

Young Jeezy, 3 A.M.

(Intro: Timbaland)

Uh, ay, uh, ay, uh, ay, ay, ay
(mumbling) Here we go, here we go
Let's get it

(Verse 1: Young Jeezy)

It's Young Jizzle and I'm back with Timbo (whoa)
With another hit, ya still stuck in a limbo (damn)
An adlib here, and an adlib there (ay)
F**k it, adlibs everywhere (yeeeeeeeeah)
As I proceed to give ya what you need (need)
Spit tre drop, nigga cocoa leaves (leaves)
A-Town pimp, tell me what you know about it
Wanna talk white, I'll tell ya what I know about it (haha)
I'm on that Grey Goose, higher than a pelican (damn)
Sophomore year, but I spit it like a veteran (yup)
Gangsta, gangsta, you can tell by the swag (swag)
And it's fresh off the lot, you can tell by the tag, what's up?

(Chorus: Timbaland)

It's about three in the morning (ay)
Gotta leave with somethin hot 'cause a nigga horny (yeeeeeeah)
Now I'm in the parking lot, baby all over me (haha)
Ay, ay, wait a minute ha (let's go)
It's about three in the morning (ay)
Got my thang, cocked 'cause them boys they be on it (yeah)
Niggaz they be talkin but, they don't really want it (what ya say?)
Ay, ay, wait a minute ha (let's go)

(Verse 2: Young Jeezy)

The flow's so cold (yup) and I'm so cool (whoa)
Let a nigga try, I'mma act a damn fool (ay)
Got that will farrell, we call it old school
Then we mix it all up, call it Pro Tools (haha)
Serve em demo tracks (tracks) let em demo that (yeah)
All these bitches in the club, where the bad ones at? (huh)
She got a mean walk (walk) I got a big stick (yeah)
I see ya muggin homie, I got a full clip (yeeeeeeeeah)
See I master that, and then I mastered this
Then I bring it all back, I gotta master wrist
I was on dro (dro) and she was on Hen (Hen)
She was on her, and I was zonin (let's get it)

(Chorus)

(Verse 3: Young Jeezy)

Verse three, I'm back to the basics (yup)
Fresh out the jeweler, came back with the bracelet (ay)
Blowing haze yea dogg I can taste it
Parked the 430 came back in a spaceship (damn)
And my whip game (game) is so sick mayne (yeah)
I double up everytime I flip mayne (whoa)
Birds by the flocks, clips in the glocks
Multi-platinum, still watchin for the cops (haha)
Ya girl keep sweating me, she staring at my rocks (rocks)
Me I'm gee'd up, grabbing on my...huh?
I walk it how I talk it, play it how I say it
Me and Timb on the track, but everybody play it

(Chorus)