

Wake Up

BlocBoy JB

Tay Keith, fuck 'em up, Tay Keith, fuck 'em up
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Twin Glockes, call 'em Mary and Kate, check hit, I get paid on t
he wake up
Where your mans? He got found in a lake, head tap, lil' bitch,
keep your face up
Two grams, he don't know what to say, birthday, hit a lick, now
my cake up
Strapped up, man, this shit every day, more guns in my car than
a break shift

In my hood, boy, I'm movin' like Giver, I shot bro, now it's ba
ck to arenas
I ain't beefin' 'bout money, but we can go back and forth with
them lil' racks like Serena
Speak on Feezy, I turn to the cleaner, I been lookin' for bro,
have you seen him?
Where I'm from, we hop out of them steamers, don't care 'bout s
ubpoenas, we sendin' the blitz
Who you know tote a Glock like this? Everybody hate Glock and C
hris
Who you know gettin' guap like this? 60K for the watch, that's
sick
These niggas can't top my grind, can't top my hustle, can't top
my bitch
First 48, nigga get up out of line, send twenty at his top, bet
them shots won't miss

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