

# From the Hills

Raekwon

Yeah, come on, man, aw shit  
It's that fly diabolical, come on  
Let's go Ra, come on  
I got to tell 'em, man, I got to tell 'em  
Based on a true story, y'all  
Yeah... prophets, nigga, prophet

From the Hills of the Shaolin  
All the Wu-Tang came, from far and wide  
From the Hills, of the Shaolin  
With an iron fist of fury and a mighty sword  
To fulfill the prophecy of the Wu-Tang, of the Wu-Tang

In the Polo store, fronting in war clothes, it been like this  
From right in time when I was nine years old  
I was a hot mess, smoking cheeba, running with stolen speakers  
Dropped beepers, even wore a victory vest  
I run with niggas, digging knots from niggas, running out the school  
Stunting, back of the bus, flashing the ox  
Rock the V-Gooses, everything we wore was name brand  
Sold three looseys, just to get on call plan  
R.E.C. Poss' Rockers, the Blip Brothers  
Even the Spin Doctors, sat and smoke blunts, I been bopping  
All my kins blew up, we grew up with  
We used to do what? Running through the sewers and then shopping  
Pick pocket, deuce baby, take it in truce, baby  
You know how we do, come run in my boots, baby  
The niggas came through, touch the God, here Shallah  
Ever since went from ninjas to gem stars, sing Ra

From the Hills of the Shaolin  
All the Wu-Tang came, from far and wide  
From the Hills, of the Shaolin  
With an iron fist of fury and a mighty sword  
To fulfill the prophecy of the Wu-Tang, of the Wu-Tang

Reunited, another LP, we're all excited  
That reckless eyeballing will get your girl indicted  
My touch like Midas, I cramp your style, arthritis  
These niggas is food, I eat they food, nigga-ritis  
Your man don't snooze, insomniac  
This The W, the Clan don't lose, you putting hands on who?  
Hands down, I can handle you, you half man, half animals  
If you are what you eat, and eat pussy, you's a cannibal  
And stopping me, is what you cannot do  
Either get in the game, get out the way, or get ran right through  
I ain't different Method Man like you  
But you ain't like us, we play rough, my community tough  
And little kids in my community cuss  
Y'all be showing your guns, but the ones in my community bust  
And when they do, you give the jewelry up

From the Hills of the Shaolin  
All the Wu-Tang came, from far and wide  
From the Hills, of the Shaolin  
With an iron fist of fury and a mighty sword  
To fulfill the prophecy of the Wu-Tang, of the Wu-Tang

All the niggas came through  
Yeah, from the Hills, Park Hill, Shaolin  
Stapleton, New Brighton, nigga  
West Brighton, the Park, nigga  
Wu-Tang, South Beach, nigga  
Yeah, muthafucka, yo