

G.O.O.D. Music

"The Morning"

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[Intro: D'banj]

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 lake, 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 it's
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
In God we trust, the game is all us
Til' the sky calls or it's flames on us
Push

[Hook]

[Verse 4: 2 Chainz]

2 Chainz
I'm chillin' in my camo, flippin' through the channel
On my G.O.O.D. Music shit, my logo's a Lambo (damn)
Four doors of ammo
Ammunition I'm pitchin' 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
It's tickelin' when I hear what haters be whisperin'
What makes you think an Illuminati would ever let some
niggas in?
Fake friends and siblings, like to wish you well but ain't
never flip the nickel in
Haters wanna pull they pistol when they see me in this
race car
But you can't spell war without an A-R
15 I was pushing carts at K-Mart
By 21 they said I'd be inside a graveyard
Can't wait to get that black American Express
So I can show them white folks how to really pull the
race card

[Break: D'banj (Kanye West, Kid Cudi)]

Yeah, you feelin' on top now, getting that money
nigga?
(You sold your soul)
Yeah, you feelin' on top now, getting that money
nigga?
(You sold your soul)

Yeah, you feelin' on top now, getting that money
nigga?
(Naw man, mad people was frontin'
Aw man, made something from nothing)

[Outro: Kanye West]

I treat the label like money from my shows
G.O.O.D. would've been God except I added more o's
If I knew she was cheatin' I'd still've bought her more
clothes
'Cause I was too busy with my bottom whore- you know
Some people call that the art of war you know
I guess it depends what you fallin' for
The clothes, cars, money, girls and the clothes
Aw money, you sold your soul
Nah man, mad people was frontin'
God damn, we made something from nothing

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