

Heaterz (feat. CappaDonna)

Wu-Tang Clan

Hang glide for my nigga Tical
Yo, word to God we run this whole shit, son
Right that's my word
Guaranteed you're dealin' with the invincible That's my word, Persian legacy one time, one time
Check the science of the black man
Stationary niggaz, have fun on this right here
Yo Shorty cross your arms Gonna rock niggaz to sleep this year
Blade thrower, sword swinga, killa bee ringer
Rocky road roll dark greener
Cream fade mas, name your God Ukarema Shout out Medina, federaloes Noxzema
Me jury cleaner, Million Man March screamers
Rae Cartegna, cut your joint Wolverine
The lonzina, 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
Aiiyo, blow a hole in your limo, weed pass the dutch Yo, this is MC wizardry, killa bee invasion
Men of respect, blessed with wisdom of the ancients
My words are blatant, lacerate necks for statements
Are launched like lead projectiles, straight out the basement
I suplex your rap, left ruined like the Aztecs
Parasites, double edge dice your larynx
My hip-hop, swarmin' team locked inside the detox
Under key flock, 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 with the transistor
Kinetic globes light will then 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 dissastified the double dyed black brown I advise Yo, box talk sequence, powerhouse
kickout
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 far fetched, 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 bullet hole 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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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