

The Morning

The Weeknd

I'm fucking gone right now
I'm fucking gone right now
"Listen, listen" From the morning to the evening
Complaints from the tenants
Got the walls kicking
like they six months pregnant
Drinking Alize with our cereal for breakfast
Girls calling cabs at dawn quarter to seven
Sky's getting cold, we're flying from the north
Rocking with our city like a sold out show
House full of pros that specialize in the ho'in
Make that money rain as they taking off they clothes
Order plane tickets
Cali is the mission
Visit every month like I'm split life living
Let the world listen
If a hater's caught slipping
Then my niggas stay tight
Got my back like Pippen
Fast life gripping
Yeah, we still tippin'
Codeine cups paint a picture so vivid
Fakes try to mimic
Get girls timid
But behind closed doors they get poles so rigid All that money, the money is the motive
All that money, the money is the motive
All that money, the money she be folding Girl put in work, girl, girl put in work Girl put in
work, girl, girl put in work
Girl put in work Push it to the limit
Push it through the pain
I push it for the pleasure like a virgin to the game
A virgin to that money
A virgin to the fame
So this my only chance
And when I'm over only pray that I flow from the bottom
Closer to the top
The higher that I climb
The harder I'mma drop
These pussy ass niggas tryna hold on to their credit
So I tell them use a debit
Watch they image start to lessen
I warn them like discretion

Why these niggas testing?
Always fucking testing
Why these niggas testing?
Shit that I got them on straight bar hopping
To the music of the ambiance
Get shit popping
Zombies of the night
Niggas ain't talking if they hyping to the crew get it in like pockets
Downtown loving
When the moon coming
Only place to find baseheads and hot women
All that money, the money is the motive
All that money, the money is the motive
All that money, the money she be folding
Girl put in work, girl, girl put in work
Girl put in work, girl, girl put in work
Girl put in work
Better slow down
She'll feel it in the morning
Ain't the kind of girl you'll be seeing in the morning
Too damn raw ain't no nigga with her rollin
Ain't no nigga that she holding
Man, her love is too damn foreign
Look at all that money, the money is the motive
All that money, the money she be folding
Girl put in work, girl, girl put in work
Girl put in work, girl, girl put in work
All that money, the money is the motive
All that money, the money is the motive
All that money, the money she be folding
Girl put in work, girl, girl put in work
Girl put in work, girl, girl put in work
Girl put in work

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>