

Leave This Morning

Nappy Roots

I like that, Saadiq you a fool man
Come out to the West Coast more often
Aw it sounds good, ooh
What was you talkin about
Yeah
[Chorus:]I got to leave here this mornin', ah
I got to go to work, I got to go to work
Cause I got a job to do, I got a job to do
[Chorus:]I'm up early in the mornin 'fore the rooster gets to yawnin
Last night The House of Blues was jumpin, Nappy Roots was on it
Good God almighty, drank too much, I'm bout to throw up
Grandma got me hollerin' damn
It's 6:30 live and callin', tellin' Prophet roll up
It's a trip to Sunset Strip and not we off to Oakland
Cal-I-forn-I-a got me caught up in the moment
I be back in like a couple of days is what I told my woman
Yo 'aight
Take me a second to breathe and let stress go
Walk out, grab my paper and wave next do'
Take me a shower, get dressed and do a quick pass
Say me a prayer 'fore I leave so I can get back
It's easy like Sunday mornings with a six pack
Monday I'm back on the road and I respect that
Gotta go break a little bread for some improvements
Gotta go share with the world this new movement
I'm gone
[Chorus](Woo) That's what it felt like
Gut tight, last night, barely slept right

Just couldn't wait to get up this mornin'
Hugged the kids, kissed my woman
I love performin', she hate the tourin'
But daddy gotta go make that money, baby
Pray for me while I'm away and when I get paid
We can get carried away, is that OK baby
I told you how I made a dollar, out a dime and a nickel
Blue collar, gotta grind on instrumentals
See my, pencil and pad has me punchin' the clock
I put in, time and a half, skip lunch, I can't stop

I gotta start somethin'
Started with nothin' but hard at some hustlin'
Girl, I'm gettin' sick and tired of fussin'
I'm sorry, there's hardly enough time for lovin'
But baby you know the time is comin' (Yeah)
[Chorus] One drink at the bar, led to the dance flo'
She was lookin' at me, dancin so G, names no need
Felt the way that I was feelin'
Waffle house immediately, now we at the house chillin'
Back rub, I was tense, y'all know where it went
Patio in the rain, car hood, the kitchen sink
Layin' in the bed now, pillow talk all night
Gotta hit the studio, I'll be back tomorrow night
How many ladies in the mornin wake up lonely
Love rough sex, baby screamin "Put it on me"
But when your man ain't around you call his homie
How many times I gotta be him nigga, owe me
I follow my lines and take your panties off slowly
Makin' it hot like Cash Money flashin Roleys
You tell me to stop but I'm rockin', steady growin'
If your man knock I'm on the job and not goin'
[Chorus x4]

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