

# Beautiful Morning

Little Brother

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 known 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