

Airwaves

Snailhouse

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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