

## Missy Elliott "Wake Up"

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{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  
blacks  
Hope you bought a spare for your flat  
Can't accept me talkin' real facts  
Down the hill like Jill and Jack  
I speak what yah weak mind lacks yah heard that  
I'm creative to the fullest what you talkin' 'bout Willis  
'Cause your talkin' never kill it

I hear but don't feel it thou ain't realest  
Yah just sweet meat in the in the village  
Yeah I'm a down diva done niva  
Ya'll not xena heat'll squeeze into a wife beater  
Yep I'm a top leader  
I got the Martin Luther King fever, ima feed yah  
What yah teacher need to preach yah  
It's time to get seious  
Black people all areas who gon' carry us it ain't time to  
bury us  
'Cause music be our first love, say I do, let's cherish it

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

Hip hop betta wake up, the bed to make up  
Some of ya'll be faker than a drag in make-up  
Got issues to take up before we break up  
Like Electra let go miss Anita Baker  
I love Jacobs, but jewelry won't 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, and check out hot I made my paper  
Hip hop don't stop be my lifesaver  
Like Kobe and Shaq if they left Lakers  
And like a elevator DJ on a cross fader  
Black black people wake up or see yeah ass lata

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You ain't gotta cellular phone  
(It's alright)  
And yah wheels dont spin  
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And you gotta wear them jeans again  
(It's alright)  
Yeah if you tried oh well  
(It's alright)  
MC's stop the beef let's sell  
(It's alright)

I need rims that don't listen and a boomin' system  
First piece of change I see I'm gon' get one  
745 no license to drive  
I ain't 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 ain't even gotta home I gots to live in my ride, fuck it  
Couple of karats in my ear won't hurt  
Need a nice chain layin' on this thousand dollar shirt  
Evisujeans cover the rectum I kick game just like David  
Beckham  
Anybody in my way I wet them

I'ma 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 in correction  
Hillary got ten, Todd 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  
Wake up  
Wake up

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(It's alright)  
If you gotta keep yah clothes on  
(It's alright)  
You ain't gotta cellular phone  
(It's alright)  
And yeah wheels don't spin  
(It's alright)  
And you gotta wear them jeans again  
(It's alright)  
Yeah if you tried oh well  
(It's alright)  
MC's stop the beef let's sell  
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