

# The Morning

Raekwon, Pusha T, Common, 2 Chainz, Cyhi The Prynce, Kid  
Cudi & 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' 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  
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 yo?  
I was born by a late 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  
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  
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  
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  
Can't wait to get that black American Express  
So I can show them white folks how to really pull the race card  
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)  
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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