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## Raekwon "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]

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

## [Hook]

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 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 Its 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 Baltimore- 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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