

Zion I "In The Mornin (Part II)"

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Chorus:

(Ahhh In the mornin
Keep on working my job
Every cent
Ahhh In the mornin
Keep on my working job
Every cent)

Fresh off the foot of the bed
I move slow
Ain't no one awake
That's why I tiptoe
Gotta keek flip go
We racin to get told
Gotta be like a baker
(In basic the stagnole?)
Cheese like im crazy
Gotta bring back home
Gotta feed all the babies
My neighbourhood said so
Takin (?) my mother my sisters my brothers
When we all okay then we say lets go
Early bird get the worm
Mama said dat tho
Hit the block wearin sock
Neighbour got no drawer
Liquor store where they go
See em drown in the O
Gold bottle in the road
Crush it under my floor
Concrete feel the heat
All up under my feet
Like the devil underneath
Keepin beef to a beat
Keep a couple good versus
From the book of the lord
And my memories stored
Like my gun in the floor
(chorus)

We hustle and we grind

Precision at all times
Program for the prison
So we used to the dyin
Ders a gang of young crips
GÃfÃçâ, ÑÂ™ s who donÃfÃçâ, ÑÂ™ t trip
And a couple young gunners
Quick to empty the clip
DonÃfÃçâ, ÑÂ™ t forget about the cryin
Though we numb to the pain
At the church askin why
IÃfÃçâ, ÑÂ™ m going through it again
Death runnin through the streets
You can call the police
If you wanÃfÃçâ, ÑÂ™ t a rent a cop
ThatÃfÃçâ, ÑÂ™ s controlled by the beat
At your mamas front door
Askin questions and such
Either way weÃfÃçâ, ÑÂ™ re still fucked
Trouble bubblin up
From the bottom to the top
Top to the bottom
Pushes and puppets
Every government got em
Feelin like itÃfÃçâ, ÑÂ™ s solomn
Maybe itÃfÃçâ, ÑÂ™ s gomorrah
CouldnÃfÃçâ, ÑÂ™ t find a job
Now weÃfÃçâ, ÑÂ™ re sure to be poorer
Headin for the border
TheyÃfÃçâ, ÑÂ™ re puttin up a wall
The last will be first
At the end of it all

(chorus)

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