

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]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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