

# Hold the Heater

Wu-Tang Clan

Windshield, rappers are like gnats  
They're gettin' splattered 'pon the windshield  
Fallin' down like London Bridge, my blade split your onion head  
Axe that like Paul Bunyan, Meth prefers the gun instead  
Bong bong, put a hole inside your head

We keep it rugged  
We keep it rough  
We keep it real  
We keep it raw  
(2x)

How come the streets don't want me to live?  
Plus my niggas keep tellin' me fibs  
But the devil done poisoned my wiz  
I'm doin' this for my family and kids  
I'm tryna be wealthy, take my time right and stay healthy  
Said it before but I don't think nobody felt me  
Yo tried to understand this hand that this life dealt me  
I'm on the verge of a whole new makeover  
My fake friends, they can take it like a takeover  
I'm ready to eat, I'm ready to grip it  
Got enemies everywhere, I got chicks that's wicked  
Sick shit, niggas doin' wicked ass wig shit  
Bid shit, tellin' jokes that I had the biscuit  
Niggas be wantin' my leftovers  
I'm like a general that died and lost some of his best soldiers  
I burn holsters and I kill that dirt religion  
Murk that pigeon and I shoot the television

Got that trey pound on you, run down on you  
Hard boiled nigga, Clan top soil  
My fam straight royal, I'm a die loyal  
When them shooters come for you, better throw your flag 'em  
I'm pure gun oil, let 'em see that hand cannon  
Foundation strong, never ride a bandwagon  
Andrew Jacksons, hand-to-hand transaction  
Cops jumped out, caught him with his pants saggin'  
Criminal individuals up in here  
Wild like the theme park ride called The Buccaneer  
Weed in the Tupperware, throw you off the upper tiers  
Suweeee, I got all my niggas up in here

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(2x)

Imagine the sound of your face scrapin' up against the gate  
Of a barbed wire fence, this is barbed iron fist  
Heartthrob, iron dick, hoes slob the nob quick  
This is odd, so throw it in your iPod quick

Lifeless activity, constant movement  
Buyin' elasticity, such improvement  
Sword held to where it collapses inward

Spillin' rhymes if it's Shaolin vineyards  
RZA had a mixture, then he added sound to the picture  
Co-author rewrote the scripture  
Math worked from birth, doubled the net worth  
Amplified in the time machine of early Earth  
A two-way radio, simple yet complex  
Receivers, transmitters, interest to contacts  
The emergence of the earliest atoms  
Transform to a level extremely hard to fathom  
Same soup, different bowl, Wu ceramics  
Same group on them large-scale dynamics  
A wave triggered the burst, glass was shattered  
Galactic matter served on a graphic platter

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(2x)

Overachiever, power hungry overeater  
I95, whip fly like an overseer  
I'm overconfident but some might say I'm overeager  
Or overzealous, especially when it's over cheeba  
I got a soldier's features, I rock the coldest sneakers  
My sneakers' so cold, can't wear 'em 'less you hold the heater  
Can't push me over either, that go for dojas  
I ain't got no love for posers neither, keep my composure  
I'm focused, tryna roll the reefer, let's turn it up  
Forget the cope, I'm tryna blow the speaker, that's all he wrote  
One verse could turn your soul to ether  
It's time you gave me my respects just like the old Aretha, Mr. Meth

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(2x)