

Sway

"Wake Up Show Anthem 1994"

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[Chorus x2]

Oh-oh-oh I'm coolin' with my niggaz on the Wake up
Show-oh-oh

We kick a little something for the radio-oh-oh

[Verse 1: Nas]

Check it, bust it

Tune it up it's the corrupt novelist, Nas

Involved in this liveness radio waves

Slaves thrive inside of this

Wake Up Show flow, hip-hop's a long clock, the bomb
spot

Mellow with ganja, that makes my eyes turn yellow

C reclined on my leather sofa

However close to Na- be I'm Joe Quicks

King Tech I could just see 'em on the one and two son

My blunted crew pour the rum

92.3, number one in the slum

Representin' DJ's

Sway's the host, see police the most

What a collaboration see I'm comatose

No pork just knowledge and I'm born once more

It's the beat that blesses the street deep in the 9-4

[Verse 2: Pharoahe]

Hip-hops last prophet henceforth in existence

The 92.3 megahertz will exert radio waves

The slaves for a phenomenal distance

Electrons appear to slice through jeeps that you can
hear some

Slum that it will chunk consider it will numb your
eardrum

Kid, you sleepin' like a Latter Day Saint

With Sway & King Tech gon' wake you up on a saturday

9 to 12 verbal junkies overdose

And Joe Quicks will get you fixed to the mix

And then I'm ghost win

[Verse 3: Prince Poetry]

In your sleep I slap you with a lethal doses of medicine

So Wake Up with Organizin' the bretherin

King Tech, Joe Quiks better than your last fix
Severing wackness with Sway the host dumps a fat mix
Baby doll is frontin' so saturday night's open
Hoppin' on the one on one, times scope
And 92.3 degree is chokin' on chocolate
And from thou smokin' Prince Po'
Blows up from LA to Lobokin and I'm out

[Verse 4: Ras Kass]

Yo it's the Wake Up Show
My genetic make up take up
One hundred and thirty pounds of beef
But my lyrics shake up, like January 17th
Cause all the 16th MC's fossils
Protect ya neck and wear a bulletproof vest on ya
tonsils
Amateurs bandage ya cornea
Cause you don't wanna see California
Get C-arson and spittin arsenic
With Sway Tech and Joe Quicks on the mix
Spinal meningitis ain't as stiff as the riff
Of Ras Kass, styles last like Jason crackers with whips

Come equipped you're losin' your paraphernalia
I'm a hip hop apostle
Sing in the gospel like Mehailja, Jackson
It's saturday nine until the break of dawn
Put cocaine on my tongue
You got crack now rock on *echo*

[Chorus]

[Verse 5: Chino XL]

Saturday night get live set it off
Right swing with my peeps
King Tech yo pass the mic and turn her up
Yeahyeahyeah it's been kablow red sky it's
Nine o'clock, time for the Wake Up Show
To the breaker you think I'ma say dawn
But I say, day, cause it rhymes with Sway
My word is bond I'm on the scene
Plottin out the mainstream doin
Them right, with Joe Quicks on the mix
Late in the night so tune in
Cause the crew don't sleep
Boomin in ya Jeep on 92.3

[Verse 6: Foxy Brown]

It's 9 o'clock PM, 92.3 the Beat begins
To rock hip-hop non-stop, you know who got the props
In L.A. on saturdays, Tech and Sway no doubt

[Verse 7:?)

Set your clocks for the unorthodox hip-hop that drops
Nine to midnight King Tech and Sway yo those kids is
tight
In the mix with Joe Quicks the verbs spit verses
With the purpose of droppin curses like a triple six
Fat snares and dirty kicks to get ya open
From Watts to Oakland it's that raw {shit} that start
provokin
Smokin, word's precise like a laser, cross roads in the
Wake Up Show
We'll get your party shakin like a pager on silent mode,
yeahha
Nine to twelve saturday night fool, peep the episode

[Verse 8: Saafir]

Wake Up, Show, and you can tell
I'm not spittin it in no muffled style
No silent screams just weddings, rings
To swings and Sway Techs King, Tech-
-nique and I'm building in a little agility from Joe Quicks
Hey Jay-Z in the eyes
It's seen only on the bottom of water risin
We're takin groups
Put it on 92.3 while your beatin boops, oops
I mean coops bumpin in to mission on the twine
Swoop saturday between nine and twelve I'm delvin
We're well tuned in to the pattern of the year
Here on 92.3 times me
Bo junks young ricks are bolders
That are only soldiers are connected to Wake Up Show
Ya right

[Chorus]

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