

Sunshine

Twista

When I wake up in the mornin' love,
And the sunlight hurts my eyes,
Then somethin' without warnin' love,
Bears heavy on my mind
Let's get them dollars, let's get this money

I keep my mind on my money, money on my mind,
I got my finger on the trigga', stayin' on the grind,
And when I wake up in the mornin', I gots to hit a lick,
Saw the two thousand and three Navi, on Sprees wit' a kit,
Soon as my eyes see the sunshine,
My thoughts is jukin' the block, and dodgin' the one time,
Peep how we movin' the rocks and wit' pounds of dro before I double my shit,
I can serve sixteen ounces for six and get back ninety-six,
A killa' for the skrilla', nigga', best not be stalkin',
I gots to get them bigga', figga's, fuck what you talkin',
I represent them nigga's ballin' wit' jewelry full of zickels,
Down to the nigga's chasin' million, their dreams servin' nickels,
And I know, one day, I'm gon' come up,
And when you see me, don't hate, that I rolled up,
Get paid whether you legit when you slang, or tippin' off 'cane,
Until I take a dip in the Range, I'm flippin' them thangs,
Gotta get that money man

It's a lovely day, just got paid,
Stack it up, be on my way,
It's lovely day, lovely day,
Lovely day,
It's a lovely day, just got paid,
Stack it up, be on my way,
Lovely day, lovely day,
Lovely day

A hustler's definition, is a hustler for scratch,
You serve a motherfucker, you serve him for that,
I'm makin' money off of verses when I spit 'em on tracks,
And if I ain't sellin' no records, I'm servin' them packs,
I got a, clip full of hollows, money makin's my motto,
Semi-auto and Marlboro's in the bottle, 'til I hit the lotto,
Wit' dreams of ownin' a records label, flippin' words,
My nigga' flippin' buildin's better than he was flippin' birds,
I got the, mentality and the motive I'm on a mission,
For the money, you can get it too, it's all about yo' ambition,
Play yo' position, provide the plans, and follow procedures,
In the six-hundred, blunted, wit' a pocket full of hundred's and Visa's,
Love, when I get that dust, hit 'em up, re-cock then I get back up,
Love, when I get that gig, get a crib, get a car when the grip stack up,
It's still in the evenin' if I'm sleepin' paper problems,
Soon as I get up it's just another day, another dollar
Gotta get that money man

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Got love for the corporate playa's that's ballin' rollin' jags,
Got love for the thug nigga's who get it on the ave.,
Love for those, who can make a mil' and sit back and laugh,
And love for the fine stripper's who get it poppin' ass,
Love for the single parents that's workin' through the struggle,
Love for those who gotta make a livin' movin' muscle,
Love for those who gotta watch the hater's rollin' bubbles,
Causin' trouble every time a young brotha' try to hustle,
And if I can't, legally make or not
Then I gotta get, right back on the block
And if it no work we do a stick-up and whip-up a concoction,
Might leave yo' face down in the dirt because hurtin's not an option
Gotta get that money man

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