

## Andre Nickatina

### "3 A.M"

Visit "[3 A.M](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Three in the fuckin mornin...yeah)

Brave like an indian the Mohican of his last,  
no money weed or ass baby no backstage pass,  
we rendezvous, I'm flippin on my kenneth cole shoes,  
and some bitches talk too much I'm letten them bitches  
spread the news,  
like channel 4,  
Why gangsta niggas love to snort blow?  
chewy is the god down here in the 'Moe pina colada,  
the set done got hotter than a sauna,  
we break 'em like a puzzle then we gather like  
pirhanna,  
I keep my money by my nuts,  
dip through the cuts we don't front we at the front and  
we roll big blunts,  
layin pagans down,  
just like a bearskin rug,  
goin deep into the depths just like a Russian navy sub,  
on course, rollin with the front lights off...I can smell the  
gunpowder,  
bullets dipped in the sauce,  
some jokers floss,  
yeah, but ? is the impression they've adapted,  
my steel declare'll spark the flare,  
the ? or the plastic,  
burning rubber  
doin doughnuts that the pigs just couldn't eat,  
they brought the coffee and the cream but all they saw  
was tire streaks,  
I'm on the streets.  
I can feel my mother worry in her sleep,  
It's 3 a.m.  
I'm with Sun Kim and we smokin to the beat,  
It's Nickatina....  
Meow Meow Meow Meow  
Meow Meow Meow Meow...  
I be a suitor, a freeway drivin bay bridge commutor  
my roll of decks in full effects has turned into a  
computer,  
we got weed, but cheese out all the snitches

we want the money and the women,  
you can keep them scandalous bitches... for ya self.  
I make ya put ya mic up on tha shelf, broke ass hoes  
they want new cothes  
be axin niggas for help, but I can't hear em' but I can  
hear a needle,  
drop on top a pillow.  
When a clucker fiend here go a sceme, a piece of  
yellow skittle, a tin shot  
follow me as I parade around the block, blowin wind  
like a tornado,  
dirchargin' like a glock, steel plated, I usually get an X  
when im rated.  
Them sucka MC's Them wannabees, they talk when  
only faded, like the blunt. that once was plump then  
burned to ashes.  
I garuntee my third degree is just like twenty lashes, on  
ya face.  
I'll one hundred percent represent my race. while them  
bastards blast that rock n' roll, my niggas crank the  
bass for tha chamillion.  
The F finger answer all ya questions, my pitbull alliance  
no doubt  
my only cure is protection stutter steppin,  
my killer cross ain't false its been perfected.  
Baby ya got nice clothes, but Ive come to see ya  
nekked,  
like its ya birthday, like a fiend would say,  
when they broke and they on the rock,  
your combination has been invaded, your safe has been  
unlocked  
it's Nickatina  
(laughter)  
Baby just pull ya panties down, all that other shit is  
um... irrelevant  
Meow Meow Meow Meow  
(laughter)  
let me hear that  
(3x)Meow Meow Meow Meow Meow Meow  
(3x) Three Oh clock in the morning...

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