

UGK "3 In The Mornin'"

Visit "[3 In The Mornin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Bun B:]

Damn, already 3 in the mornin'
It's going down, leanin', drink your drink
Candy sweets, third coast nigga, UGK 'bout to wreck
shop

Man, I'm larger than life
These motherfuckers ask, "Is it the bark or the bite?"
It's both, chillin' on streets you scared to park on at
night
Just forfeit just like I'm becoming part of the light
And you, you goin' to be the biggest mark at the fight
I never understood what made you think you was
handlin'
You half-ass runnin' through my neighborhood vandlin'
Next time I'ma light your world up like a canon
Get some Italians to play your ass like a mandolin
These cocaine wars got my mind in a frenzy
The feds tried to confiscate my 'llac and my Benzy
Colombian assassins hunt a nigga like Lindsey
And one of my workers came up short with my ends
see
Shit, runnin' the streets used to be complicated
But now it's all easy, drug is strong arm related
But never can a bomb be faded
Fool ring the alarm, pour the Don

[Chorus:]

I'm comin' down real shiny like candy paint
'Bout 3 in the morning, yawnin'
I wish I could come down but you know I can't
'Cause I'm leanin' off the dank and the good ole drink
I got 5 on the weed, 50 on the drink
Fool comin' down fuck what these hoes think

[N.O. Joe:]

3 in the morning, just turned over
Pimped into my clothes
Got to get around some hustlers movin' in the Chevy

Nova

Done flagged me down for some more of that brown
To go with that green, now they sittin' on lean
Now the light is green, got to get the snaps
So I bails from the scene, the watch is still packed
With dealers and fiends freakin' for G's and greens
See it's the same everynight
Niggas creepin' down G way and keepin' they head
tight
Watchin' for laws 'cause you know they wanna hate
Jealous 'cause a nigga gettin' ahead of this paper
chase
Can't place my face in these streets
But some niggas gotta hustle just to eat
Niggas jackin' and packin', they playin' for keeps
No peace of mind, keepin' my heat behind
No seekers see a lie to be caught sleepin'
By another nigga out creepin'
While I'm chillin' gettin' sweeted

[Chorus]

[Pimp C:]

What you see is what the fuck you get
Young Pimp C baby comin' down real wet
I got a pump in the 'llac 'cause
These niggas tried to jack us
But we don't give a fuck, I got the AK in the back of us
Came out the night club, 3 o'clock struck
Tryin' to holler at my people she in Lexus, I'm in truck
We 'bout to eat breakfast, we in Houston, Texas
The city of the crack, and the 'llacs, and the Lexus
I'm hollarin' at the body Courtney came with the love
We comin' down baby blowin' smoke in his lungs
'Cause I'ma candy sweet dipper, a big 'caine pimper
I'm playin' with the guitar, I'm squeezin' on the nipples
Even though this hoe look good and the pussy was
tight
After I hiy, jump in my shit, I'm scratching off for the
night
Fuck that laying in the bed with the hoe 'til the morning
Bitch I'm getting out here yawnin', coming back to
reformin'
3 in the morning
3 in the morning

[Chorus]

