

RZA

"Airwaves"

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This is a Wu-Tang Killa Bee exclusive blast
Wake up, wake up, wake up

Wu-tang, Wu-Tang
Wu-tang, Wu-Tang
Wu-tang, Wu-Tang
Wu-tang, Wu-Tang

Bobby Steels fables till MCs get your lips stapled
Project Killa Hill is stamped on the map like the
compass
Taking sword, play tongue-twist, piercing holes in you
You can't escape seventy-thousand kilowatts blast in
your box
Walk with alarm clocks, cars drive explodes on the
block
One stop parks, pops in trunk, snears pop loud as glock
shots
Pierced like it remain in your face, cops stop, give a
citation
Report for radio station identification

Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up

Love IQ got you drunk, you depressed of Wu
Flying monks, fatal darts from your airwaves strike
your antenna
You feeled a bit shimmer, it makes you like your
dimmer
You thought you turned your dial from this, you best to
slit your wrists

Through the soul of your heart like dark Emelius
Unfamiliar, leave no trace like Simon Templar
Rhyme emperor, styles switch daily like temperature
In your atmosphere, the rap racketeer
Six pack battery back keep 'em stacked
I live for hip-hop and tall brown skin sugar plum who
love the lollipops

Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up, wake
up

Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang
Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang

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