

Sunday Morning Jetpack (feat. The-Dream)

Big Sean

Thank you God for all my set backs
'Cause he the reason I'm able to give back
This feels like my Sunday morning jetpack
Feel like I sent the prayers up and got blessed back, whoa
Feel like I sent the prayers up and got blessed back
This feels like my Sunday morning jetpack, yeah This the feeling though that I'm missing some
days
This feel like I'm headed to paradise one way
This feel like the family dinners that we used to have on Sunday
With Grandma in the kitchen making rum cake
Or this spread she used to do for Thanksgiving, man
This feels like the first time I heard Killa Cam
Pink Tim's, in the Lamb
Mixing it in with Dilla and
Headphones to the ceiling fan
Bucket hat like Gilligan, yeah
Lately I've been talking to ghosts
Didn't learn faith in school but that's what I'm testing the most
You know I still rep you when you're gone though
I got a picture of us on the front lawn
With me, grandma and mom, that night I went off to prom
Wishin' you could see that lysol dijon and parmesan
Funny thing about it is you always act like you knew
You told me how you were feeling before it happened, before it do
And you taught me I'm a product of everything I go through
And you and grandma went broke so we would never get bruised
You the reason I ever touched my first Franklin
Fast forward, I'm in Kanye crib with Kirk Franklin
It reminded me how of we always used to dress up as a family
And go to Sunday service, and being in church, singin'
Ain't been to church in awhile
But it ain't just about how you just praise him in the building
It's about how you praisin' him while you out
You taught me to remember that when I get set back
Been through the worst times to get the best back
Wishin' for a time machine to jet back
'Til my all time low and something throw me a jetpack
And see you again, needless to say
Back when I dated Alisha, Simone
Or any other girl who looked like Lisa Bonet
Who was jealous of me and Jhené
Who you would always advise with me being away

You was right, but I had to learn for myself
I guess a time came for me to earn for myself
I hope that this is somewhat of a thank you for all your help
Hope the angels take care of you until I see you there myself
Thank you God for all my set backs
'Cause he the reason I'm able to give back
This feels like my Sunday morning jetpack
Feel like I sent the prayers up and got blessed back, whoa
Feel like I sent the prayers up and got blessed back
This feels like my Sunday morning jetpack And mama said hit them with the inspiration
In times like these we need inspiration
Turn all your problems into inspiration
Elevation, inspiration
I said elevation, inspiration
I said elevation, inspiration
Thank you God for all my set backs
'Cause he the reason I'm able to give back
This feels like my Sunday morning jetpack
Feel like I sent the prayers up and got blessed back, whoa
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>