

Heaterz (Feat. Tekitha)

Wu-Tang Clan

Hang glide for my nigga Tical
Yo, word to God we run this whole shit Son (no doubt)
Right that's my word, guaranteed you're dealin with the invicible (no doubt)
(I'm specialized in swordsmanship)
That's my word, Persian Legacy one time, one time
That's the science of the black man
Stationary niggas, have fun on this right here
Yo Shorty cross your arms
Gonna rock niggas to sleep this year (throw your leather up)Blade thrower, sword swinga, killa bee ringer
Rocky road roll dark greener
Cream fademas, name your God Ukarema
Shout out Medina, federaloes Noxzema
Me jury cleaner, Million Man March screamers
Rae Cartegna, cut your joint Wolverine
The Longines, wrapped around the wrist, law seen her
How I got that yo, threw out the macker named Gina
Bust a shot, seen her, it ricocheted, tapped Tina
Now I'm out, lampin in Korea with Talima
We moseyin, sweatsuit Adidas, best believe
I got the black heater little joint, probably Moschino
Yo Bobby Robby whattup, Max tried to follow me
Sadaam loungin, clean up collect, like the laundry
It's time yo swerve like the Nike line
Windbreaker Laker throw a jump shot scrape her
Statuary yo floatin that snatch-uary
Ayo, blow a hole in your limo, weed pass the dutchYo this is MC wizardry, killa bee invasion
Men of respect, blessed with wisdom of the ancients
My words are blatant, lacerate necks for statements
I launch like lead projectiles, straight out the basement
I suplex your rep, left ruined like the Aztecs
Parasites, double edge dice your larynx
My hip-hop, is quarantined locked inside the detox
Under keep lock, it's like b-block and E-Glocks
You're ill, your trail end thoughts are frail
I strike the cypher, and let one survive to tell the tale
Of my state of grace, I raise the stakes on snakes
Knock em off like the big eights for takin up space
Never did fear em, stick em with the truth serum
Who sent em, arrest em before my charge is ended

Designated hitter flows split the transistor
Kinetic globes light when it shine, burns your retina
Urban journal, plus eternal broadcaster
Before and after, I be Self Lord And Master I be the Ironside, get touched, with the chloride
Take walk with the Nine Finger bandits worldwide
Shaolin hillside, full of homicides
Fuck you dissatisfied the double dyed black brown I advise Yo, box talk sequence, powerhouse kick out
Eyes dusty, wet, butt-naked with my dick out
I'm direct, golden best, golden chest is blessed
Scarce chapter, snatcher batcher went to fresh
It sound farfetched, mountain men that be rich
You get buckshot, dumb be clapped, mummy wrapped and stitched
The Jeffrey Dahmer Notre Damer sing the song the strongest
Brute force bullethole straight through your chorus
Shank you with the think tank, harmony cake cut
A can of ass whoopin' flurry shake, break you fucks
Struck, love crooks, why for lyin' hooks
Chef cocaine cook, a marvelous book
This death bent doctrine, paper for the youth
What remains, a saber-toothed tiger in the booth Last night, I took a trip down to Crown Heights
Fast life, females are trife, stay tight
I detect that parasite, satellite
RZA beat makes me wanna fight get hyped, come to do shows
My slang sound write secretary type
Backflip on the mic, I'm the poor black man
Workin' hard for the grand, I understand clear
Don't fear, peep my new gear it's different from yours
My style drop like jaws, you see me on tours
Don't you wait to say peace, the kid from the street
Put my technology on the track, just then the core attack
Wu article CappaFive, CD attack
But my talk stage live killa beehive
Bermuda my life angle, rectangle gold fronts
Bring the gold dangle, never make me throw darts
Check out my arts, when I release my smarts
Hot like Pop Tarts, aim me at the charts

Songwriters

HAWKINS, LAMONT / HUNTER, JASON / JONES, RUSSELL T. / WOODS, COREY / HARRIS,
DERRICK R. L. / HILL, DARRYL ROBERT Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>