

## Crosby Stills Nash

### "Wake Up"

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[Intro - Missy Elliott] {\*w/ echoes\*}

Hey yo Hov.. tell em

Hip-Hop better wake up

[Jay-Z]

Yeah! Turn the muh'fucking music up!

Breezy! Yeah! Turn the muh'fucking music up!

[Verse 1 - Missy Elliott]

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

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

[Chorus - Missy Elliott]

If you don't got a gun (it's all right)

If you makin legal money (it's all right)

If you got to keep your clothes on (it's all right)

You ain't got a cellular phone (it's all right)

And your wheels don't spin (it's all right)

And you gotta wear them jeans again (it's all right)

Yeah, if you tried oh well (it's all right)

Emcees stop the beef, let's sell (it's all right)

[Verse 2 - Missy Elliott]

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  
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

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Jay-Z] + (Missy)

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!... ("rewind" - \*echoes\*)  
"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  
Ivizu 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  
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" - repeated to chorus\*]

[Chorus]

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