

WakeDaFucUp (feat. Dope D.O.D.)

Onyx

[Hook: Sticky Fingaz]
Niggas sleeping better WakeDaFucUp
This weed habit, drink the fuck up!
Bloody murder, you get ate the fuck up!
Your whole crew, we will break the fuck up! [Verse 1: Fredro Starr]
Who better than us? The fuck will spark the East coast up
Aaah shit, the fucking beast woke up
From out of the deep sleep, niggas is boring
Fucking all these weak beast, the beast was snoring
Now the beast is hungry, stomach is growling
Nigga ribs is touching now they stuck in the island
Motherfuckers is smiling but nobody smiling
'Cause where I'm from, motherfucking niggas be wilding
And the wolves be howling
Minds be rolling, cars be stolen
We're coming out the gutter, like fucking we bowling
The shit that I'm holding
Niggas talk shit, put the fifth to your colon [Hook]
Niggas sleeping, better WakeDaFucUp
This weed habit, drink the fuck up!
Bloody murder, you get ate the fuck up!
Your whole crew, we will break the fuck up! [Verse 2: Sticky Fingaz]
Aaaah shit, you done woke up the monster
I smell rappers, no wonder
It's obvious, y'all have got too comfortable
And all these rappers nowadays is bullshit
You colorful like a bitch
Lala you signing and dancing, you bitch!
You need to loosen up your clothes nigga
And leave the dancing to them hoes nigga
Hip Hop started out on the block
I fell asleep at the wheel, the shit crashed into Pop
When I speak, the hood got the ears up, Spock
And I'ma leave my mark and you gotta get hit with the Onyx
Nigga you know, nigga you know, nigga you know
Am I wrong? Hip Hop need a face lift
And what better face than the mad face to get? [Hook] [Verse 3: Skits Vicious]
Blades and nunchucks, brazing gun shots
When I'm done they can rake their guts up (motherfucker)

This heat turns your face to slush pop
Ride to Hell, this is Satan's bus stop
Got a hot bitch cuffed up
Take the drugs, love, you get raped and butt fucked
I snort speed then I WakeDaFucUp
Kinda of off topic but hey
I'm somewhat crazed and drunk off Jamaican rum shots
(White noise) White boy's cables cut off
Angels dust drops, how that taste?
D.O.D. mad face, closed case[Verse 4: Jay Reaper]
Niggas got no taste, but when I'm looking that fuckers in figures
We hard body karate, Killuminati niggas
I'm Picasso, an apostle, Hip Hop deliver
Y'all niggas pop so I'm popping a shot in your liver
Try and copy what I got and I'll copy your chopper
Niggas claiming they heartless, we'll put 2 in yo mama
Brains leaking and your head leave you looking like pasta
Ain't speaking cause you dead on the floor, an imposter, yeah
See I'm obsessed with this sport, lesson, I'm core
Repping with the Onyx, niggas back with the force
We back in this war, we back in, of course
So all y'all boot-legged niggas, get yo' ass to the store[Hook][Bridge]
Keep sleeping, beds is burning (x3)
Keep sleeping, keep sleeping
Keep sleeping, beds is burning (x3)
Keep sleeping, keep sleeping[Hook]

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