

Black Ceezar

"Early This Morning"

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(Early This Morning) I wipe out the eye boogers
I put my
Life on pause
Give myself a stretch, a morning yawning
Outside storming
Can it be a warning
Or a description of the life living. Still got a sharp mind
decent shape torso
Tainted lost soul
Phone filled wit numbers of chicks that keep a car load
Of baggage
But Iâ'm an addict
For phat asses
And you can't have one without the other, depending
on who you asking
Moved to KC thinking a change was good
A nickel later my view on so much shit changed for
good
Stare in the mirror, I view an old friend
Barely know him
Barely hold any resemblance to this new man
You can tell they are related but they different
You can feel the difference
Sometimes I gotta ask who is this man
(Early This Morning) I wipe the cold out my eyes
It's cold outside
And the raindrops pounding on the window
Got an innuendo
The soul of a tortured artists is so influential
I can spirits of my love ones when the wind blow
They tellin me to reconnect wit my kinfolk
Iâ'm askin can you tell me what Iâ'm here fo
No response
Iâ'm responsible
For my own actions, so I respond
The only way I know how
I got my know
From the hood so you know I know about
What to do and what not to
Not to
Get it confused but my options look the same so how is
it optional

Can this all be an optical illusion?
Obstacles confusing
My movement
Moving
In slow mo
In the fastlane is a no no
But there's no road
To go slow
And cautious in
So I make a conscious effort to move cautiously
(Early This Moring)

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