

Moby F/ Gwen Stefani**"Wake Up"**

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[Intro - Missy Elliott] {*w/ echoes*}

Hey yo Hov.. tell em

Hip-Hop better wake up

[Jay-Z]

Yeah! Turn the muh'fucking music up!

Breezy! Yeah! Turn the muh'fucking music up!

[Verse 1 - Missy Elliott]

Motherfuckers better wake up

Stop selling crack to the blacks

Hope ya brought a spare for ya flat

Cain has sent me talking real facts

Down the hill like Jill and Jack

Got speak what yo weak mind lacks

Ya heard that? I'm creative to the fullest

"Whachu talking bout Willis?"

Cause you talk it never kill it

I hear but don't feel it

Thou ain't realest, ya just sweet meat in the village

Yeah I'm a Don Diva Don Niva

Y'all not seen her, heater squeezed into a wife beater

Yep I'm a top leader, I got the Martin Luther King fever

I'm a feed ya whacha teacha' need to preach ya

It's time to get serious, black people all areas

Who gon carry us? It ain't time to bury us

Cause music be our first love, say 'I Do' let's cherish it

[Chorus - Missy Elliott]

If you don't got a gun (it's all right)

If you makin legal money (it's all right)

If you got to keep your clothes on (it's all right)

You ain't got a cellular phone (it's all right)

And your wheels don't spin (it's all right)

And you gotta wear them jeans again (it's all right)

Yeah, if you tried oh well (it's all right)

Emcees stop the beef, let's sell (it's all right)

[Verse 2 - Missy Elliott]

Hip-Hop better wake up, the bed to make ups

Some of y'all be faker than the dragon make up

Got issues to take up, before we break up
Like Electra let go, Missy need a baker
I love Jacob, but jewelry won't fix my place up
Gotta stay up, studio nights to cake up
Now check my flavor, rich folks is now my neighbors
I got cable, now check out how I made my paper
Hip-Hop don't stop, be my Lifesaver
Like Kobe and Shaq if they left Lakers
I'm like an elevator DJ on the crossfader
Black people wake up I'll see your ass later

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Jay-Z] + (Missy)

I need rims that don't listen and a booming system
First piece of change I see, I'm gon get one
7:45 - no lights to drive
I ain't even got a home, I guess I'll live in my ride
Fuck it!... ("rewind" - *echoes*)
"I can hear myself, but I can't feel myself
I'm wanna feel myself like Tweet"
7:45 - no lights to drive
I ain't even got a home, I guess I'll live in my ride
Fuck it, couple karats in the ear won't hurt
Need a nice chain, laying on this thousand dollar shirt
Ivizu Jeans cover the rectum, my kick game just like
David Beckham
Anybody in my way, I wet them
I'ma be this way till the cops come catch 'em
Till detectives sketch em
On the sidewalk wit chalk, New York's infections
Till I got taught a lesson
Couple niggas gone, couple went Corrections, Hillary
got ten
Till I got fifteen, nigga even my kin
Got five years bringin nineteen in
But just think I used to think like them
Now they gotta live through the pictures that I send
them in the pen
Hope you don't start ya life where I end...
WAKE UP!

[*"Wake Up" - repeated to chorus*]

[Chorus]

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