

4 AM (feat. Travis Scott)

2 Chainz

Yeah, yeah, yeah

M-M-M-Murda

Yeah, yeah

Damn right, bro 4 AM, I'm just gettin' started

For my birthday I threw me a surprise party

Reminisce 'bout the trap, playin' the first Carter

My life changed when I had my first daughter

Got my first quarter flippin' fifty-dollar slabs

My nigga lookin' at the bills, askin' you for half

Cut from a different cloth, take pride in results

Anytime she wanna dip I'm providin' the sauce

You on side of the boss, so you kind of the boss

You keep playin' with me, I end up signing your boss

Drop an EP on a nigga for the free-free on a nigga

Yeah you ZZ on a nigga, king like BB on you niggas

Ride with Champagne P

If it wasn't for the struggle then I wouldn't be me

Call me Deuce or Dos, anything but broke

Got my aim from the scope, got the game by the throat, damn!

Okay, you popped up on me by surprise (yeah, yeah)

You see I never took you for the poppin' type (straight up)

Damn, it's 4 AM so please believe the hype (its lit)

Hit the lights (yeah), I'm way over top

Pop it, flick it

Drop a pin, send a location (skrrt, skrrt)

I'ma pull up in that bullet-coupe spaceship (skrrt, skrrt)

Drop off a bag of some dangerous (yeah)

I'ma hit you, 4 AM, see if you make it (yeah) I dropped ColleGrove out the sky, ooh

In a group with the best rapper that's alive, ooh

Never turn my back on my slimes, ooh

I ain't wanna fuck the bitch but she was fine, ooh

Hold up baby, let me take my time, ooh

Hard to get some head and try to drive, ooh

Jumpin' out the cake and that's surprisin', ooh

Pickin' up the duffel bag like exercisin', ooh

Bought mama new house 'cause she deserve it, ooh

Practice makes perfect but nobody's perfect, ooh

Escobar is not open for service, ooh

Send you to doctor Miami for your surgery, ooh

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I'ma hit you, 4 AM, see if you make it (yeah)Ooh, Riccardo Tisci on the crewneck
Ooh, On a killin' rapper spree and nigga, you next
Ooh, they talkin', chillin', watchin' Netflix
Ooh, I used to trap and watch bootlegs
Ooh, I'm on my wave like a durag
Ooh, I see your boo, now where your crew at?
Ooh, talkin' tequila for the pipe-up
Ooh, I hope you got a clean vagina, yeah
Drench god, drench god, really
Represent and we the squad, really
Tec got the Rollie, now I get it
I used to sell drugs for a living
Got me a job sellin' records
Had to use the jeweler for a reference
Might buy a truck with the extra
Might use the legs for a necklaceOkay, you popped up on me by surprise (yeah, yeah)
You see I never took you for the poppin' type (straight up)
Damn, it's 4 AM so please believe the hype (its lit)
Hit the lights (yeah), I'm way over top
Pop it, flick it
Drop a pin, send location (skrrt, skrrt)
I'ma pull up in that bullet-coupe spaceship (skrrt, skrrt)
Drop off a bag of some dangerous (yeah)
I'ma hit you, 4 AM, see if you make it (yeah)Don't stop trappin', boy
Got 'bout twelve racks this mornin'
Got 'bout twelve racks
Started last night, still goin'
Twelve racks strong
Got the pitbull in the corner, she pregnant
Got the crackhead in the corner, she pregnant
Everybody in here pregnant, 'cept my partner and them
But we gettin' this money though, I'm tellin' you that.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>