

## **Raekwon the Chef "Wake Up"**

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Chorus -

(One) gun go off, showin' everything is lost  
(Two) hold between me and you, these the rules, c'mon  
(Three) yo, we gotta stand together to take cream'n  
(Four) without me and you the crew just could never be

Verse 1:

Imaginative mental, blood flyin'  
the most hardest niggas cock they iron  
foul, live like a Lion  
listen to the streets and your gun go off  
sorta like a show off  
jungle way of livin', hittin' dro off  
lifestyle changes niggas see that  
they gettin' anxious just to throw one in your ski hat  
watch your language, yeah, you fresher than a Million  
bucks  
you got a new hustle, you hardly knew niggas would  
envy lust  
they gettin' hungrier and niggas bust  
they lit a bigger dutch  
fixin' them Calicos to dig your guts  
detectives roam  
niggas come home and got a bigger dome  
ready to zone on what a nigga own  
caught in the mischief  
how can you live when it's a sickness  
that sorrounds that projects and the trenches  
walkin' through the bushes at night  
you gotta be sharp like a butcher knife  
subtly show up when the jooks is right  
and everything will have a major like  
whether it's black or white  
nobody knows until they snatch your life  
wake up son, the season's just a thing the mind make  
up  
it's only real kid, ha, wake up!

Chorus 2x

Verse 2:

The meat market pardon me, the heat market

chill, we got it on lock, the nigga got to sweet talkin'  
I gotta eat and got the beast targeted  
relax, my Brothers on 'role, niggas got police barkin'  
they want us killed, sieze the sargent  
blowin' each cartridge  
we ill, realer in each market  
feel the leather jacket, sleek ostrich  
unleash the arsonist, just popped the wig off of each  
hostage  
make it real and make his niece watch it  
yokin' Grandmothers up, we kill until his peeps squash  
it  
verse is somethin' mean regardless  
a green jar of harvest  
just smoke, niggas got the green Garcia's  
a terrifying team of heartless  
move on the Narcs's  
we only on it for extreme profits  
and anyway we dream darkness  
I saw it through the Jean Paul Gotier mint green gleam  
optics  
So wake up Son, the season's just a thing the mind  
make up  
it's only real kid, ha, wake up.

Chorus 2x

Verse 3:

A message from Elijah's kids  
my eyes opened, got wise on the biz  
start risin' my wig  
seen everything I saw before  
had dreams behind a wall  
all I wanted was to balance my all  
make it through feedin' my kind  
readin' the lines  
on how the dollar bill is shaped and designed  
taught from the Eighties  
talk, build, and protect all Babies  
strong shelters with strong Ladies  
a nigga died, died amongst Daisies  
he did it for the Babies  
thats peace, feed 'em if they gettin' lazy.

Chorus 2x

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