

# The Sun

Ghostface Killah

Good Morning, Good morning  
Time to get up  
Look at the sun so pretty today  
it's so bright, it's so smashing  
Lasting, helps out the grass and  
Smile when it's morning time  
Last night I wrote 3 rhymes, I woke up to see the sun shine  
If, God is my witness  
In scriptures and pictures  
The Sun kiss scrumptious son, it's Nutricious  
It makes me wanna climb  
Take a bite out of shine  
This little light of mine  
Yo, the son could never be pussy, He always come out  
He'll sit right there, even if you pull your gun out  
He can never run out, when the lights go out  
If your pants turn out, a herb head spun around  
I see Yellow and Green, It's a beautiful thing  
The sky's blue, 'cos the sun hit the water like "BING"  
A reflection (uh-huh) and that's all it is (word)  
You can't stare at him long, cos your face'll do like this

Look who's shining again  
(Oh My My MY)  
We've Been Rhyming again  
(Oh My My My)  
Ice be blinding the men  
(Oh My My My)  
We come through time and time again  
(Oh My My My)

Check out my nephew  
He jumped up in the window just to see you  
Look what he drew  
A car, house, always wants to be with you  
He's just as Jolly, He always begging me to let him see you  
I'm like "probably if you clean up, and read a little"  
You make people eyes glow  
You got the weather channel bugging and you stubborn when it snow  
You my mentor, Mothers name their Kids after you  
New slang, nothing personal, we knowin what you been through  
(Sun) You roll like, one in a million yo  
(Sun Sun) You always find like, one in a building yo  
We those babies from day one  
All I had was you on my birthday baby- think you owe me one  
The way the world look when you around  
Prisoners get out, look up, run at you and then kiss the ground  
You my favourite, I wish we had three more of you  
I adore you, plus I even go to the store for you

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I would die for a sun , can being richer and cruel  
Reachin a full 98, and got the kids in the pool  
Isn't it cool how it spreads joy, hons lay in it  
And it's hard to go back to work, when your lunch breaks finished  
? before, so it's a fact I support  
Feeling the warm sun rays, upon your back as you walk  
The heat-driven, A theory I plung to deep living is  
Souls have to go through the sun to reach Heaven  
And, sensing retreat, our souls badden the scene  
Madame believe, since dinosaurs, and Adam and Eve  
That Sun's hovered, to the extermination of us  
It's a peephole, which leads to the firmament above us

Who can take a raindrop  
And turn it to 3?  
And drawn up 6 miles, over tropical isles  
and bring it to the sea

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