

Rodney O & Joe Cooley

"Wake Up New York"

Visit "[Wake Up New York](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Rodney O]

Wake up, New York

It's time to listen to L.A.

(Wake up)

In this business you are left unknown till you have a hit

Now I'm gonna show you just who is counterfeit

So you don't like me, but tell me the reason

Is it cause it's New York-dissin-L.A. season?

Yeah, I think I hit the nail on the head

If you had it your way, L.A. rap would be dead

But it's not like that, we got the suckers bumpin

Wear the wrong color, get broke off somethin

If I wore red or blue, I might be dodgin slugs

So I'm wearin neutral colors from the Crips and Bloods

Who said it never rains in Cali, take back the statement

Don't you hear the shells fallin on to the pavement?

Run for your life! I'm tryin not to get hit

But livin in L.A. anyone is a target

I'm the one who's down when we call for peace

But tell the one who's saggin with his khakis creased

Yeah

(Wake up)

("The Source" don't like us, they dissed my boy Rodney
O)

That's right, Joe, they played us like a damn Nintendo

Didn't take the right info like it was reported

Twisted up my words, and the truth was distorted

My peers on the West won't speak up, so I will

Rodney O & Joe Cooley goin for the kill

The crew of two don't care if we cause a little static

You don't wanna run into a psycho's automatic

Ooh-wee, we're doin too much

I wish I had a New York critic in my clutch

Ooh-wee, we're doin too much

I wish I had a New York critic in my clutch

They know they don't like us and they keep on denyin it

I don't give a care, cause other folks are buyin it

Will I ever change and start followin Farrakhan?

That's just like askin me if I woulda fought in Vietnam

Yeah

And this is the Sound of L.A.

Wake up, New York

(Wake up)

Ooh-wee, we're doin too much

I wish I had a New York critic in my clutch

Ooh-wee, we're doin too much

I wish I had a New York critic in my clutch

New York talked about our jherri curls and weather
One thing I admit is: y'all stick together
Some of y'all is cool, but most of ya ain't
You walk around town like your shit don't stink
Well, the day is finally here you're gettin dissed, New
York
Me and Joe celebratin, poppin off the cork
If I'm goin out, I'm goin out with a bang
Side by side with my boys, not a gang
Yeah
Wake up, New York
It's time to listen to L.A.
But you don't hear me though
Rodney O & Joe Cooley most definitely in the house
Ooh-wee
We're doin way too much

Visit [Rodney O & Joe Cooley](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.