

Wake Up

Missy 'misdemeanor' Elliott

{Eh yo hov, tell 'em, Hip Hop betta wake up}
Yeah, turn the muhfuckin' music up
Yeah, turn the muhfuckin' music up
Motherfuckers betta wake up, stop sellin' crack to the blacks
Hope you bought a spare for your flat
Can't accept me talkin' real facts
Down the hill like Jill and Jack
I speak what yah weak mind lacks yah heard that
I'm creative to the fullest what you talkin' 'bout Willis
'Cause your talkin' never kill it
I hear but don't feel it thou ain't realest
Yah just sweet meat in the in the village
Yeah I'm a down diva done niva
Ya'll not xena heat'll squeeze into a wife beater
Yep I'm a top leader
I got the Martin Luther King fever, ima feed yah
What yah teacher need to preach yah
It's time to get seious
Black people all areas who gon' carry us it ain't time to bury us
'Cause music be our first love, say I do, let's cherish it
If you don't gotta gun
(It's alright)
If yah makin' legal money
(It's alright)
If you gotta keep yah clothes on
(It's alright)
You ain't gotta cellular phone
(It's alright)
And yah wheels dont spin
(It's alright)
And you gotta wear them jeans again
(It's alright)
Yeah if you tried oh well
(It's alright)
MC's stop the beef let's sell
(It's alright)
Hip hop betta wake up, the bed to make up
Some of ya'll be faker than a drag in make-up
Got issues to take up before we break up

Like Electra let go miss Anita Baker
I love Jacobs, but jewelry won't fix my place up
Gotta stay up, studio nice to cake up
Now check my flava, rich folks is now my neighbors
I got cable, and check out hot I made my paper
Hip hop don't stop be my lifesaver
Like Kobe and Shaq if they left Lakers
And like a elevator DJ on a cross fader
Black black people wake up or see yeah ass lata
If you don't gotta gun
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If yah makin' legal money
(It's alright)
If you gotta keep yah clothes on
(It's alright)
You ain't gotta cellular phone
(It's alright)
And yah wheels dont spin
(It's alright)
And you gotta wear them jeans again
(It's alright)
Yeah if you tried oh well
(It's alright)
MC's stop the beef let's sell
(It's alright)
I need rims that don't listen and a boomin' system
First piece of change I see I'm gon' get one
745 no license to drive
I ain't even gotta home I gots to live in my ride, fuck it
(Rewind)
I can hear myself but I can't feel myself
I wanna feel myself like Tweet
745 no license to drive
I ain't even gotta home I gots to live in my ride, fuck it
Couple of karats in my ear won't hurt
Need a nice chain layin' on this thousand dollar shirt
Evisujeans cover the rectum I kick game just like David Beckham
Anybody in my way I wet them
I'ma be this way until the cops come catch 'em
To detective sketch 'em on the sidewalk wit chalk
New Yorks infections till I got taught a lesson
Couple niggaz gone couple in correction
Hillary got ten, Todd got 15 nigga even my kin
Got 5 years bringin' 19 in, I just think I used to think like them
Now they gotta live through the pictures that I send 'em in the pen

Hope you don't start yah life where I end

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If you gotta keep yah clothes on

(It's alright)

You ain't gotta cellular phone

(It's alright)

And yeah wheels don't spin

(It's alright)

And you gotta wear them jeans again

(It's alright)

Yeah if you tried oh well

(It's alright)

MC's stop the beef let's sell

(It's alright)

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