

Wake Up

Matt Ox

Yeah, you already know what it is
Matt Ox in the building, you feel me
2k17, that's the year, you feel me
2k18, 2k19, all the way to 300,000, you feel me
Keep on playin' me, bro
And if you need to know my age, I'm 215, bro

Wake up in the mornin'
Diamonds on me and they costin'
Feel like I'm in a foreign
Haters talkin', but they nothin'
Wake up in the mornin'
Diamonds on me and they costin'
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Wake up and I'm yawnin'
Haters talkin', but they nothin'
Pull up on him and he runnin'
He was talkin', he was frontin'
And I'm only just a youngin'
Haters hatin', they don't want it
Diamonds on me, got me stuntin'

And you always on my line
215-215
Diamonds on me and they shine, yeah
Watch how I switch up the flow
And these boys, they act up
Put that boy down to the floor
All this designer, I pose
Boy, you is not with my bros
'Cause you know we keep it low
And my homies, they on go
We gon' make it to the moon
All these haters, they is doomed
I'ma make it to the top
All these haters, they gon' drop
You are not on a roll
Haters talkin', but they old
Diamonds on me and they cold
Diamonds mixin' with the gold
On my teeth, [?]
Yeah, it's Philly what I show
Mess around, you gettin' stomped
They be copyin' the wave, they be lookin' like some clones
Pull up on 'em and he froze
And you know I'm with the bros
This the life that I chose
And I'm comin' at ya' neck
Yeah, I'm comin' at ya' nose
Better watch where you go
I pull up at your show
Gettin', I got lots of guap, I got lots of guap
Um, yeah, put it in my sock, actin' like a jock
Walkin' in my Croc, hit you, like I'm Tyson
[?], haters always typin'

I'ma make 'em frontin' one day, some day, yeah
Diamonds on me, touche, yeah
Money commas lookin' gay, yeah
I don't care what they say, yeah
I'ma make it someday, yeah
They already know they gang, yeah
None of my homies are trained
And we can never be tamed
Put the money in a safe, yeah
I secured the bag
Haters on me, they a drag
Put that boy in a bag
Cause my homies on the tag
We gon' make it out the trap, yeah
We gon' make it out the trap
Haters on me, they a drag
And my homies might just bang
We got out and make it rain
They be talkin', they insane
They ain't ready for the gang
They ain't ready for the gang, oh
Heard he was talkin' smack
Pull up on me, and bang
No, I'm not playin' no games
Boy, this ain't GTA

(Ayy, gang, gang, gang, gang)
And it's Forza on the beat, you feel me
(Forza, Forza, Forza, grrah, gang, gang, gang, yeah)
Working on Dying, OX Gang, yeah (Yeah, ayy, yeah, yeah, yeah, hah, yeah)
Matt Ox, gang, gang, yeah
Ayy, ayy
Wake up in the mornin'
Diamonds on me and they costin'
Wake up in the mornin'
Diamonds, ayy
Wake up in the mornin'
Diamonds on me and they costin'
Feelin' like I'm in a foreign