

Caf? Tacuba

"Good Morning"

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Homeless cardboard cribs, cops shoot civilians
Vendors rap stars wall street billions
Donald Trump shotgun pumps illegal store fronts
Dollar fifty dutches, af one's and dunks
Skyscrapes planes hit 'em army in the subway
High risk orange alert everyday
My click is a clip that spits in glock land
Walk like I'm from the hood, hair like and indie rock
band
Throw fits then pitch from hammers blow lungs up
Before Onyx was telling me to throw them guns up
My style was sick and homeless freezing and stuck
'Till Def Jux stuffed them gees in the cup
Now It's the season to fuck shit, piss in the morning
flicker
Lights in your head and earn my explicit warning
stickers
NY on the fitted shines from the brain inside
So I don't need a Yankee on for a New York frame of
mind

I'm trained in the dirt, I strain to be heard
The fame of the words alive in my city
Stray from the herd I say what I learned
Painfully burned alive my city
Aim for the dirt, claimin the earth, danger alert
Alive in my city
Though the same that desert, I remain when they
Mirk, claim a grain of the worth in my city

Knocked up Jux, they had a monster I'm TV on the
street
In the cabbage patch with premies on my feet
I got a New York bop itchy index like a New York cop
Sick in whichever city my tour stops
So by the time I get home, I'll have spread so much
enjoyment
I'll create the vaccine, then destroy it
I pull immaculate concepts from thin air
Implemented by the listener to learn until I get there
I'm most alive from one to five

In the morning Thursday's KCR gave birth to
weatherman, then died
Homeland security advisory system won't work
Until the danger rainbow jumps into red alert
Divide quickly, a few can ride with me when martial law
hits
Pack up the whip and hide with me
Until the eve of destruction paints a town black
And anarchy ensues you'll have the soundtrack

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