

Wake Up (feat. Pimp C)

Boosie Badazz

Say thug, I know that you gotta do what you gotta do, but eh
What you're doing, it ain't gonna last bro
No matter how big you get, it ain't gonna last
You turn out bad bro, so I advice you
Wake up You might be making [?], flexin', now just selling coke
But all that flexin' gone get mixing when you go to court
Your friends gone tear, them same friends they gone fuck your hoes
Her brother's boyfriend you confronted, he gone get your dope
The fans in town you witness, plenty niggas, snitches
Should have stayed in school, fool, but you wanted to be a menace
60 years your sins, and fans you do like 50
Plus in your mister ballin', them haters with your niggas
You're distributed well, I'm with all the stars
Not even took your crib, report all your cars
Sinished all your poses, like your momma
Now you gonna turn red, and leave your momma stuck
Wake up, wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up, wake up
(Young nigga wake up)
Wake up, wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up, wake up
(Wake up bitch, smell the coke)
Wake up, wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up, wake up
(Dope dealer wake up)
Wake up, wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up, wake up
(Wake up bitch, smell the coke)
Poppin' niggas, stopping niggas, got a reputation
His brother came back 7 years later, for his dedication
Now that's three sons, who got no father and got a crazy momma
Prescription pills became the lover, of his baby momma
Niggas talking square, just to make songs about them
You gonna get busted, you think your not? Then you're wrong about it
Wake up in that cell, without a piece of metal
This shit is sloppy, we eating for real, ain't no piece of that
These niggas talking all night, it ain't no sleeping in

Your mind ain't strong, your ass is gone, they got some freaks in there
I did time time with a real nigga in a chain gang
His bloods ain't send him nothing, now he's no longer on a gang bang
Wake up, wake up, wake
up

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Wake up, wake up, wake up
(Young nigga wake up)
Wake up, wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up, wake up
(Wake up bitch, smell the coke)
Wake up, wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up, wake up
(Dope dealer wake up)
Wake up, wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up, wake up

(Wake up bitch, smell the coke) He likes them young and dumb, sexy, pretty and full of (sili)con
Bitch screams rape, you know why? She wants to be number one
Now left feeling older, for [?]

No more cut talk on them things, no more easy talk
You can feed your round, but really you don't need your round
In the end, that's one more mouth that can bring you down, this ain't your top ten
You think that bitch gone wait on you, you go to prison?
Same nigga she say she loves, she will forget 'em
Imma live and witness

Posting you on her page, she wants your followers
For the million followers, she is swallowing you, this is real shit
Your fall-back partner turned pussy, and be a real bitch
Point you out and call like you're the enemy
Wake up, wake up, wake up

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Wake up, wake up, wake up
(Young nigga wake up)
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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