

Daniele Pino

"6'n the mornin'"

Visit "[6'n the mornin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

6'n the morning' police at my door
Fresh adidas squerk across the bathroom floor
Out the back window I make a escape
Don't even get a chance to grab my old school tape

Mad with no music but happy 'cause I'm free
And the streets to a player is the place to be
Gotta knot in my pocket weighin' at least a grand
Gold on my neck my pistols close at hand

I'm a self-made monster of the city streets
Remotely controlled by hard hip hop beats
But just livin' in the city is a serious task
Didn't know what the cops wanted
Didn't have the time to ask

-Word-

Seen my homeboys coolin' way out told 'em bout my
mornin'
Cold bugged' em out shot allmenn little dice until my
knees got sore
Kicked around some stories bout the night before
Possed to the corner where the fly girls chill

Through action at some freaks until one bitch got ill
She started actin' stupid simply would not quit
Called us all punk pussies said we all weren't shit
As we walked over to here hoe continued to speak

So we beat the bitch down in the god damn street
But just livin' in the city a serious task
Bitch didn't know what hit her didn't have time to ask

-Word-

Continued clockin' freaks with emcee posterior
Rollin' in allmenn blazer with a louie interior
Solid gold the ride was raw
Bust allmenn left turn was on Crenshaw

Sean-e-sean was the driver Known to give freaks hell
Had a beeper goin' off like a high school bell

Looked in the mirror what did we see ?
Fuckin' blue lights L.A. P.D.
Pigs searched our car, their day was made
Found allmenn uzi, 44 and a handgranade

Threw us in the county high power block
No freaks to see no beats to rock
Didn't want trouble but the shit must fly
Squabbled this sucker shanked' em in the eye

But livin' in the county is a serious task
Niga didn't know what happend
Didn't have time to ask

Back on the streets after five and a deuce
Seven years later but still had the juice
My homeboy Ken Gee put me up the track
Told me E's rollin' Villain - BJ's got the sack

Bruce is a giant - Nat C's clockin' Dough
Be bop's a pimp. My old freaks a hoe
The batter rams rollin' rocks are the thing
Life has no meaning and money is king

Then he looked at me slowly and Hen had to grin
He said Man you out early we thought you got ten
Opened his safe kicked me down with cold cash
Knew I would get busy- He didn't waste time to ask

-word-

I bought a Benz with the money the rest went to clothes
Went to the strip strted pimpin' the hoes
My hair had grew long on my seven year stay
And when I got it done on my shoulders it lay

Hard from the joint but fly to my heart
I didn't want no trouble but the shit had to start
Out with my crew some ouns got loud
Shot gun blasts echoed throug the crowd

Six punks hit two punks died
All casualities appiled to their side
Human lives has to pass just for talking much trash
We didn't know who they were - No one had the time to ask

-Word-

Part Two

Swat team leader yelled hit the floor
Reached in my pocket pulled my 44
Dove across the room peeped out the window
Twenty cops jumped behind a Pinto
Out the back door like some damn track stars
Broke down an alley jumped into a car

Suckers didn't even see us They musta been Blind
Black wire touched red the car was mine
We hadn't done nothin' but some suckers got shot
Hit the first turn god damn road block

Broke through the block and we did it fast
Cops wouldn't shot us on sight
They wouldn't took time to ask

-Word-

The rollers gave chase at a serious speed
One more conviction was all I need
This shit was for real

This was no La-Di-Da-Di
Cause the boys had to pin the shit on somebody
And me and my crew we were known to get ill
We carried heat for protection but not to kill

We bust a corner doin 60 one police car spun
And all I was thinkin was murder one
Bust a move into an alley and did it right
And me and my vrew we're gone into the night

Broke to my old lady's who drew me a bath
She didn't even know what happend
Didn't care Didn't ask

-Word-

Qwe made love like crazy on top of the sheets
This girly was my worlie a natural freak
She ran her tonuge over each and every part of me
Then she rocked my amadeus as I watched TV

A technican with a mission that's what she was
If there had been a crowd she would of got an
applause
This girl did everything on earth to me that could be
done

The she backed off and teased me so I couldn't come

Then she cold got stupid pushed me on the floor
Had me beggin' to stop as I was acream' for more
After she waxed by body she let me crash
She knew her lovin' was def
She didn't waste time to ask

-Word-

Up the next mornin' feelin good as hell
Sleepin' with a girlie sure beats a cell
Hit the boulevard in my A.M.G.
Hoe's catchin' whiplash tryin' to glimpse the T

Ring on my mobile yes celluar
Got to have a phone when I'm in my car
Was my homeboy Red Some say he's insane
Broke his bitch jaw for smkin' came

Told me to meet him at the airporrt
Said he's jumpin' bail said he just left court
Caught the first thing smokin' in a serious dash
Didn't know where we were going.
Didn't care Didn't ask

-Word-

Fell a sleep on the plane and so did he
Woke up chillin' in N.Y.C.
Called up my posse when I got there
Hit the Latin qarter Union Square

Rooftop Devil's nest the rest we passed
Back doored the Palladium just for class
About 4 am we crashed the deuce
We never catch static 'cause my boys got juice

Deuced it to the Bronx to rest our heads
Where a shoot out jumped off mine people lay dead
It sounded like it happend with a mac 10 blast
But it was 6'in the mornin'
We didn't wake up to ask.....

-Word-

Visit [Daniele Pino](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.