Airwaves

We Are The Arsenal

We interrupt your program to bring youThis is a Wu-Tang Killa Bee exclusive blast
Wake up, wake up, wake upWu-tang, Wu-Tang
Wu-tang, Wu-Tang
Wu-tang, Wu-Tang
Wu-tang, Wu-TangBobby 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 identificationWake up, wake up, wake up, wake upLove 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 wristsThrough the soul of your heart like dark Emelius
Unfamiliar, leave no trace like Simon Templer
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 lollipopsWake up, wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up, wake upWu-Tang, Wu-Tang
Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang

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