The Morning

2 Chainz/Common/CyHi Da Prynce/D'banj/Kid Cudi/Pus

[Intro]Stutterin'
Givin'em rest and makin' love again
In my best I be the run again
And I have the man dem stutterin'
[Hook: D'banj]I'm getting this nigga in the morning
He gon' think he been chiefin just too long when
He see me in the evenin'
Want to catch all these feelin
Well let me be the first to get mine
[Verse 1: Raekwon]Ay yo, ay yo, barbeque and blow in the back of the crib
Sittin?and countin?, smoking a spliff, this shit?s a gift
All my niggas watches is rough
Grabbing our crotches yelling ??What up???
The jeans cost $500? Fuck
Stop it, keep baking, see, the smell it?s a statement
One freeze of this shit, you won?t feel your legs kid
I?m a gangsta corporate hustla, my voice is illustrious
Hounded by vicious dons, nigga we armed, trust me bruh
They yellin' Chef, kill the plate with the cooks
I say 'Ye with 2 Chainz on, we Common, let's Push
Burn another bush, then burn another we brothers
Love us or not, the Mark Zuckerbergs of the block
Hug a knot, staying rich, we was built for the guap
Park the green six deuce on the deuce just props
Rock a kilt, mean Glock I?m all machinery, ock
Cling to me, now see how the scenery rock?
[Hook][Verse 2: Common]I was born by a late chicken shack and a church
That mean the flow got wings and it come from the dirt
Golly, I know she wanna test the ?Rari
Eye on a dollar like Illuminati
Life is foggy, tryin? to see through the mist of it
Could have been livin? it, you was Mrs. Mischievous
This is just a letter to better your development
Situation delicate
[Verse 3: Pusha T]Some claim God body, blame Illuminati
All cause his pockets now knotty as his hair
Yeah
All Sonny no Cher, only solitaires

You clusterfucks could cluster up
On tippy-toe and still not muster up so its
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
In God we trust, the game is all us
Til? the sky calls or its flames on us
Push
[Hook][Verse 4: 2 Chainz]2 Chainz
I?m chillin? in my camo, flippin? through the channel
On my G.O.O.D. Music shit, my logo?s a Lambo (damn)
Four doors of ammo
Ammunition I?m pitchin? to make your body switch another position
[Verse 5: CyHi da Prynce]I hope the people is listening
I could never sell my soul, I gave it back to God at my christening
Its tickelin? when I hear what haters be whisperin?
What makes you think an Illuminati would ever let some niggas in?
Fake friends and siblings, like to wish you well but ain?t never flip the nickel in
Haters wanna pull they pistol when they see me in this race car
But you can?t spell war without an A-R
15 I was pushing carts at K-Mart
By 21 they said I?d be inside a graveyard
Can?t wait to get that black American Express
So I can show them white folks how to really pull the race card
[Break: D?banj (Kanye West, Kid Cudi)]Yeah, you feelin? on top now, getting that money nigga?
(You sold your soul)
Yeah, you feelin? on top now, getting that money nigga?
(You sold your soul)
Yeah, you feelin? on top now, getting that money nigga?
(Naw man, mad people was frontin?
Aw man, made something from nothing)
[Outro: Kanye West]I treat the label like money from my shows
G.O.O.D. would?ve been God except I added more o?s
If I knew she was cheatin? I?d still?ve bought her more clothes
?Cause I was too busy with my Baltimore- you know
Some people call that the art of war you know
I guess it depends what you fallin? for
The clothes,cars, money, girls and the clothes
Aw money, you sold your soul
Nah man, mad people was frontin?
God damn, we made something from nothing

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