Wake Up

Obie Trice

They say he was a monster from birth, so
Fuck it, I'll just a lean warn-os them hoes
I suppose O took on the street life
Even though my mother told me I could be otherwise
Wasn't the school type, I was too cool
My agenda wasn't general education, nigga
Generalizing Obie's expectations
It was like, a cucoo in twenty-twos
Bad news my nigga, pass the brew
Cause in a week we be pouring a glass for you
So rapidly homies become causualties
We was just playing Madden
Now a nigga sad for his family, that's how it happens
Dudes get blasted, another casket
Another child becomes a fatherless bastard
Make a nigga wanna grab this rachet
It's so tragic, and Obie can't get past it
And you wonder why a nigga'll flash it
Just to, show these demons that I ain't having it
Put 'em beneathe the grass in a flash
Homie I'm from the craft
And to make it where I'm at, that's called Soldierism
Real niggaz notice em, they wanna flow with 'em
Wanna do major shows with 'em
Get the fuck out the ghetto wit 'em
Heavy metal, leave a nigga twisted, don't fret
This is the set we live in
But I ain't crying or whining about my enviornment
Even though black folk is dying constant
Niggaz'll shoot you unconscious
Wit no conscience, until you lose conscience
Conscious, and pompous white folk think I'm just rhyming
Just designing lines, just for the sake of shining
Like I just speak violent applying to the business I'm in

Rewind and find him in a dirty ass hood with no sight of climbing
Moving on up was just The Jeffersons
Rest of us watching the tube got less then them
So why you vexing him? Why you stretching him out?

He got the weapon all because his whereabouts
Born and raised, mental slaves
And I don't see change before I'm seeing the grave
All I see is my homies corpse decay
Crying at his wake, can't recognize his face
Face it, you not identifying with me
My identity distorts ya visibility
So you can't see me, peep what he's achieving
You recieve information from TV
I'm in the hood, I live it you read about it
Rest in peace Peezy
Please believe Obie eyes've seen The Wire
Prior to what you seeing on the screen
I done been in and out of the bing
Lost niggaz to unfortunate things
That's why, praise the Lord I'm still on the scene
Praise the Creator who made human beings
Just for creating a nigga like me
A nigga that put the umph in G, yeah
[Chorus 2X]Wake up
I try to reach out but you won't
Wake up
My brothers and sisters, we got to
Wake up
'Fore you stuck in the system, and then ya
Wake up
Reality hits ya, before you can
Wake up

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