Woke Up

Dae Dae & London On Da Track

Ain't gon' lie like
Mm-mm mm-mm-mm-mm-mm
(We got London On Da Track)
(Goddamn!)Woke up with a sack
Woke up with them racks on me and stuffed like backpacks
Woke up with that strap on me, I went and copped that Challenger
I ain't got no manners but my mama gave me standards
I can't fall in love with no motherfucking nothing bitch
Yeah I see you mugging
That shit there don't mean nothing
'Posed to be my cousin but you fucking one of my bitches
No I ain't in my feelings
I'm just saying don't start tripping
When I get on your ho mind (Dae Dae)
Don't you start tripping baby give me mingo
Don't you start cleaning up this fucking kitchen
Liu Kang baby, I can fucking kick it
You say ya gang bang nigga what you bang?
Nigga you don't gang bang you ain't got no stains
20 gang, murder gang
Neighborhood in your face, fuck your gang
Billy with me, F&N
Hanging out that ceiling with it
Nine time out of ten, he ain't really with it
He can't survive in that pen if he was sentenced
Nigga better try it again if he thought he was fucking with me
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I can't fall in love with no motherfucking nothing bitch
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'Posed to be my cousin but you fucking one of my bitches
No I ain't in my feelings
I'm just saying don't start tripping
When I get on your ho mindTalk trap (what you say?)
Watch your mouth (do it, do it)
Fuck you mean? (How you do that?)
It's my house (turn up on 'em)
Hundreds kill (whoa)
Going to kill (yeah)

Any nigga (whoa)
That fucking feel (turn up on 'em)
Like they fucking with me
Trunk fit in my truck since it's all tall and shit
Still ride with Tuck that's my dog bitch
Semi's never tuck, I will draw bitch
As far as I know fuck the law (Nigga, fuck 12)
They doing all the killing and I gotta watch my back cause I got 5 children, yeah
And they get bonds and they get appeals and that shit
Just can't be real but I ain't tripping cause I justWoke up with a sack
Woke up with them racks on me and stuffed like backpacks
Woke up with that strap on me, I went and copped that Challenger
I ain't got no manners but my mama gave me standards bitch
I can't fall in love with no motherfucking nothing
Yeah I see you mugging
That shit there don't mean nothing
'Posed to be my cousin but you fucking one of my bitches
No I ain't in my feelings
I'm just saying don't start tripping
When I get on your ho mind(What?)
Oh it feels so cold it's so cold cold (burr)
Get up out my way, get out my way hoe (move)
I'ma get that money when I want (them racks)
I'ma get that money when I want to (turn up on em)
I'ma get that money when I want (let me run up on em)
I'ma get that money when I want to (I'ma stun you homie)
I don't know you homie
Yeah
Low life
Low life, low life, low life
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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