

## **Weeknd, The "The Morning"**

Visit "[The Morning](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Verse 1)

From the morning to the evening  
Complains from the tenants  
Got the walls kicking  
like they six months pregnant  
Drinking Alize with our cereal for breakfast  
Girls calling cabs at dawn quarter to seven  
Sky's getting cold  
we flying from the north  
Rocking with our city like a sold out show  
House full of hoes  
that specialize in that hallway  
Make that money rain  
as they taking off they clothes  
Order plane tickets  
Cali is the mission  
Visit every month  
like I'm split life living  
Let the world listen  
if our haters caught slipping  
Then my niggas stay tight  
Got my bad life pimpin  
fast life gripping  
Yeah we still tipping  
Codeine cups paint a picture so vivid  
Face try to mimic  
get girls timid  
But behind closed doors  
they get holds so rigid

Chorus

All that money, the money is their motive  
All that money, the money is their motive  
All that money, the money she be folding  
Girl put in work, girl girl put in work (x3)

Verse 2

Push it to the limit  
push it through the pain  
I push it for the pleasure  
like a virgin to the game

A virgin to that money  
a virgin to the fame  
So this my only chance  
so when I'm over only pray  
That I flow from the bottom  
closer to the top  
The higher that I climb  
the harder Imma drop  
These pussy ass niggas  
trying to hold on to their credits  
So I tell em use a debit  
watch they image start to lessen  
I want em like discretion  
why these niggas testing  
Always fucking testing  
why these niggas testing  
Shit that I got em on  
straight bar hopping  
to the music of the ambiance  
Get shit poppin, zombies of the night  
Niggas ain't talking if they hyping to the crew  
get it in like pockets  
Downtown loving  
when the moon coming  
Only place to find base  
hands and high women

Chorus

Verse 3

Better slow down  
she'll feel it in the morning  
Ain't the kind of girl  
you'll be seeing in the morning  
Too damn raw  
ain't no nigga worth her holding  
Ain't no nigga that she holding  
man her love is too damn foreign  
Look at all that money  
the money is the motive  
All that money  
the money she be folding  
Girl put in work  
girl girl put in work  
Girl put in work  
girl girl put in work

(chorus)

