

Wake Up Call

Cozz

Yeah, yeah, 2016 nigga. I'm tired of motherfuckers spleepin' on a nigga and shit y'all, I'm about to make my motherfuckin' stamp. This my second shit nigga, Mittee Gang in the motherfuckin' building. We all in this bitch and we ain't playing no motherfuckin' games, so it's about time I show y'all niggas what's up

I will replenish your missing faith
Coming live from 65th with cake
Sippin' got me pissin' and getting baked
Got my fifth and 8th of weed
Did you pitch in cake?
So no five, homie get away
Still money over hoes til this fuckin' day
Cause diamonds are forever, but that pussy ain't
And knowing that I know she probably still gon' be on me
Cause she know Cozz be after the bill like Cosby
Some niggas choose to be salty out of all of the seasonings
First off I'll never understand what the reason is
Second off you're opinion ain't achieving shit
Third, I'm probably the best
Bitch I can go back and forth, I'ma plead the 5th
But fuck you and your policies, I'd rather keep it gutter and honestly
The world won't give a fuck about us obviously
Not your neighbor, not your friend and not police
But it don't bother me
I'm tryna reach my goals with the rest of my soccer team
You know we mob deep
Yeah you lookin' at the prodigy
Ruthless I gotta be, no more apologies
Yeah you might catch me by the beach
But I can still tell you all you need
About them pimps roll in them 6-4's
Home of the 6-0's, it get's cold
Nigga just get low, my ammo
Cause niggas pull a pistol quick for

Watch out, better duck, test your own luck
But a nigga might die thinking that they give a fuck
Throw your set up, naw dawg, we don't even bang
It's a Mittee Gang thing, nigga we just tryna hang
Throw your set up, dawg it don't matter where you from
It don't matter where your block at, it don't matter what you claim
Throw your set up, you can go and still test your luck
But a nigga might die thinking that they give a fuck

It's nothin personal
Just talking my shit, ain't tryna diss you
So don't try to hit me with some shit that you ain't in to
Bitch you must have some serious issues
Tryna get my last initial and some money out of him too
That's like tryna stash the paper from a pencil
When it comes to the tissue, ain't getting shit out of this dude
I call it being smarter but some people call it karma
They deserve the curb but I ain't concerned, just wearing my armor
Cause you never know, the one's that close be the one's that harm you
So constantly my eyes on watch
But that's probably because how life was taught to those who live in the hoo

d and know to fight you stops, never
Yeah we clever but we still need more lessons on Tetris cause we still won't
unite the blocks
Might not lose your life to the pipe and rock
But might if you pipe a thot or fight the cops

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