

## **“Good Morning America”**

Lyrics by: RayWellz

Music by: Seth Marcel

(Chorus)

This the last time we'll ever see the streets like this  
Good morning America one last kiss for I take the game over hop out the Range Rova  
Jacob in the sky couple jets I'm fly  
The streets is ours the world is mine  
See I did what you did in like half the time  
If you get how I got then you gon have to shine  
I'm like T-Mobile minutes after nine

(Verse One)

You want a loan I want interest I can't give you a foot without inches  
Inch my way to the top good morning America  
Don't let these plaid shorts fool you I rule you  
It only gets betta the last time we'll ever see the streets like this  
I don't beef I discuss it over dinna right over the cornbread  
So we gon get more bread run for president but first I gotta runway from he  
And all that we use to be how we use to see  
Not a fear in the world we go laugh fa laugh don't be scared to have fun  
Yea I'm talk'n to you grandma and ya half son  
Anything I start never leave it half done  
I see the same moon sweat in the same June but now when I bling I light up the whole  
room  
I'm talk'n to soon at least I aint talk'n till noon  
Head down walk'n round doomed done get'n taller but I still gotta grow

(Chorus)

(Verse Two)

I went into my savings to save you this the thanks I get  
I feel unappreciated so eventually what we shared will depreciate  
There's only one way to alleviate I'm go'n out the front door  
I got what I came for one foot on the Range door  
Paid ya dues but you didn't get paid for now we go'n back to the contract  
I'ma try to contact a couple attorney's we live'n I'm in the ninth inning  
Bases loaded they load'n the base low and behold I pay you no mind  
I fell and got up with a mill homie I was dead I'm just glad to be here so chill  
Without figures try to figure it out you deliver'n doubt  
Straight out the local paper into the world you fuss'n like I'm into ya girl  
The dopest in the build'n the dope was in the build'n  
My hope is for the children in hopes of what they build'n feel me

(Chorus)

(Verse Three)

Homie it's a drought I'm the reason for condensation  
Ya'll get drunk I sip it in moderation use to be bored  
Now I'm in the middle chair of the boardroom a finabe on tour soon  
Make space for more room haters get x out you could get jumped in  
We aint got'a lump son but we need a lump sum a deposit of funds  
This is positive fun winter spring done  
Summer time is back so hop on my back  
I wanna hop on a train you wanna hop on a track  
You aint draw'n up papers you aint given me jack  
You aint got'a be royalty to know about royalties all my lawyers loyal "B"  
But how you like How Hugh you run'n ya mouth  
Haters here but we run'n um out I don't drive I get driven  
Summer time plenty fish in the see lets go fish'n

(Chorus)