

Missy 'misdemeanor' Elliott "Wake Up"

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[Missy Elliott]

Eh yo Hov, tell em, hip hop betta wake up

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, turn the muhfuckin music up
Yeah, turn the muhfuckin music up

[Verse 1 Missy Elliott]

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 Never kill it
I hear but don't 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 breat 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

[Chorus]

If you don't 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 don't 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)

[Verse 2 Missy Elliott]

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 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 yah ass later

[Chorus x1]

[Verse 3 Jay-Z (Missy Elliott)]

I need rims that don't 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 can't 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 don't start yah life where i end

WAKE UP [x15]

[Chorus x1]

