

## Sway And King Tech

### "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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