

Missy Elliott Feat. Jay-Z "Wake Up"

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Hey yo Hov, tell 'em
Hip hop better wake up

Yeah, turn the muh'fucking music up
Breezy, yeah, turn the muh'fucking music up

Motherfuckers better wake up
Stop selling crack to the blacks
Hope ya brought a spare for ya flat
Cain has sent me talking real facts
Down the hill like Jill and Jack
Got speak what yo weak mind lacks

Ya heard that? I'm creative to the fullest
Whachu talking bout Willis?
'Cause you talk it never kill it
I hear but don't feel it
Thou ain't realest, ya just sweet meat in the village

Yeah I'm a Don Diva, Don Niva
Y'all not seen her, heater squeezed into a wife beater
Yep I'm a top leader, I got the Martin Luther King fever
I'm a feed ya whacha teacha' need to preach ya

(C'mon)
It's time to get serious, 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 got a gun
(It's alright)
It you makin' legal money
(It's alright)
If you got to keep your clothes on
(It's alright)
You ain't got a cellular phone
(It's alright)

And your 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)
Emcees stop the beef, let's sell
(It's alright)

Hip hop better wake up, the bed to make ups
Some of y'all be faker than the dragon make up
Got issues to take up, before we break up
Like Electra let go, Missy need a baker

I love Jacob, but jewelry won't fix my place up
Gotta stay up, studio nights to cake up
Now check my flavor, rich folks is now my neighbors
I got cable, now check out how I made my paper

(C'mon)
Hip hop don't stop, be my lifesaver
Like Kobe and Shaq if they left Lakers
I'm like an elevator DJ on the crossfader
Black people wake up I'll see your ass later

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I need rims that don't listen and a booming system
First piece of change I see, I'm gon get one
7:45, no lights to drive
I ain't even got a home, I guess I'll live in my ride
Fuck it

I can hear myself but I can't feel myself
I'm wanna feel myself like Tweet
7:45, no lights to drive
I ain't even got a home, I guess I'll live in my ride
Fuck it

Couple karats in the ear won't hurt
Need a nice chain, laying on this thousand dollar shirt
Iviza Jeans cover the rectum
My kick game just like David Beckham

Anybody in my way, I wet them
I'ma be this way till the cops come catch 'em
(C'mon)
Till detectives sketch em
On the sidewalk wit chalk, New York's infections

Till I got taught a lesson
Couple niggas gone, couple went Corrections
Hillary got ten, till I got fifteen, nigga even my kin
Got five years bringin' nineteen in
But just think I used to think like them

Now they gotta live through the pictures
That I send them in the pen
Hope you don't start ya life where I end

Wake up, wake up
(C'mon)
Wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up

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