

Chamillionaire, This Morning

Who know that'd be trainin for big sixes and countin foooo's (woo!)
Tell me how I'm wrong (wrong)
When since day one I told you I get money on my own (my own)
Chameleon before the Chamillionaire was even known (known)
I spoke it into existence, guess I'm gifted with my songs (let's go)
Actually, it's blasphemy if you ever said that one tape whack (what?)
No more Mixtape Messiah, I wonder what could replace that? (what?)
Well I lay back in my Maybach, consider this one as payback
Chamillionaire talkin trash again, ha, don't you fakers just hate that?
Sure do, you really should, I'm still ballin, I'm still hoopin
Still tippin, I'm still flippin, I'm still foreign, I'm still coupin
Anybody along the way that tried to hate should feel stupid (woo!)
I ain't got no love and why? I accidentally killed Cupid [gunshot]
[Chorus: ~Chamillionaire~]
Every morning, I woke up (up)
Thinkin 'bout money and guess what? (what?)
If that's what I wanted, then ya already know
I'd hop off in my drop and get dough (get dough, let's go)
This morning, I woke up
I'm thinkin 'bout money (ain't nothin change 'cause)
This morning, I woke up
I'm thinkin 'bout money
Well let's get it then