

# Obie Trice, Wake Up

They say he was a monster from birth, so  
Fuck it, I'll just a lean warn-os them hoes  
I suppose O took on the street life  
Even though my mother told me I could be otherwise  
Wasn't the school type, I was too cool  
My agenda wasn't general education, nigga  
Generalizing Obie's expectations  
It was like, a cuckoo in twenty-twos  
Bad news my nigga, pass the brew  
Cause in a week we be pouring a glass for you  
So rapidly homies become casualties  
We was just playing Madden  
Now a nigga sad for his family, that's how it happens  
Dudes get blasted, another casket  
Another child becomes a fatherless bastard  
Make a nigga wanna grab this ratchet  
It's so tragic, and Obie can't get past it  
And you wonder why a nigga'll flash it  
Just to, show these demons that I ain't having it  
Put 'em beneath the grass in a flash  
Homie I'm from the craft  
And to make it where I'm at, that's called Soldierism  
Real niggaz notice em, they wanna flow with 'em  
Wanna do major shows with 'em  
Get the fuck out the ghetto wit 'em  
Heavy metal, leave a nigga twisted, don't fret  
This is the set we live in  
But I ain't crying or whining about my enviornment  
Even though black folk is dying constant  
Niggaz'll shoot you unconscious  
Wit no conscience, until you lose conscience  
Conscious, and pompous white folk think I'm just rhyming  
Just designing lines, just for the sake of shining  
Like I just speak violent applying to the business I'm in  
Rewind and find him in a dirty ass hood with no sight of climbing  
Moving on up was just The Jeffersons  
Rest of us watching the tube got less then them  
So why you vexing him? Why you stretching him out?  
He got the weapon all because his whereabouts  
Born and raised, mental slaves  
And I don't see change before I'm seeing the grave  
All I see is my homies corpse decay  
Crying at his wake, can't recognize his face  
Face it, you not identifying with me  
My identity distorts ya visibility  
So you can't see me, peep what he's achieving  
You recieve information from TV  
I'm in the hood, I live it you read about it  
Rest in peace Peezy  
Please believe Obie eyes've seen The Wire  
Prior to what you seeing on the screen  
I done been in and out of the bing  
Lost niggaz to unfortunate things  
That's why, praise the Lord I'm still on the scene  
Praise the Creator who made human beings  
Just for creating a nigga like me  
A nigga that put the umph in G, yeah

[Chorus 2X]

Wake up  
I try to reach out but you won't  
Wake up  
My brothers and sisters, we got to  
Wake up

'Fore you stuck in the system, and then ya  
Wake up  
Reality hits ya, before you can  
Wake up