

Good Morning

Kanye West

Good morning (4x)

Wake up, Mr. West, Mr. West, Mr. Fresh
Mr. by-his-self-he-so-impressed
I mean, damn, did you even see the test
You got D's mother fucker, D's, Rosie Perez
And yes, barely pass any and every class
Looking at every ass
Cheated on every test
I guess this is my dissertation
Homie, this shit is basic
Welcome to graduation

Good morning
Good morning
Good morning
Good morning

Good morning
On this day we become legendary
Everything we dreamed of
I'm like a fly Malcolm X
Buy any jeans necessary
Detroit wear cleaned up
From the streets of the league
From an eighth to a key
But you graduate when you make it up outta the streets
From the moments of pain
Look how far we done came
Haters saying ya changed
Now ya doing ya thing

Good morning
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Good morning

Good morning
Look at the valedictorian scared of the future
While I hop in the Delorean
Scared-to-face-the-world complacent career student
Some people graduate, but we still stupid
They tell you read this, eat this, don't look around
Just peep this, preach us, teach us, Jesus
Okay, look up now, they done stole your streetness
After all of that, you receive this

Good morning
Hustlers, that's if you're still living
Get on down
Every time that we hear them
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Get on down
Get, get on down
Get on down
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