

This Morning (feat. Anesha Birchett)

Derek Minor

I woke up this morning like
What I gotta worry 'bout? God got me
I woke up this morning like
What I gotta worry 'bout? God got me Uh, cold in my eyes, breath stankin'
Had a dream I was still in my '89 Lincoln, yeah
Woke up, told God I was tryna change the world
He said, "Boy, whatchu need? Whatchu thinkin'? (I got it)"
I said, "I need to choose"
He said, "Check your email"
I had a beat there from JuiceBangers
That'll work for some inspiration
808s all like a hockey player
He said, "Go ahead, it's time to shine now"
I'm in your corner like timeout
Let the haters go and sleep sound
They gon' smell the Folgers when you grind out
And, Lord, please forgive me I have envy in my heart
Knowing I'm really Your son, wishing I was just a star
That was when I was selling mixtapes for gas in my car
How dare I look at what I got and say that You ain't gave it all
Know the universe all in Your hands,
But I got ambition the size of a planet
Plus, I'm unqualified like Michael Scott in The Office
But somehow I manage, uh
Why would I panic?
Woke up right out of a casket
This time we 'bout to do damage
He got it covered like bandage
We in like all of my bandits
RMG at it
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What I gotta worry 'bout? God got me I done gave it all to Jesus, but sometime I try to keep it
I done came up from the bottom, but I done rocked arenas

I'd kill the show, get off stage, and still feel like I'm worthless
Maybe I should quit the circus, maybe I forgot my purpose
That's that
See, I ain't tryna get down
But, boy, this life can kick you right into the ground
But I ain't afraid, no
Get up and try, day in, day out
Ooh
That's that dough
The kind that'll cook with you if you let it
The kind that'll kill you off at a murder scene
Get the yellow tape, there's another dream, yeah
We done came a long, long way
Yeah, I mean a long, long way
Cup of Kool-Aid, powdered eggs, fried bologna all on a plate
(all on a plate)
Went from ramen noodles to the real ramen,
Not the kind with the powder (with the powder!)
Now I'm taking mama, get filet mignon with the side of the chowder
(clam chowder!)
She deserve it
Worked a million hours, no off day
I want it all
So before I die I'm tryna make every week a vacay, yeah (make a vacay!)
And if I lose it all, I can't sell a record, know I'm okay, yeah (we good!)
'Cause God got me, yeah, God got me, boy, we okay, yeah (we okay!)
So I gotta get it
I can't be out here pretending like I ain't tryna win it (woo!)
Man, I talked a whole lot about faith, boy, now I'm tryna live it, yeah
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What I gotta worry 'bout? God got me
I woke up this morning like
What I gotta worry 'bout? God got me
I woke up this morning like
What I gotta worry 'bout? God got me Oh
I ain't gotta worry, no
Yeah