

# Wake Up

Missy 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 black  
Hope you bought a spare for your flat  
Cant accept me talkin real facts  
Down the hill like Janet Jack, i speak what yah weak mind lacks  
Yah heard that  
Im creative to the fullest what you talkin bout Willace cause your talkin Ne  
ver kill  
it  
I hear but dont fill it, down we realest  
Yah just weet me in the in the village  
Yeah im a down diva done niva  
Ya'll not see her he don squeeze into a wife beater  
Yep im a top leader  
I got the Martin Luther King fever, ima feed yah what yah teacher need to br  
eat yah  
Its time to get seious  
Black people all areas who gon' carry us it aint time to bury us  
Cause music be our first love, say i do lets cherish it

If you dont gotta gun (its alright)  
If yah makin legal money, (its alright)  
If you gotta keep yah clothes on, (its alright)  
You ain't got a cellular phone, (its alright)  
And yah wheels dont spin, (its alright)  
And you gotta wear them jeans again, (its alright)  
Yeah if you tried oh well, (its alright)  
MC's stop the beef lets sell, (its alright)

Hip hop betta wake up, the bed to make up  
Some of ya'll 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 wont 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 dont 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 yah ass later

I need rims that dont listen and boomin system  
First piece of change i see im gon' get one  
745 no license to drive  
I aint even gotta home i gots to live in my ride, fuck it  
(Rewind)  
I can hear myself but i cant feel myself  
I wanna feel myself like Tweet  
745 no license to drive  
I aint even gotta home i gots to live in my ride, fuck it  
Couple of karats in my ear wont hurt  
Need a nice chain layin on this thousand \$ shirt

Evisu Jeans cover the rectum, i kick game just like David Beckham  
Anybody in my way i wet them  
Ima 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 wink corrections  
And Marie got 10, Tie 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 dont start yah life where i end

WAKE UP

[Chorus x1]