Good Morning

Kanye West

Uh, Good morningWake up, Mr. West, Mr. West, Mr. Fresh
Mr. by-his-self-he-so-impressed
I mean, damn, did you even see the test
You got D's motherfucker, D's, Rosie Perez
And yes, barely pass any and every class
Lookin' at every ass
Cheated on every test
I guess this is my dissertation
Homie, this shit is basic
Welcome to graduationGood morning
Good morning
Good morning
Good morningGood morningOn this day we become legendary
Everything we dreamed of
I'm like a fly Malcolm X
Buy any jeans necessary
Detroit wear cleaned up
From the streets of the league
From an eighth to a key
But you graduate when you make it up outta the streets
From the moments of pain
Look how far we done came
Haters sayin' ya changed
Now ya doin' ya thangGood morning
Good morningGood morning
Good morningGood morning
Look at the valedictorian scared of the future
While I hop in the Delorean
Scared-to-face-the-world complacent career student
Some people graduate, but we still stupid
They tell you read this, eat this, don't look around
Just peep this, preach us, teach us, Jesus
Okay, look up now, they done stole your streetness
After all of that, you receive thisGood morning
Hustlers, that's if you're still livin'
Get on down
Every time that we hear them
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