

## House Gang Animalz f/ Inspectah Deck

### "Wake Up"

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[Intro: Inspectah Deck]

Shit is serious, all my life this shit is serious  
We got mouths to feed, we got families and babies  
dependin' on us  
We ain't layin' down for this shit, we gon' stand up right  
now  
Yo, yo

[Inspectah Deck]

When I wake up in the morning  
I'm thankful just to wake up in the morning, not layin' in  
the coffin  
Did time and crime, now I write these rhymes  
And I die for what's rightfully mine  
Most my niggaz is gone, I'm fightin on  
Like how did I survive this long?  
So I plant these seeds, please believe  
They'll salute me the moment I leave  
Big city of dream, quick pretty machine  
In the mud fight, where we get gritty to gleam  
Where the thug types bust life, then jiggy for CREAM  
Cops storm around the block tryin' to get me in greens  
I'm a loose cannon, incredible with Bruce Banner  
Lickin' off through your speaker like Snipes with two  
hammers  
Rude manners, bad attitude and grammar  
Been through the slammer, got my trees through  
Miranda  
Midnight marauder, want it all nothin' shorter  
Hundred dollar big faced bills, now what's your offer?  
Forcin' my hand, I bump you off where you stand  
Yo, money with the fake fronts, talk to your man  
I'm from the land where the hoods roam, and chrome  
gets tossed  
And the rats snatch the throwback off your dead  
corpse  
You could be a gangsta, you could still get caught  
And, it be your main man sendin' you off  
That's why I wake up in the morning with a six shooter  
Ain't slept all mornin' waitin' on the intruder  
It's you or I, it's do or die to get in

In the real world, your grandmom's door gets kicked in  
I do what it takes to survive, seen the greatest alive  
Go from glory, through the snakes and lies  
I seen, a honest man when the stakes got high  
Grab a gun and take lives over cakes and pies  
Gettin', CREAM, cheese or bread, however said  
All your dope stash won't match the price on your head  
Cause shots flyin' out a blazin' pace  
Made ya name save a place, daily in the paper chase  
So I wake up in the mornin'  
Blessed that I made it to the morning, but the streets  
still callin'  
Yeah, pumpin' my jams or, runnin' a scam  
Either way I'm gettin' ones in my hand  
I'm one felony short from doin' life  
Duel mic make me loose it tonight

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