

## Wake Up

Z-Ro

Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up  
The ghetto motherfucking alarm clock  
Wake up nigga

Lord forgive us for sinning, give us this day and our daily bread  
Cause if a nigga don't call you back when you beep him, he might be dead  
Look at this world we living in, everybody got a bad attitude and a glock  
Seem like we living just to become a victim, of a random shot  
Everytime I turn my back, another y'all motherfuckers turn and crack  
It seem like just yesterday, a young nigga stepped up to the plate and  
Learn to bat, military minded at a early age bread to live in a murder maze  
I don't wanna go to the early grave, a motherfucker like me  
Ready to murder maze, I wanna go to heaven but not right now  
Bout to pushing infrared like dimes, what you wanna do it like that  
I can play eight to the Penn, cut your lights off right now  
Mean what I say and I say what I mean, nigga like me don't play with a beam  
When I pull my gun, then I'ma use my gun  
And I ain't tripping, I'll put you in a murder scene  
But I try to stay humble, and hold what I got  
Never let a nigga know what I got, keep my bidness to my own  
So don't bring none of that there, to my home  
I love my people, and that's a fact  
But I wanna know, where's the fucking love at  
I don't wanna put a motherfucker, in the grave  
But I will to keep on, keeping on busting back

Wake up before you get caught up  
Don't keep on selling your soul, until your life bought up  
And my eyes on the prize, and never fall off the straight and I roll  
When you slip, hollow tips are sharper than an arrow  
(2x)

I decided August 31, 1999  
There's no more time for fake partnas, there's only time for my grind  
All of my friendships came about, because of the verses I say  
That nigga Z-Ro got partnas, but what about Joseph McVey  
Everytime I'm on the microphone, nigga wanna tag along  
Wanna see me, when I do my song  
Or when a nigga be smoking the marijuana, and the dope all gone  
A nigga right back, all alone  
I had to regulate, or be surrounded by fakes  
At all times looking over my shoulder, but I came out of that as I got older

Cause I realized, if it's written scriptures don't lie  
That's why I'm thugging cause life is a bitch, and then a nigga die  
I rap about the struggle, cause balling is foreign to me  
Z-Ro be t-shirt and Dickies, ain't no Ralph Lauren you see  
Cause every dolla that I make, is a dolla well earned  
And I'm putting it back in the game, to sco' some crack  
And a strap, to dip shermes  
Hopefully I can make it, to see the sun rise  
Fiending for them back in the days, of hide and seek  
And throwing mud pies

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Bout to swang by that sun, is wait for me be right back  
I'ma roll a optimoe fat as a wiener, and light that  
Cause it seems I can't confine without, clutching a sack  
Puffing the sho' dipping the black, or raping the track  
And I be tripping and sipping, and pimping this rap  
I'm writing my rhymes, through my fetty's no slack  
I'm ready to the sell the, the better my chedda  
Tell her to the fella, I doubts the shredder  
A better competor, I dwell I'ma get her  
Better get fella, I sell-a my yella  
To hella thoed nigga, that wreck accapella  
The fella that tell it, nobody he got em  
He got 'em and shot em, and don't talk about em  
Plotted and followed, to get where I started  
Out of my product, the plot of my problem  
Got off my bottom, to talk to my father  
My ceiling is ending, my ending is finished  
These women keep grinning, to swim in my linen  
I'm tilling my bidness, the bidness I'm tilling  
I'm tilling my bidness, the bidness I'm tilling  
What's up what's up, had lean in my cup  
Been asleep ten years, and I just woke up  
The alarm on slow, all my ten minutes up  
Gotta make my bed, gotta watch my butt  
Gotta clean my room, gotta iron my stuff  
Gotta wash my car, gotta shine my buck  
Gotta change my oil, cause the road is tough  
Keep my eyes on the road, and don't slow up