

Papoose

"6 A.M"

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(Hook)

Six in the morning, police at my door
Six in the morning, police at my door
Six in the morning, police at my door
Six in the morning, police at my door

(Verse 1: Papoose)

They would say "bling-bling" if my jewels could talk
So you can still see me shining when the room gets dark
I'm like Tony Danza, I'll show you who's the boss
Teach my worker who's the fiends and who's the narcs
It's a lot of niggas out tryna prove they heart
'Til you hit they cousin up and make them move they aunt
Yo, I would wild out and let the Rug' just spark
But you know how the 'hood be when someone screwed your start
All the basketball tournaments was cool to watch
Bet your money, lose a little or lose a lot
They beat us by one point, yeah them dudes was sharp
But I'm a sore loser, so I had to shoot up the park
I wouldn't of robbed your man if the fool was smart
But a fool and his money will soon depart
Then I went to my crib, went to sleep by 4:00
When I woke up, police was at my door, damnâ€¦

(Hook)

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(Verse 2: Jadakiss)

Just aired the dice game out, that's the truth, babe
'Bout to hit the crib, take a shower and watch a bootleg
Black nut popped off, got to get the bag out of the crib
Goose dropped off so it can get knocked off
Then I got a sharp pain in my chest
But knowing I ain't supposed to have it in the place I rest

Yes - but it's a half a joint in there
Two .40 cal's with the hollow points in there
Few bricks of diesel, couple pounds of purple
Gallon of the water, plus a thousand circles
A man hit me saying that he'd be here in a minute
All I've got to do is wrap it and bring it down to the
rented

By now, it's a little past 5:00
And I'm still tryna roll, could barely open my eyes
Next thing I know, she's giving me a massage
Instead of waking up rich, I woke up to a surprise

(Hook)

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(Verse 3: Jim Jones)

It goes: "six in the morning, police at my door"
At 5:00 in the morning I was up in this broad
At 4:00 in the morning we was out the club door
A few hours before that I was getting fresh in the store
Now a week before that, I was at the car lot
Thinking convertible so I can make the broad drop
A half a mill in cash off a three-month run
Them rubber bands stacks in 10-G lump sums
Police is on our back 'cause we dump guns
So when Bird Gang's outside, motherfucker, just run
We just dumb, like the hyphy life
I told you life was a bitch, not the wifey type
Hope you got the right bricks if the price is right
Catch me standing on the strip in the icy whites
Season of heirs, we in the V switching gears
Dropping the top, blowing weed in the air
She's showing her ass
Next think I know, I've got a detective all in my face
Asking me all kinds of questions
I don't know shit but get my lawyer

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