

# Wake Up

Mark Battles

It's Fly America, right?  
3's up

I say a man ain't nothing without his word  
Work myself to death trying to get what I deserve  
I was in the booth while my friends was smoking herb  
Senior year skipping class like I ain't had nothing to learn  
I never was a trouble maker  
Just had a Xerox mind set, trying to double paper  
It wasn't nothing, few scuffles with a couple haters  
I know you pray I name drop, but I ain't doing favors  
See ya later, I'm outie 5000  
Bored in Michael Kors just browsing  
The biggest faker is usually the loudest  
I'm just smiling at you cowards, all my ex's say I'm childish  
I could care less cause my mama is the proudest  
We gon' make it mama, I promise that  
Tired of trips to the laundry mat and whips that are Pontiac  
Verses I'mma body bag just to get a sight of that  
Now he mad, try me last, wrong one to go against

I grind, success is on my mind  
Putting in double overtime every time I wake up  
Wake up

Never let a little bit of fame come and change me  
You ain't bringing food to the table, then you can't eat  
City going crazy, lost three friends in the same week  
So every where I go, me and my bros about eight deep  
Baby what you trying to do?  
Hit me around nine and you can slide on through  
I know your real intentions, I'm pretending I ain't got a clue  
Hot as June, by any means for that bada-boom  
Time to bloom, try anything that we gotta do  
Fly America, I'm rightfully the owner  
I give this game my heart, would you like to be a donor  
Independent, so I fight for the exposure  
Same regime, if you ain't like it, hit the road and blow your motor  
Yes we next, best of best  
And my apologies if I left a mess  
Shook him up, he start disappearing like an Etch-A-Sketch  
Direct connects, ethernet  
Boy I'll put you out the game like your second tech

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Wake up

She said, you know I love you right?  
Aww that's so nice of you, I guess I'll say I like you too  
At least until this night is through  
Doing what we like to do, vibing with my broham's  
She said, can I be your boo? I replied, no mam  
I'm grinding like a slow jam  
Ain't got no time for romance  
Saying he gon' off us, he just talking just like Conan  
They been in my home state for months

That don't mean we changing up  
Still repping Indiana on some Pacer stuff  
Hater what?