

# Woke the F\*ck Up

[Jon Bellion](#)

Take your clothes and rip 'em, rip 'em off  
Call these hoes and tip 'em, tip 'em off  
You can tell them you are mine  
I'm sick of, sick of games  
No more time, you lit the, lit the flame, yeah  
We live in an age where everything is staged  
Where all we do is fake our feelings  
I've been scared to put myself so out there  
Time is running out, yeah  
Need to let you know that  
Last night I woke the fuck up  
I realized I need you here, as desperate as that sounds, yeah-eh  
Last night I woke the fuck up  
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Take these walls and rip 'em, rip 'em down  
Take my (uh) and Zip 'em, Zip 'em...  
I will tell them I am yours and very, very proud  
I am forced to give in, give in now  
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