

# The Morning (Abstract Magic Remix)

## The Weeknd

From the morning to the evening  
Complaints from the tenants  
Got the walls kicking like they six months pregnant  
Drinking Alize with our cereal for breakfast  
Girls calling cabs at dawn quarter to seven  
Sky's getting cold, we flying from the north  
Rocking with our city like a sold out show  
House full of hoes that specialize into hoe-in  
Make that money rain as they taking off they clothes  
Order plane tickets, Cali is the mission  
Visit every month like I'm split life living  
Let the world listen if our haters caught slipping  
Then my niggas stay tight  
Got my back like Pippen, fast life gripping  
Yeah we still tipping  
Codeine cups paint a picture so vivid  
Face try to mimic, get girls timid  
But behind closed doors they get poles so rigid  
All that money, the money is the motive  
All that money, the money she be folding  
Girl put in work, girl girl put in work  
Girl put in work, girl girl put in work  
Girl put in work Push it to the limit, push it through the pain  
I push it for the pleasure like a virgin to the game  
A virgin to that money, a virgin to the fame  
So this my only chance so when I'm over only pray  
That I flow from the bottom, closer to the top  
The higher that I climb, the harder I'ma drop  
These pussy ass niggas trying to hold on to their credits  
So I tell em use a debit watch they image start to lessen  
I wanna 'em like discretion, why these niggas testing  
Always fucking testing, why these niggas testing  
Shit that I got 'em on, straight bar hopping to the music of the ambiance  
Get shit poppin', zombies of the night  
Niggas ain't talking if they hyping to the crew, get it in like pockets  
Downtown loving, when the moon coming  
Only place to find base heads and high women  
All that money, the money is the motive  
All that money, the money is the motive  
All that money, the money she be folding

Girl put in work, girl girl put in work  
Girl put in work, girl girl put in work  
Girl put in work Better slow down, she'll feel it in the morning  
Ain't the kind of girl you'll be seeing in the morning  
Too damn raw ain't no nigga worth her holding  
Ain't no nigga that she holding man her love is too damn foreign  
Look at all that money, the money is the motive  
All that money, the money she be folding  
Girl put in work, girl girl put in work  
Girl put in work, girl girl put in work All that money, the money is the motive  
All that money, the money is the motive  
All that money, the money she be folding  
Girl put in work, girl girl put in work  
Girl put in work, girl girl put in work  
Girl put in work

Songwriters

ABEL TESFAYE, MARTIN DANIEL MCKINNEY, CARLO MONTAGNESE Published by  
Lyrics © Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Peermusic Publishing, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song  
Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>