

Airwaves

RZA

Wake up, wake up, wake up

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

Verse 1: Bobby Digital

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 wid alarm clocks
Cars drive explodes on the block
One stop parks, pops in trunk
Snears pop loud as glock shots
Pierced like a earring in your face
Cops stop, give a situation
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 you antenna
You feeled a bit shimmer
It makes your like you 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 lollipos
Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up

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