

Kanye West "The Morning"

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[Intro]

Stutterin'

Givin'em rest and makin' love again

In my best I be the run again

And I have the man dem stutterin'

[Hook: D'banj]

I'm getting this nigga in the morning

He gon' think he been chiefin just too long when

He see me in the evenin'

Want to catch all these feelin

Well let me be the first to get mine

[Verse 1: Raekwon]

Ay yo, ay yo, barbeque and blow in the back of the crib

Sittin'™ and countin'™, smoking a spliff, this

shit™ s a gift

All my niggas watches is rough

Grabbing our crotches yelling "What

up?"™

The jeans cost \$500? Fuck

Stop it, keep baking, see, the smell it™ s a statement

One freeze of this shit, you won™ t feel your legs kid

I™ m a gangsta corporate hustla, my voice is

illustrious

Hounded by vicious dons, nigga we armed, trust me

bruh

They yellin' Chef, kill the plate with the cooks

I say 'Ye with 2 Chainz on, we Common, let's Push

Burn another bush, then burn another we brothers

Love us or not, the Mark Zuckerbergs of the block

Hug a knot, staying rich, we was built for the guap

Park the green six deuce on the deuce just props

Rock a kilt, mean Glock I™ m all machinery, ock

Cling to me, now see how the scenery rock?

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Common]

I was born by a late chicken shack and a church

That mean the flow got wings and it come from the dirt

Golly, I know she wanna test the "Rari

Eye on a dollar like Illuminati

Life is foggy, tryin'™ to see through the mist of it

Could have been livin'™ it, you was Mrs. Mischievous

This is just a letter to better your development

Situation delicate

[Verse 3: Pusha T]

Some claim God body, blame Illuminati
All cause his pockets now knotty as his hair
Yeah

All Sonny no Cher, only solitaires
You clusterfucks could cluster up
On tippy-toe and still not muster up so its
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
In God we trust, the game is all us
Tilâ€™™ the sky calls or its flames on us
Push

[Hook]

[Verse 4: 2 Chainz]

2 Chainz

lâ€™™ m chillinâ€™™ in my camo, flippinâ€™™ through the
channel
On my G.O.O.D. Music shit, my logoâ€™™ s a Lambo
(damn)

Four doors of ammo

Ammunition lâ€™™ m pitchinâ€™™ to make your body
switch another position

[Verse 5: CyHi da Prynce]

I hope the people is listening
I could never sell my soul, I gave it back to God at my
christening
Its tickelinâ€™™ when I hear what haters be
whisperinâ€™™
What makes you think an Illuminati would ever let some
niggas in?
Fake friends and siblings, like to wish you well but
ainâ€™™ t never flip the nickel in
Haters wanna pull they pistol when they see me in this
race car

But you canâ€™™ t spell war without an A-R

15 I was pushing carts at K-Mart

By 21 they said lâ€™™ d be inside a graveyard

Canâ€™™ t wait to get that black American Express

So I can show them white folks how to really pull the
race card

[Break: Dâ€™™ banj (Kanye West, Kid Cudi)]

Yeah, you feelinâ€™™ on top now, getting that money
nigga?

(You sold your soul)

Yeah, you feelinâ€™™ on top now, getting that money
nigga?

(You sold your soul)

Yeah, you feelinâ€™™ on top now, getting that money
nigga?

(Naw man, mad people was frontinâ€™™

Aw man, made something from nothing)

[Outro: Kanye West]

I treat the label like money from my shows

G.O.O.D. wouldâ€™ve been God except I added more
oâ€™s

If I knew she was cheatinâ€™ Iâ€™d stillâ€™ve bought
her more clothes

â€™Cause I was too busy with my Baltimore- you know

Some people call that the art of war you know

I guess it depends what you fallinâ€™ for

The clothes, cars, money, girls and the clothes

Aw money, you sold your soul

Nah man, mad people was frontinâ€™

God damn, we made something from nothing

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