In The Morning

Streetwize

[J. Cole]Baby you summertime fine, I let you get on top, I be the underline
Im trying to get beside you like the number 9, dime
You fine as hell, I guess I met you for a reason, only time can tell
But well, Im wondering what type of shit you wantin'
Do you like the finer things or you a simple woman
Would you drink with a n-gga, do you smoke weed
Don't be ashamed, it aint no thing, I used to blow trees
Gettin lifted, I quit but sh-t, I might get high with you
Its only fitting cause Im looking super fly with you
A flower, you are powerful, you do something to me
cause girl I caught the vibe like you threw something to me
So i threw em back, now all my n-ggas hollerin, who was that
Oh boy, she bad n-gga, what you bout do with that
I'm finna take you home, just sip a little patron
Now we zonin', baby you so fine
[Chorus]And can I hit it in the morning
And can I hit it in the morning
And can I hit it in the morning
The sun rising while you moanin'
And can I hit it in the morning
And can I hit it in the morning
And can I hit it in the morning
The sun rising while you moanin'
[Drake]Uh, baby you winter time cold
The night is still young, drink dat dinner wine slow
I'm trying to make the goose bumps on your inner thigh show
I'll let you beat me there as far as finish lines go
Yeah, and if you gotta leave for work, I'll be right here in the same bed that you left me in

I love big women cause my aunt, she rode equestrian
I used to go to the stables and get those kids to bet me
And I would always ride the stallions whenever she let me
I'm joking, I mean that thing is poking
I mean you kinda like that girl that's in the US Open
I mean I got this hidden agenda that you provoking
I got bath water that you can soak in
Things I could do with lotion
Dont need a towel, we could dry off in the covers
And when you think you like it, I promise you gonna love it

Yeah, well lights coming through the drapes and we both yawning
I roll over and ask if..
[Chorus - Drake][J. Cole]Hey, hey, God Bless the child that can hold his own
God Bless the woman that can hold patron
God Bless the homegirl that drove us home
No strings attached, like a cordless phone
You see my intentions with you is clear
I'm learning not to judge a woman by the shit that she wears
Therefore, you shouldnt judge a n-gga off of the shit that you hear
Get all defensive, apprehensive, all because my career
To be fair, I know we barely know each other and yeah
Somehow I wound up in your bed so where we headin from here
Just say you're scared if you're scared but if you through frontin' we can do somethin
And you know just what Im talking about, tomorrow you'll be calling out
Cause tonight we getting right into the wee morn'
Cooking n-gga breakfast after sex is like a reward
Then I go my way and you think about me all day, thats just a warning
[Chorus][End]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/