Chop Chop Ninja (feat. Inspectah & Estelle)

Raekwon

What are the true keys to be in the ninja?
Just an all black perfect vision and their movement is in silence
What are the true keys to be in the ninja?
Just an all black perfect vision and their movement is in silenceThis is Shaolin, Shaolin, this is Shaolin, Shaolin
This is Shaolin, Shaolin, Shaolin
This is Shaolin, this is Shaolin, this is Shaolin
Shaolin, ShaolinGet away from there, shitYeah, oh shit, fresh from the lands of Shaolin, nigga
Check this shit out man, yoHe threw a kick at me, I back slapped him, I pulled out the mack
He kicked it out of my hand, [Incomprehensible]
Yo, a place where you niggas get it on
And I think it evolved around three hundred racks and thirty stacksSee I black on yell, I was dusted with all my bangles on
Shoe rings clusted, shorty Black, he was there, this is my nigga
Check the bullshitty, Jap' China man
He threw a sword right through his Wu-shit
Now he's throwing stars at the kidI'm jumpin' over my car, yo, tryin' to get to my glove box
And Sheik got the door open, gash in my Ceasar
My sneakers got red on it, know that's blood
We threw a piece of a chain, with a long blade on it
And the nigga was buckwildI'm dunking and dodging, tryin' to stick him with my little blade
Bringing some trouble
I got to the glove box, I threw two shots
He disappearedWhat are the true keys to be in the ninja?
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This is Shaolin, this is Shaolin, this is Shaolin
Shaolin, ShaolinNow stay there like it ain't nothing to face fear
Flowers by the grave of the niggas who say where
Straight chair, 'cause I don't play fear
Feel retaliation, I'ma shake him just to scrape from my suede pairHe told me yo wait right here, son I've been there
Rip your pockets of, plus nothing your damn hair
Broad day even with Jake there
Serious, last time you saw me I was rocking the same stairDo or die, you or I, cousin I pray for you
Forgive me for my sins, father this is what they made me do
Nonsense called me the slaving fool, rather than play the fool
I resort to the way they gaze at youWhat are the true keys to be in the ninja?

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Shaolin, ShaolinThe year of the bullshit
Why me, the nigga had A-6 on a three hundred dollar bill
But you don't scare me, white and blood hear me
You laugh with a sinister grin, the sun went downThis is Grand Mao, I'm sweating still, rubbed my square
Probably under a chair
Black hood on and sporting a gray beardRespect mine, I'll take on your head blind
The nigger got caught up and left niggas sporting a necktie
Skip town, slide to Westside
See as I ridin' on my hides to a mountainous tide

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