

Celebrate (feat. Talib Kweli & Lil Wayne)

Mack Maine

Young Moolah baby
Happy music, happy people
Happy people
Everything is alright
Everything is alright[Chorus]
Pop a bottle and celebrate
We made it to a new day
Pop a bottle and celebrate
We done made it to a new day
Oh I take a hit and just elevate
'Cause today will be a good day
I got my mind right, money right, ready for warHey! - blow the horns on 'em
The sun is out, it's a brand new day and it just dawned on 'em
The smoke in here got 'em floating just like in salt water
And break is fast, we got it cooking just like a short order
Go feed the hands birds cover the cheetah print
A jungle out there and the jail is the zoo that keep us in
Players in gators is crazy, we feel the need to rock 'em
Furs coming in all different colors like PETA got 'em
Killing yourself for a salary
Look ya line flatter than stomachs of the women that's running, watching them calories
Hope that we linking, we smoking and drinking casually
'Cause life without living ain't nothing but a fallacy[Chorus]Say, who's that peekin' in my window?
Is that sunshine? Is that one time?
Let that sun shine through my living room
Hospitality is what I'm giving you
Harsh reality is what I've been through
But I'm not alone, ask her and him too
And they shall tell ya, ain't nothin' better
Than the smell of a new day
I know the ocean runs dry and the sky gets dark
And ya don't see what He's trying to show ya
And I know the wall may seem tall
But if we help each other I guarantee we get over
And once I'm over, I'll reach back for my brother
And pull him over as well
Keep our heads high and our noses wide open
Hopin' for that new day smell[Chorus]Yea homie, I been? since I was 16
To tell 'em what I'm 'bout to tell 'em

So I need more than a 16
See I'm the only son of Mary and Joe
So I gotta fulfill my purpose 'fore I'm buried, ya know
My momma say she having visions of me being a missionary
And the hood looking at me as a walking visionary
So I sit back and wonder will I ever have my time to shine
And die like Pac in his prime
Or will I go out like Len Bias and OD before the tryouts
No teller no reaper no buyout
I'm good, I pray for a head to protect ya
And I gotta walk the streets with the heat as my protection
Still gotta watch my back, still watch my front home
'Cause I seen a lot of n-ggas die with they gun on
So with that in mind, I just get higher
And pray to the higher Messiah, I'm no liar
And they say that puffing the fire f-cks with your memory
But I got a lot of stuff that I don't wan' remember see
Like when my homie ivin died
I like how I never seen a man cry 'til I seen Lance died
Never seen my pops cry 'til I seen my Grams died
And I'm here to tell him that I miss my Grams too
And I wish I could hug her for mothers day too
And I feel the same way that you do
But we gotta still move on so she can just smile down on us
And I don't want the Lord to ever frown down on us
I know that they really got power in a gun
But I also know that they got power in a tongue
So every time I speak, look I try to speak life
Y'all tweaking for broads, I tweak life
They said I was s'posed to die as a fetus
My momma said I bind that Devil in the name of Jesus
So now I'm here just to talk to y'all
Come and stroll with me homie, let me walk wit' y'all
Ten million ways to die so I chose
To get my life right by the end of the road
'Fore my body in a casket and I'm stiff and froze
'Fore I'm laying in a morgue with a tag on my toes
I'm here to tell you take heed to the warnings
School shootings, hurricanes, and global warming
Open ya Bibles up with no hesitation
BC was the Genesis, this is Revelations
So you better pick your destination
Tomorrow ain't promised, better pick your destination
Rest in peace B Spencer, rest in peace?
Shit could be worse so I'm feeling like Weezy

I wake up in the morning, take a piss, and wash my hands
Take a knee and thank the Man and leave my life in God's hands, yea! [Chorus]

Songwriters

CARTER, SHAWN / LEEPER, IMSOMIE / GAITHER, TODD ERIC / BYER, MALCOLM SELWYN / MC
CLARY, THOMAS / HUDSON, HAROLD / DAVIS, LARRY JAMES
Published by
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>