

Morning Mourning

Styles P

"Is this it, Priest? The Pope's new army? A few crusty bitches and a handful of rag-tags?

Now, now, Bill...you swore this was a battle between warriors, not a bunch of Miss Nancies. So warriors is what I brought"

A cold heart and a hot slug is not love
Them boys'll pop up, leave you chopped up
There's a lot of pussy niggas, but it's not us
Got cuffed, why you think I'm frontin' in a drop truck
Grindin', I work real hard, it wasn't pot luck
'Lotta work in the pot, couple niggas was shot up
The glorifying times or the horrifying crimes
But the more I see the soft shit, the more that I'm inclined
To let the real niggas it's all about the shine
Let em get it in the sun, get your gun when the moon fall
Soon to tell the goons meet the Ghost by the pool hall
'Cause when the rules get lost, it's a fool's fault
Take a smart man to get in on the smooth course
Singin' you were never found by Lou Ross
Thinkin' can I live? Now the crib got two floors
Can't snooze off, nor take my shoes off
'Lotta niggas is rude, that shit'll throw your mood off
'Lotta niggas is cruel, tryna' cut your fuel off
Watch your ride die, no jump for you
They ain't pump you up but I bet you they got a pump for you
Right here he said he would dump for you
Then he went and left you for death, they on hunt for you
Maybe you just blind or maybe you just fine with gettin' lyin'
'Cause you pussy by design, what!

Mama told me to pray in the morning
I'm stuck here in the place tonight
God forbid we don't make it to the morning
In the rain that I could be found in my mom's eyes
See the pain and the while she moaning
Don't wait to pray 'til the morning
'Cause you may not make it home

Yeah, you die if you violate, eyes dilate
Knowing weed tryin' vibrate
Thirty-eight in my size nines win the tri-state
Swim with the sharks, you a killa or you live bait
Considered a titan although I'm only five-eight
Born in the jungle, made it out, I survived hate
Run with gorillas, bang my chest like I'm a primate
Consider me a land pirate that knows the pie rate Get lined without a ruler,
nine at your medulla for a lil' bit of moolah
Found his body chopped up in Mexico in the cooler
Right next to a shooter and his best friend
It ain't chess but they put him in, check then
If you know the math on the wrath, he is less than
From the south side, better hustle on the west end
Pain and the stress gonna kill you if it's kept in
Ghost nigga

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