

Raekwon The Chef, Wake Up

Chorus -

(One) gun go off, showin' everything is lost
(Two) hold between me and you, these the rules, c'mon
(Three) yo, we gotta stand together to take cream'n
(Four) without me and you the crew just could never be

Verse 1:

Imaginative mental, blood flyin'
the most hardest niggas cock they iron
foul, live like a Lion
listen to the streets and your gun go off
sorta like a show off
jungle way of livin', hittin' dro off
lifestyle changes niggas see that
they gettin' anxious just to throw one in your ski hat
watch your language, yeah, you fresher than a Million bucks
you got a new hustle, you hardly knew niggas would envy lust
they gettin' hungrier and niggas bust
they lit a bigger dutch
fixin' them Calicos to dig your guts
detectives roam
niggas come home and got a bigger dome
ready to zone on what a nigga own
caught in the mischief
how can you live when it's a sickness
that sorrounds that projects and the trenches
walkin' through the bushes at night
you gotta be sharp like a butcher knife
subtly show up when the jooks is right
and everything will have a major like
whether it's black or white
nobody knows until they snatch your life
wake up son, the season's just a thing the mind make up
it's only real kid, ha, wake up!

Chorus 2x

Verse 2:

The meat market pardon me, the heat market
chill, we got it on lock, the nigga got to sweet talkin'
I gotta eat and got the beast targeted
relax, my Brothers on 'role, niggas got police barkin'
they want us killed, sieze the sargent
blowin' each cartridge
we ill, realer in each market
feel the leather jacket, sleek ostrich
unleash the arsonist, just popped the wig off of each hostage
make it real and make his niece watch it
yokin' Grandmothers up, we kill until his peeps squash it
verse is somethin' mean regardless
a green jar of harvest
just smoke, niggas got the green Garcia's
a terrifying team of heartless
move on the Narcs's
we only on it for extreme profits
and anyway we dream darkness
I saw it through the Jean Paul Gotier mint green gleam optics
So wake up Son, the season's just a thing the mind make up
it's only real kid, ha, wake up.

Chorus 2x

Verse 3:

A message from Elijah's kids

my eyes opened, got wise on the biz
start risin' my wig
seen everything I saw before
had dreams behind a wall
all I wanted was to balance my all
make it through feedin' my kind
readin' the lines
on how the dollar bill is shaped and designed
taught from the Eighties
talk, build, and protect all Babies
strong shelters with strong Ladies
a nigga died, died amongst Daisies
he did it for the Babies
thats peace, feed 'em if they gettin' lazy.

Chorus 2x