

## **Black Eyed Peas F/ Chali 2na**

### **"Leave This Morning"**

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[Intro - Big V]

I like that, Saadiq you a fool man  
Come out to the West Coast more often  
Aww it sounds good, ooooh  
What was you talkin about? Yeah

[Chorus 2x - Raphael Saadiq]

I got to leeeave here this mornin, ah  
I got to go to work, I got to go to work  
Cause I got a job to do, I got a job to do

[Skinny Deville]

I'm up early in the mornin 'fore the rooster gets to  
yawnin  
Last night The House of Blues was jumpin, Nappy Roots  
was on it  
Good God almighty, drank too much, I'm bout to throw  
up  
Grandma got me hollerin damn (?)  
It's 6:30 live and callin, tellin Prophet roll up  
It's a trip to Sunset Strip and not we off to Oakland  
Cal-i-forn-i-a got me caught up in the moment  
I be back in like a couple of days is what I told my  
woman

[Scales]

Yo aight  
Take me a second to breathe and let stress go  
Walk out, grab my paper and wave next do'  
Take me a shower, get dressed and do a quick pass  
Say me a prayer 'fore I leave so I can get back  
It's easy like Sunday mornings with a six pack  
Monday I'm back on the road and I respect that  
Gotta go break a little bread for some improvements  
Gotta go share with the world this new movement  
I'm gone

[Chorus]

[B. Stille]

(Whoooo!) That's what it felt like

Gut tight, last night, barely slept right  
Just couldn't wait to get up this mornin  
Hugged the kids, kissed my woman  
I love performin, shit, hate the tourin  
But daddy gotta go make that money, baby  
Pray for me while I'm away and when I get paid  
We can get carried away, is that ok? Baby

[Ron Clutch]

I told you how I made a dollar, out a dime and a nickel  
Blue collar, gotta grind on instrumentals  
See my, pencil and pad has me punchin the clock  
I put in, time and a half, skip lunch, I can't stop  
I gotta start somethin  
Started with nothin but hard at some hustlin  
Girl, I'm gettin sick and tired of fussin  
I'm sorry, it's hardly enough time for lovin  
But baby you know the time is comin (yeah)

[Chorus]

[Big V]

One drink at the bar, led to the dance flo'  
She was lookin at me, dancin soul G, names no need  
Felt the way that I was feelin  
Waffle house immediately, now we at the house chillin  
Back rub, I was tense, y'all know where it went  
Patio in the rain, car hood, the kitchen sink  
Layin in the bed now, pillow talk all night  
Gotta hit the studio, I'll be back tomorrow night

[R. Prophet]

How many ladies in the mornin wake up lonely?  
Love rough sex, baby screamin, "Put it on me"  
But when your man ain't around you call his homie  
How many times I gotta be him nigga? Owe me  
I follow my lines and take your panties off slowly  
Makin it hot like Cash Money flashin Roleys  
You tell me to stop but I'm rockin, steady growin  
If your man knock I'm on the job and not goin

[Chorus 4x]

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