

# Shaolin Style

Shyheim

Yeah yeah!!

Where my Shaolin peoples at?

Stapleton, the craziest, why'all know what time it is

Wild wild West

Now born, Killa Hill, poor to the rich man

Jungle Nilz, let's get money why'all

[Verse One:]

It be the Scotch and Henessee that make me act like this

I'm wild hit em up project style never plead the fifth

Regardless, to the charges, chickenheads will be at court

Fightin and slicin each other to see who lies at my fort

Who woulda thought, little Shy Big Willie

Ninety-six we rollin dutches, nine-tray it was Phillies

First of the month be like Christmas to dealers

Hundred dollar seals come through the school zone area

Children at play keep the heat on the low

Little kids gettin hit, projects flooded with po'

Now shorty's rockin, Versace and Donna Karan

Playin the Miss Mob Queen role knowin hon the cousin Sharon

I live the glamarous life, girl

And go from limos to Dom Perignon, rich hotels

[Chorus: repeat 4X]

"Wild, the Shaolin Style is all in me

Child, the whole damn isle is callin me" -- Method Man

[Verse Two: Squig]

Facing two-five to life incarcerated activated

Stressed behind a cell with no way to escape it

Holdin on, true to ock steel tryin to appeal

Be landed without a bail so let the commisary reveal

I feel it's time, for me to let this sparkle in wine

Wet my throat rockin the trenchcoat, flashin to get mine

Not hesitant, 'cause the Henny keeps me bent

Just tryin to make a cent, diggin pockets down to the lint

Regardless of all the charges the D's want me for

Warrant after warrant, so I avoid the law

Stapleton on the rise, twenty-seven wearin lives

From day one until they none don't take it as no surprise

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Shyheim]

I'm havin suicidal thoughts cause I'm screwed up in the game

But today's thang, is to hold it down and maintain

I got thirty days until I get remanded for this gun charge

Still I'm livin large, joint hard up in the mode and

long sexin, fishin for pre-model

I'm young black rich and dangerous, livin like I won the lotto

So nuff of wine sex and dutches

Them kids know who us is

GP rule, hundred-twenty-seven hustlers

Runnin from D's when they try to bust us

Fly crims and gats, mainly black cops, them faggots love us

And my district attorneys want to send me to jail

I told em, "People want to kill me", that's why I had the nine milli

I'm bustin dead and not to injure

Remember what I quote  
Before you, enter my center

[Chorus]