

Wake Up

Lowkey

I woke up this morning so I had to make a new track
This is the difference between true stories and true facts
This right here is what waking up feels like
This is the difference between real talk and real life
It's a treacherous road so mind the gap
Because they try to blur the lines between lies and facts
They told you, it was finished, but that's all a lie
'Cause there's children in them sweatshops some as young as four or five
Check the tag on your trainers
They say it's important the product get endorsed by somebody famous
So we think it looks cool,
While slaves are stitchin' footballs in Pakistan
I break it down in a way that other rappers can't
It's hard to stop sleeping and wake up, 'cause it's to real
But if karma doesn't get you first then the truth will
We're livin in some wild days
According to UNICEF there's 246 million child slaves

[Chorus]

So...

Wake up

Open your eyes and listen to this

'Cause little innocent kids are stitchin' them kicks

Im ticked off, 'cause we live in this myth

The devils biggest trick was convincing the people he didn't exist

So..

Wake Up

You think it ended but it never did

They put the chocolate in our mouth

The logos on our precious kicks

The logos on our backs

The coffe we drink almost everything,

There's more slaves on Earth right now than there's ever been

You listen to the wrong rappers

Companies are using childslaves and blaming it all on their subcontractors

Don't need to guess who's sew those jeans, but who's buying these clothes

Who gives us cocoa beans from the Ivory coast

The answers are hard, but you don't need to search the skies

They're in Asian sweatshops makin' Mickey Mouse merchandise

Nowadays there's less to do with the color of your skin, fam

It's more to do with the country that you're in, fam

Won't stop spittin' 'til there's a change

Every purchase that we make, keep the children in chains

It's so twisted and strange to me

Some parents are so poor they sell their own kids into slavery

It's an ugly state of affairs

Slaves used to pick cotton but now they stitch tics on the trainers we wear

When they tell you it's finished, don't let them

'Cause it's still here

Even though it got abolished in 1807

[Chorus]

This is for those who kept faith

And all the children around the globe gettin sold as sex slaves

Back in the day it was bad but this is the next phase

Nowdays everything's in our hands fam, Let's change
In these tragic times, we gotta analyze these rappers rhymes
Fact is they're blind, and they glamourize a pack of lies
The power's got us distracted but we got to fight
'Cause these days it's not as simple as being black or white
We need to fix our lives and get some unity
'Cause 'til the feds get their weapons and executing me
Putting me back to sleep is something you could never do to me
Yours truly, Lowkey the rapper/revolutionary
Do your research if you don't believe it still exists
It's just a matter of how long can we live with it
You could call me a hypocrite
'Cause if you look at my shoe on my foot right now, you'd see a little tic o
n it