

# 4am Flex

Tory Lanez

Tell me how you feel about a nigga  
Coming through on a 4am flex shawty  
We done came down off a mission now  
It's time for the 4 am flex shawty  
Link around 2 did the mission around 3  
You the 4 am flex shawty  
I'm on my way right now  
On this 4 am flex, yea  
You don't like flaw bitches  
I don't like hoe niggas  
We on some same shit  
I hit that smoke with ya  
I pour that 4 with ya  
You on the low  
Well yeah I'm on the low with ya  
Pick up and go get you  
I might just trust you enough to leave all my drugs  
And leave all of my dough with you  
I leave it all around 4am  
I just hit you up for the 4 am flex now  
I'm riding down the west end shawty and I'm about to make the left right now  
She live in Driftwood  
All of her fam is from Shoreham  
She knows to read if the lick good  
Shorty gon stick to the program  
I'll never, don't have no issues  
That how you know that I'm with you  
She so official that she will get the pot  
And she'll throw her own 4 in the mixture  
Pull up to the function on 4s  
Like a nigga had 2 plus 2 on the wheels nigga  
I'ma keep it real with ya friends  
I need you plus you plus you on my deal shawty  
All up at the 4 am flex  
Cause the 3am ain't really go good on the real shawty  
4am flex and I'm watching for the cops  
And I put that on the hood shawty  
Come on my nigga, shut up my nigga you gon wake this nigga up  
Ayo my nigga, I'm trying  
Shit, my nigga put the shit in the bag, let's go  
Let's go  
Ay shit, yo yo yo yo yo yo, I think this nigga waking up

Oh fuck oh shit  
Ayo who the fuck is that in my house  
Shit, go out the front door, go out the front door  
Let's go, run to the car, run to the car, run to the car  
\*Shots busting\*

Part II

My homie watched me pull off the corner  
Inside of an old Hona Accord  
The feeling felt like a torture  
The nigga that we just robbed popped one in his shoulder  
It led to me pulling over, to checking and telling him dawg  
Just take the passenger seat and I'll hit the road  
Cause it's way too many police out here to feel like we low  
My back windshield broke and the driver seat soaked  
From the blood that was previously leaking from his coat  
We switch sides while I put this shit to drive  
At 80 some odd miles, I'm shiftin the gear to 5  
Hopin' that them 5-0 pigs don't see the ride  
Cause normally I ain't scared, but tonight there's fear in my eyes  
My phone blingin' cause my girl at home clingin'  
And unaware of the problem this night on the road bringin'  
Then I pick up the phone and tell her I'm speedin' home  
As soon as I drop my dawg at the emergence room

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>