

## Lovely day

Twista

When I wake up in the mornin' love,  
And the sunlight hurts my eyes,  
Then somethin' with out warnin' love,  
Bears heavy on my mind  
Let's get them dollars, Let's get this money

I keep my mind on my money, money on my mind,  
I got my finger on tha trigga, stayin' on tha grind,  
And when I wake up in the mornin', I got's to hit a lick,  
Saw the 2000 and 3 Navi, on Sprees wit' a kit,  
Soon as my eyes see tha sunshine,  
My thoughts is jukin' the block, and dodgin' the one time,  
Peep how we movin' the rocks and wit' pounds of dro before I double my shit,  
I can serve sixteen ounces for six and get back ninety-six,  
A killa for tha skrilla, Nigga, Best not be stalkin',  
I got's to get them bigga, figga's, fuck what you talkin',  
I represent them nigga's ballin' wit' jewelry full of zickels,  
Down to the nigga's chasin' million, their dreams' servin' nickels,  
And I know, one day, I'm gon' come up,  
And when you see me, don't hate, that I rolled up,  
Get paid whether you legit when you slang, or tippin' off 'cane,  
Until I take a dip in the Range, I'm flippin' them thangs,  
Gotta get that money man

It's a lovely day, just got paid,  
Stack it up, be on my way,  
It's Lovely day, lovely day,  
Lovely day, lovely day,  
It's a lovely day, just got paid,  
Stack it up, be on my way,  
Lovely day, lovely day,  
Lovely day

A hustler's definition, is a hustler for scratch,  
You serve a motherfucker, you serve him for that,  
I'm makin' money off of verses when I spit 'em on tracks,  
And if I ain't sellin' no records, I'm servin' them packs,  
I got a, clip full of hollows, money makin's my motto,  
Semi-auto and Marlboros in the bottle, 'til I hit the lotto,  
Wit' dreams of ownin' a records label, flippin' words,  
My nigga flippin' buildin's better than he was flippin' birds,  
I got tha, mentality and tha motive I'm on a mission,  
For tha money, you can get it too, it's all about yo ambition,  
Play yo position, provide the plans, and follow procedures,  
In tha six-hundred, blunted, wit' a pocket full of hundred's and Visa's,  
Love, when I get that dust, hit 'em up, re-cock then I get back up,  
Love, when I get that gig, get a crib, get a car when tha grip stack up,  
It's still in the evenin' if I'm sleepin' paper problems,  
Soon as I get up it's just another day, another dollar  
Gotta get that money man

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Got love for the corporate playas that's ballin' rollin' jags,  
Got love for the thug nigga's who get' it on tha ave.,  
Love for those, who can make a mil and sit back and laugh,  
And love for the fine stripper's who get it poppin' ass,  
Love for the single parent's that's workin' through the struggle,  
Love for those who gotta make a livin' movin' muscle,  
Love for those who gotta watch tha hater's rollin' bubbles,  
Causin' trouble every time a young brotha try to hustle,  
And if I can't, legally make or not  
Then I gotta get, right back on the block  
And if it no work we do a stick-up and whip-up a concoction,  
Might leave yo face down in the dirt because hurtin's not an option  
Gotta get that money man

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Lovely day, lovely day,  
Lovely day  
When I wake up in the mornin' love,  
And the sunlight hurts my eyes,  
Somethin' without warnin' love,  
Bears heavy on my mind