

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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