

## Wake Up

Warhol.SS

Wake up in the morning, clutchin' on a tool  
Draco turn a nigga block into a pool  
Wipe a nigga nose, he ain't have a clue  
(Wipe a nigga nose, he ain't have a clue)  
Lookin' like some money, put her in the mood  
Stick inside the rush, turn him into food  
Bustin' on a dummy, coming natural  
Moon-walking percy put me in the groove  
Alexander Wang mix it with McQueen  
At exotic store, we fucking up the cream  
Wake up in the morning thinking 'bout the green  
(Wake up in the morning thinking 'bout the green)  
Need a Richard Millie, in the pattywagon  
Hit the baddest bitches out in Calabasas  
Eyes wide open, married to the madness  
Wipe a nigga nose, we want all the static

Audemar, yeah  
Filling myself up with juice  
Ain't no mission impossible, dude  
I just took me two pints on the cruise  
And I keep me a bag and some extras  
Butterflies goin up on her nap on the Tesla  
Chopped it up I put juice in the bezzle  
Niggas faker than Hansel and Gretel  
When I hop in that demon, forget about it  
Nigga try to get behind me, he gettin' bodied  
Made a hobby of dressin, I'm out of pocket  
Couple thousand when I add into my closet  
Rick Owens slacks  
With the gators so relaxed  
Kickin Flavors, that's a tax  
Ain't no favors, bring the racks  
Cartier lens bitch I see through them blocks  
Got a bitch in Atlanta, she fuck with a rockstar  
Got a bitch out in Italy, fuck with the mobsters  
I can not fuck with no bird, no ostrich  
Put it in drive and I hit the dash  
Swervin off percys, hope it don't crash  
And if you ain't first, you know you in last  
You talk all that work, and went in the stash

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