

Feel the heat from the streets, I got to eat  
Talk what I walk, I stalk with bronze feet  
Ancient spells, yell durag sheet  
She rags sheet, jump on the jame with with 36 peak  
Beat up the beat, overload rap treat mix  
Cape in the wind like the John Wu flix  
Now, take the spirit, crash more clearer  
The spreadin of body, covers the man in the mirror  
Kick down the door, unleash the Terror Fam  
Cracklin, screamin, crime who I am  
Who else could cut, well budge, eye on the tiger rap  
Rule the rough mind stap, cryin, his eyes strapped  
Beneath clothin, prehaps speed glowin  
The golden wise domes, blizzard unknown  
The unforbidden, got to live, wildstyle begun  
So uplift the mind, boy I'll bring out the sun

You trapped in this rap in this world bizarre  
And ya hit pretty hard in the city of frauds  
But uplift the mind and I heal ya scars  
'Cause risk pullers small, we all shinin' stars  
(2x)

Now, first of all, yo, we ain't no saints  
Can we lay in the trench and rock the war paint?  
The same feelin' scheme, temper made the rhythm mean  
My self-esteem, my ninety-eight blade hit 'em  
Link spot blast, even though I shot last  
The underdog stranger, super freak hot blast  
The hard drop rip is a hostile swing  
Kiss my Redemption with a fist full of sting  
Swift with the gifts, it's the God Body Squad  
It's not a myth, we defy all laws  
Now, reach for the stars, now top to the limit  
But, all in the all be grateful to be livin  
While we work the muscle, we meditate the hustle  
Serious the world, experience this struggle  
The razor voice, flavor choice steam, redeem  
We feelin' calmly now to dominate the scene  
The grass more green, attack speed dem (on)  
The cliffhanger vaccine, man in machine  
Now from round one, mayor style sum  
I won't stop the war till y'all drown in my drum

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Now, here come the rhythm, style that's moist  
Now, it's up from the Hell with the olive oil voice  
Now hurry my hurt, bury dirt deep within  
Against witty rap war startin', robbin' in the wind  
Great blue skies and the great red birds  
>From the pitch black city with the long link verbs  
Golden Arms song truly to restore the Earth's beauty

Grant me a beast, stamp kill me with the jury  
When I tone a capell, Hell has beauty  
A force has awakened, breath-taking vengeance  
Midnight power plant, seekin the menace  
My wrestling vest, lyric fresh, dry bone  
My appetite destruction is official cyclones  
Thai poems, my throne  
One shot fill, bigger homes, bigger stones  
It's on now!!!

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(2x)

We're the best, I assure you.  
That's not what I've heard.  
There's a lot of Shaolin men around here.  
They're not important.  
Are you trying to deceive me?  
Those damn Shaolin students. They're just a bunch of rebels.  
Time and again in the past, the court has given orders,  
To wipe them out!  
Be the Shaolin, and a good teacher.  
Who is this man?  
The God of War!