

Wake Up (Featuring Jay-Z)

Missy Elliott

Eh yo Hov tell 'em hip hop betta wake up Yeah turn the motherfuckin' music up
Yeah turn the motherfuckin' music up Motherfuckers better wake up
Stop sellin' crack to the black
Hope you bought a spare for your flat
Can't accept me talkin' real facts
Down the hill like Janet Jack
I speak what yeah weak mind lacks
Yah heard that
I'm creative to the fullest what you talkin' 'bout Willace 'cause your talkin' never
Kill it
I hear but don't fill it down we realest
Yeah just weat me in the in the village
Yeah I'm a down diva done niva
Y'all not see her he don squeeze into a wife beater
Yep I'm a top leader
I got the Martin Luther King fever
I'ma feed yeah what yah teacher need to breat yeah
It's time to get serious
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 sell yah lil phone (it's alright)
And yah 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) Hip hop better wake up the bed to make up
Some of y'all be faker than a dragon make-up
Got issues to take up before we break up
Like Electra let go miss Selida Baker
I love Jacob the jury 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 now check it how I make my paper
Hip hop don't stop be my life saver
Like Kobe and Shaq if they left Lakers
And like a elevator dj on a cross fader
Black wake up I'll see yeah ass later If you don't gotta gun (it's alright)

If yeah makin' legal money (it's alright)
 If you gotta keep yeah clothes on (it's alright)
 You ain't gotta sell yeah lil 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) I need rims that don't listen and booming 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 want to 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 \$ shirt
 Evisu 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 niggas gone couple wink corrections
 And Marie got 10
 Tie got 15 nigga even my kin
 Got 5 years bringing 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 Wake up wake up wake up wake up wake up
 Wake up wake up wake up wake up wake up
 Wake up wake up wake up wake up wake up If you don't gotta gun (it's alright)
 If yeah makin' legal money (it's alright)
 If you gotta keep yeah clothes on (it's alright)
 You ain't gotta sell yeah lil' 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)

Songwriters

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