The Morning (Mike Gip 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 rigidAll 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 workPush 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 womenAll 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 workBetter 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
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All that money, the money is the motive
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Girl put in work

Songwriters
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