackin'  
And all the bottles wrapped in cellophane [?]  
Hundred grand, Nickle F, that nigga's the next to win  
Virginia go rep for him, and Memphis represent for me  
To the tenth 10 degree, Tennekey, T Dot to the country  
ya'll  
Orangemen and White Haven, an back up north to  
Montreal  
I ain't ashamed, my city ain't on the map  
[?] Light that fire, realize they ain't born to rap  
[?] Pass the torch and sell they soul [?]  
Maybe they can bring they career back  
But these niggas right here ain't tryna hear that  
Cause I'm on set, make it work, break even on 9 to 5's  
Cigarettes and lotto tickets, tryna keep that grind alive  
All my uncles, they hit the casino when they get they  
check  
My cousins, they paint they [?] to get respect  
This can't be life, dominoes and [?] dro and twenty  
stacks  
[?]  
[?]  
Rest In Peace to SKUMMY this reality not funny rap!  
You think it's funny till these youngings suck a bunny  
Pull the jack rabbit out and get to screamin' where the  
money at!

[CHORUS:]

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