

## Lyrics by Third Eye Blind

### "3 in the Mornin'"

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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 squeezzin' 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

