

Beautiful Morning

Little Brother

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Open my eyes to a new day, spreading my wings
Taking shots to the crown 'cause I'm going through things
Everybody got their hands out
Coattails getting heavy 'cause I'm living my dream I'm trying to school these young niggaz it ain't all what it seems
I still struggle just like you, and I still hustle just like you
But it just so happens that Big Pooh doing what he love to do
Get back on my work, 'cause I was penning on this piece last night That'll drive these niggaz berserk
Tiggalo hit me up, "Pooh its time to murk"
Throw on a pair of sweats, A-1's, white shirt
Headed back to the shop, back to the spot where the hits keep coming Stack them up like bricks, you can call me the mason of shit
Foundation has been rock solid no replacing, ya dig?
No replacing my nig, on everything that I live
We gonna let this bitch ride to our trains collide
Or we fall off track, and ain't no bringing me back
And everything that go for you the same applies to Pat 'Cause even though the birds ain't singin' and the sun ain't shinin'
It looks like a beautiful morning Each day's another chance to do the things I could've
Done the day before, but I didn't and I know I should've
So I say a prayer for the gone for gooders
Who left this world, then kiss my girl "Good mornin', shuga" Another sunrise, and as much as I would love
To roll over on you, I cannot do it because
The good Lord I prayed to him
And he said, "Niggaz is listening now" So I better have something to say to 'em
So I'mma tell 'em how it went down, man
Doin' shows for free goin' outta town, man
The way I almost broke down and, got a 9 to 5 'Cause I had more press than the soundscans
This is the price that I pay for this music
And every word that I write is a testament to it
And if I had to go back, I wouldn't change a thing Wouldn't re-cut it, re-edit, or change a frame
'Cause it would not be fair, to turn my back on the struggle

When that exact same hustle got me here
Told niggaz for the getup, we three the hard way And Broadway's the only place
You'll ever throw a set up
Speechless is all you'd be if we ever met up
I survived far to much now to ever let up, motherfucker 'Cause even though the birds ain't singin' and the sun
ain't shinin'
It looks like a beautiful morning

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