

Drake f/ Nickelus F**"A.M. to P.M."**

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[NICKELUS F] Yo I wake up every morning, shower,
gather my belongings Yo I wake up every morning,
shower, gather my belongings Head to works, I get
some breakfast 'cause, still a nigga yawning From the
night before, at the club I was up I'm tryna live Only
twenty two my nig, 'bout to be twenty three ya dig? Yo I
wake up every morning, shower, gather my belongings
Head to works, I get some breakfast 'cause, still a
nigga yawning From the night before, at the club I was
up I'm tryna live Only twenty two my nig, 'bout to be
twenty three ya dig? Time don't wait for none of us
that's why I gotta chase my dreams Make my momma
proud so she can show off all her pearly teeth And be
half the man my dad was, I thank God he was in my life
I realize how many [?] Either I, need to make this music
work or move from the Earth I'm preachin' fire, need a
choir, 'bout to take you all to church My congregation
bombed the nation with this HIP HOP We in the race to
fame, blowin' pass the PIT STOPS I heard the prize was
some chicks and a WRIST WATCH And all you gotta do
is go to jail or GET SHOT Yeah Nick cop but he ain't
never get popped How we gonna get pop fans? Give
'em a quick shot Now I get ya chick hot with my wrist
watch Yeah shorty drip drop when it tick tock It's kinda
sick huh? Ay Jay, put it in the heart of Pickering And tell
them niggas this is NICK'S SPOT They don't keep it
fresh enough I got it zip locked Saran wrap, anthrax, it
make ya sick huh I'm hot as fire wanna put me out with
piss huh [?] [CHORUS] It ain't as easy as it looks, we go
through some shit You cut us a check, then we go
through some hits Then you show us respect, then we'll
say you legit And this is the life that I lead from AM to
PM I'm tryna get that cash, then watch how tall it grows
Soon as we get the ass, we start callin' 'em hos The
concept you don't grasp, I'm guessin' you too old And
this is the life that I lead from AM to PM [DRAKE] Ayo I
stay up every evening, write that shit that they believe
in DJs run it, they approach me, and it's praise I be
receiving From the night befo', at the club, fake I.D. my
record spins Got me dancin' right outside since these
niggas won't let me in Well guess again, slip around

the back and get it crackin' And all the bottles wrapped
in cellophane [?] Hundred grand, Nickle F, that nigga's
the next to win Virginia go rep for him, and Memphis
represent for me To the tenth 10 degree, Tennekey, T
Dot to the country ya'll Orangemen and White Haven,
an back up north to Montreal I ain't ashamed, my city
ain't on the map [?] Light that fire, realize they ain't
born to rap [?] Pass the torch and sell they soul [?]
Maybe they can bring they career back But these
niggas right here ain't tryna hear that Cause I'm on set,
make it work, break even on 9 to 5's Cigarettes and
lotto tickets, tryna keep that grind alive All my uncles,
they hit the casino when they get they check My
cousins, they paint they [?] to get respect This can't be
life, dominoes and [?] dro and twenty stacks [?] [?]
Rest In Peace to SKUMMY this reality not funny rap! You
think it's funny till these youngings suck a bunny Pull
the jack rabbit out and get to screamin' where the
money at! [CHORUS] It ain't as easy as it looks, we go
through some shit You cut us a check, then we go
through some hits Then you show us respect, then we'll
say you legit And this is the life that I lead from AM to
PM I'm tryna get that cash, then watch how tall it grows
Soon as we get the ass, we start callin' 'em hos The
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