

Wake and Bake

Tech N9ne

Uh-huh, okay, murder!

Wake up in the morning, hit the porch and puff a doobie
Wake and baking got me coughing up a lugie
Make a quick by most and now I'm feeling kinda groovy
Got to find that chick that got the biggest booty
But she got to have the facial features of Caruchi
Easy sex, she got the diamonds in the coochie
Get me girls to gift to guys to grip and give them Gucci
Living lavish, looking loving lot of Luchi
Got to give a shout out to my other mother Ruby
That's because she's always been an angel to me
Plus I wanna give one to my O.G. brother Scoobie
Packed the bus that would make a sucky nigga woozy
Loving leaf and liquor ever since I was a juvie
Now I need another, no, I'm not a newbie
Smoking reefer with the darker nigga from the Luniz
Piece of hotter head is stuck off in her booties

Got them vape toys
That creates joy
Such a great choice
Wake and bake, boy

(Wake and bake!)
When I get up, I gotta keep the lit up, my nigga!
(Wake and bake!)
Puffing on the loud, we gon' make the clouds, nigga!
(Wake and bake!)
Gotta get up, I gotta keep the lit up, my nigga!
(Wake and bake!)
Oh no, no, no, no, KC! I got the "oh" weed, ah!

Open up my eyes and need some roaches for my breakfast
Don't know where I am cause lately I been living reckless
Dig 'em out the ashtray, smoke it 'till I'm breathless
Soaking up the eyes and tryna focus on my next shit
Toking on that lion 'till I'm spotting the dimensions
Fuck a GPS, ride two too high, they get resumption
I been on a mission, just to get us all that necklace
Hitting every city with the motherfucking vengeance
Maybe it's an access, maybe it's expected
Maybe you can blame it on my material possessions
When I'm getting high it's when I tell you my direction
But if it's up to me I'd rather lie and give y'all guessing
Every single morning I'm just smoking on my blessings
Mix a little coffee with my cannabis and exit
I know it's infectious, a spiritual connection
I get when I wake up and turn into the smoking session

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When I get up, I gotta keep the lit up, my nigga!

(Wake and bake!)
Puffing on the loud, we gon' make the clouds, nigga!
(Wake and bake!)
When I get up, I gotta keep the lit up, my nigga!
(Wake and bake!)
Oh no, no, no, don't see! I got the "oh" weed!

Waking up, I'm baking blunts, I'm going, somebody stop me
I fly my definitions higher than Hitachi
Last night I was drinking, got my thinking kinda choppy
My girl came over knocking, calling out for papi
Fly as Nicaragua and dressed in Louie and Versace
I bent her over and I fried her like hibachi
Feeling high and cocky, balling out like Bachi
She brought a friend who had a tight end, Jeremy Shockey
Matter fact, the volcano was loaded up and locky
Vaporized the weed and dropping treats like we were Rocky
All the brothers bringing over trees was kinda sloppy
But ;MAYDAY!' packing pens, got your friends acting like zombies
Naga told me Nazis, die and hard to proxy
But fuck a middleman, you know that Joanie only Chachi's
Rappers's butts are pressing us to snooze, bitch, watch me
Wake and bake and take to the face like paparazzi

Got them vape toys
That creates joy
Such a great choice
Wake and bake, boy

(Wake and bake!)
When I get up, I gotta keep the lit up, my nigga!
(Wake and bake!)
Puffing on the loud, we gon' make the clouds, nigga!
(Wake and bake!)
I said I gotta get up, I gotta keep the lit up, my nigga!
(Wake and bake!)
Oh no, no, no, no, don't see! I got the "oh" weed, my nigga!