

## Morning Shift

Lute

Fruity Pebbles in the morning with his daughter, she a star  
Reminiscing on the days when her mama had his heart  
See, ain't no time to dwell, it's like the people grow apart  
Spend all your time and thought then it's back to where you start

I can't comprehend what I cannot understand  
I'm only human, never defined by circumstance  
Fuck this rap façade, let's talk about real life  
How many of ya'll niggas real niggas in real life, rhetorical  
Partner but who are you to be judge, they dap you up, call it love  
Like, who the fuck can you trust?

Double edge with the blade, so you embrace for the cuts  
The sky is my words, like yo, my nigga, good luck  
"Hope to see you do well," translation hope that he fails  
Like fuck these niggas I'm ill, real recognize real  
Like fuck these niggas I'm here, headstone for these rappers  
I just might tat a tear

Trying to be to my city, perhaps what Cole to the Ville  
West Charlotte legend, ain't drop a tape in five years  
So redefine what's great, but he ain't got what it takes  
Your avatar got no face, you obviously can't relate  
But ain't shit in my way, I drop the top and I skate  
Cause we can die any day, so I'm just finding my place  
My daughter call like, "Why you leave me so late?"  
Ain't no road where daddy headed, so he paving a way  
But in your heart, I'm every step of the way  
Just let the record replay, to hear my voice every day that I'm gone

Face-time me, I'll sing you a song  
Face-time me 'cause you're never alone  
Before you know it, I'm home  
Another day, another dollar, we on

I say shackles on my feet can't hold me back (Hold me back)  
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