

Mack Maine

"5 in the Morning"

Visit "[5 in the Morning](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Featuring Birdman

(Intro)

Yea

This 5 in the morning

Blowin up the pond

You sleepin

I'm atin, uh

Chyea, ouchea getting it

Dream away young nigga

Lost in this life water

Might put this work in

Deep blue sea

(Verse)

No matter what I try to do, I can't do right

The other day I jacked a hot pickle and fruit stripes

Then me and my niggas stole 2 bikes

Then we went on like 2 flights, no plane

I'm talking 'bout the night hustle

Me, myself I flex my muscle

I ain't really tryina tussle

See that thing will prolly bust you, brat!

And I know the cops tryina bug you

I hope your shit ain't tapped nigga

And I hope you ain't wearing a wire

Pour some water on him, electrify him, set him on fire

If a nigga playing with me and my people

See we don't play tho

Niggas think that this just a game

It ain't no play tho, but I mold you, scold you

Fold you like clothes dust

Straight out of the drier, then puff some trees to get higher

Shit, niggas know they Carey like Mariah

Kids that ain't theirs on they taxes

Shit, y'all niggas acting like actress

Y'all don't know Beatrice, that's my uncle from the city

nigga

B32 too nigga

You understand? Do your history, your research

Fuck around and they gonn prolly have to call a reaper
Your face on the t shirt, now you restin in peace boy
Playing around with us, this shit could get hot like
grease boy
Fly over the greece boy, money get increase boy
Get it straight like the criss boy
Pullin up in like retards
Get under your skin like a keylord
The only alphabets we cool with is the d boys, and deep
boys
You ain't the man nigga, you's a decoy
Yous' a lookout, you eating off of them
When the birds come in, you never ever see em, mula
You ain't the type that's tryina get the bands up BM
Niggas that be langing on my nerves like my BM
Hang em up in the lame nigga museum
We quick to zim, put em to sleep
If they playin round with me and my niggas
Yeah we quick to creep
Yeah we come through 30 deep
And 30 cars, prolly got like 30 broads
Knock off 30 boys, tryina play around with me and my,
me and my, me and my
Me and my rich gang
You tryina play around with me and my, me and my,
me and my
Me and my rich gang
Prove you's a bitch maine, fucking with the young
stunners
Nigga you fucking with the young stunners
Nigga you fuck around with the rich gang, we prove
that you a bitch mane
And have your mammy picking out your funeral fit
mane
Stop fuckin with it, before we spit a bit
Do you in, hit you up with the mac 10
You and your can, shouts out to mac 10
Nigga that's my nigga, make a nigga do a backspin
If you play with Jack Dem
Me and my rich gang
You got me fucked up with my rich gang
Ain't nothing for us to proove that you a bitch mane
Playing around your mom will be picking your funeral
fit mane.

(Outro)

Uptown rich nigga
Come from the slums with it
This nigga there, I see you nigga
We ouchea getting it
Mastermind this whole game plan

This money poppin
Off the floor
It's yo room floor
Marbles floors and chandeliers
Nig broke
20 on bitches, ya heard?
Leggo
Call game stupid
This game is stupid
Money game to the ceiling
Grind no end, it's just life
Flashy lifestyle every day
Hundred in the right pocket,
Scrap under
Livin life
Bring the bottles

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.