

Santana F/ Everlast

"Catch Em In the Mornin"

Visit "[Catch Em In the Mornin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Jayo Felony]

One Shot€¡Kill, Yeah! Up in the morning (up in the mornin)

Serve the whole Roc-A-Fela camp like this here (killa! killa!)

All the money in the world couldn't save y'all from the sad whoopin (let's get it ridin)

Keep shadow boxing and practicin

But it aint gon help ya

Cus it's all natural, keep all terrain

They wonder where did I get the heart to check ya, neglect ya

Don't get caught up in my set no Roc-A-Fella diserspecta

It's on and ain't no turnin back, I bang while I'm telling this

I'm about to put hit out in a form while I'm using my alias

I keep but by then, SD we ride in

Got 'em woderin how ya One Shot Kill just slide in

I'm like mama feel me, just look at what I did

Help Beanie and Memphis Bleek over on Coronado Bridge

And y'all both supposed to be deceased before the police come and find me

Got your own homies screamin, "Bullet Loc we love that money"

No advantage by distributing now we get the same cash

For my skills, I kidnapped Amil in bang dash

Caught up Russle Simmons, quickly collected my ransom

Put a straight jacket on me cuz I'm throwin a tantrum

Me and my Dulo gangbangas ride-ride and smash

You can sign Daz and Kurupt I'm still gon bust on yo ass

[Hook](2x)

Y'all better tell Jay-Z I catch 'em in the mornin

Loco Recordship and platinum Roc-A-Fella is gon then

Call up my hood if it's on, it's on then
Y'all been perpetratin cheese, y'all the wrong men

[Jayo Felony]

They skip to this and hop
They crip to this and drop
They top and pop they collas
Homies in Impalas
Yeah she look like a dime but hotta than a hot model
But she always bring her smoke and her own bottle
I fear nothing to keep
Comin with heat I hit the street
Enemy goals come at me foul
I bust 'em in they bowels
It's nothing to slay my comp, but do away with these
scrubs
Carry "SD" on my shoulders, money, diamonds and
drugs
They go from broke and don't get choked out, let my
locs out
Dulo gang rida doped out, with a smoke out
I'm like Tyson, man I make you all start singin then
retire
I cuss like Richard Pryor, voice strong as a choir
I'm in a rage ridin for life and Roc-A-Fella can't calm me
Instead trying of building an army why they tryin to
disarm me?
But I'm still laughin while I got 'em duckin and runnin
Don't get scared now the new album Crip Hop comin

[Hook](2x)

Y'all better tell Jay-Z I catch 'em in the mornin
Loco Recordship and platinum Roc-A-Fella is gon then
Call up my hood if it's on, it's on then
Y'all been perpetratin cheese, y'all the wrong men

[Jayo Felony]

I'm all up in NYC this NAC
Saw a fat girl named Beanie up in MTV
What's happenin cuz, what up money?
This fo we crip Piiiiimp, 'fore I blink this nigga dip
I expect that ho like you've been known to run off
I would of took flight if you would have sneezed or
cough
And the females that was wit it was like "Money was
scared yo"
Cus they all know Bullet Loc from the big 4-0
Talkin about on Sunset he runs sets
I'm like cuz, it ain't one set on Sunset, what the hell is
that?
Y'all singin about "Changin the Game"

I'ma have you changin ya name
Cuz, get back before I pop ya brains
Always mean what I say, and I stay Blued Up!
You make 9 songs in 2 days and still can't fade "Trued
Up"
Come and see a real rida on yo block is where I pot at
You can't even rock Marcy without getting shot at
And that's that!

Visit [Santana F/ Everlast](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.