

Leave In The Morning

Felly

I gotta leave in the morning
I gotta leave, gotta leave, gotta leave, gotta leave in the morning
You believe what we started?
You believe, you believe, you believe, you believe what we started?

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Mic check, one-two, one-two
I'm rocking black like the red and blue
He finna stack to the black, all bulletproof
Making platinum, I'll blast off, bust a move
Little Max said she love me, I love you too
But that stress make you ugly, that black and blue
You know that light can be lovely, just let it through
While she sip from the bubbly, like "Yeah, that's true"
I'm like "Yeah, that's true"
Rap culture, shouts to rap culture
Keep the kid writing like he supposed to
And the blueprint ain't never how you wanna
But that's the point, you supposed to wander
And take yo' chance like its poker, dancing like polka
Antsy like groceries that's left over, pants be too [?], ten deep on my shoulder
Smoking on some of that learnt when you're older, fool
I don't play by the rules
I love getting money when I'm skipping on school
A few in the living room, like what a view
Seven-three to the end when you those twos
I hope the green don't get the blues
I beat the drum the drum and I speak the truth
Said here he comes and then there he goes
Cause it won't be long until the rooster crows
And I got to roll

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Ay, I banged Chanelle and she fine as hell
Pussy ain't even gotta smell
I light that herb and let my eyes swell
She took a hit and say she high as hell
I fuck with your real nigga shit
All we do is real nigga shit
She said, "I know, I'm a real bitch"
Nah, you a real nigga bitch
I could be your n-I-g-g-a
And we could get drunk and smoke weed all day

Roll it backward, we could steam all day
We could kick shit like Bruce Lee all day
And you look so good, wish I could mount you on my wall
Mona Lisa with better features
We could go and swipe a VISA for some pizza
Apple TV got the movies, we can screen 'em
Fresher than a fuckin' preacher on the day of Easter
And you could buy the bitch, we just tryna lease her
Baby girl, don't smoke too much
And when you give me brain I hope that you don't choke too much
And when I'm gone, I hope that you don't talk so much
And I'll be riding 'round the city as I hold that clutch
Damn, can you believe where we started
I'll stay for the night but baby girl I gotta leave, I gotta leave in the

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