

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 sherms
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