

# Airwaves

## Byront

We interrupt your program to bring you 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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