

Wake Tf Up

BabyTron

(Ayo, Mark A)

Pull up to yo crib masked up, better get— okay
Fuck you watching?

Pull up to your crib masked up, it'll get spooky
Still'll go and eat some ramen noodles, I ain't get bougie
Nice guy but playing with my pape' and I'ma get moody
High as hell dripping, kicks Louis, finna twist dookies

Oh, you watching, huh?
Mister Think You Tough, oh, you plotting, huh?
You the type to post guns but never really shot 'em, huh?
You gon' get dropped
This is not a Tris pop, bitch, I only sip Wock'
Got a bag on me, no trick or treat
Hunnid thousand on the road when the whip hit the street
Dawg got a hit pint of red, think he sipping pink
Think that you up? That's a dream, boy, you still asleep
Wake yo ass up

Ride Cullinan like fuck a Lamb' truck
Quagy-agy got me stuck, I can't stand up
I'll run it up sitting down
Always feel like somebody's watching, it's a blick around
Chilling wide awake for the pape'
Can't fall asleep, I ain't even blinking
Ride around, play after play
Real flight catcher, next week you might see me in Phoenix
Watch Presidential
Gate around the crib, it is not residential
I don't need the tech but the Crocs are essential
V10 roaring, I am not in a rental
Take that cap off, I don't talk to purpers
One thing you can't do is make a boss a worker
I don't do the Cookie, last time was off the burners
Think he tough on the net, knock him off the server
Think he tough, at the most he a cyberbully
I just spent twelve K on designer hoodies
Only brought ten bags? Shit, you fired, rookie
(Shit, you gotta get a new job)
Up now, fuck next, shit, who not?
Big hammer, I ain't get it out a toolbox
Shit, damn, hole in his top like a juice box
Brodie seen a opp and got to blowing like his food hot
Shit, he live the thug life like he 2Pac
Wanna know unc'? He like Ruckus off of Boondocks
Got the juice but I ain't falling off the rooftop
Used to have a pocket full of lint, now it's blue guap (Yeah, yeah)

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