

Shaolin Worldwide

Wu-Tang Clan

Who's the knucklehead wantin' respect Yo, yo
Never doubt the life
Yo
Who the fuck are you to criticize me
Yo, I slap, yo, I slap dick ta' ya' wifey
Yo, respect, that's my word Another Wu tradition, Street vision, listen
All my life I've been poverty stricken
Always took what's mines, never was given
A second chance just to rap sheet a bad decision
You can't knock the hustle or the life that I'm livin'
Quick to stick the clip in, blow you out position
Street jurisdictions, nigga, no restriction
Concrete composition for emcee's in submission
Special edition crash course mission
Push through like the task force and crush all competition
See you from a distance, dry snitchin', whisperin'
Greet your man posted up like two little bitches
When you get the heart, step live or catch stitches
Or find yourself with Del, sleepin' with the fishes
I got no love for fans that's fake ass niggas
I can't stand the bid when it's all in my business
Wu-Tang Forever and a day, don't get it twisted
I get lifted, I just shoot somethin' from hot biscuit
These street kids, we can't lost, we terrorize you district
Leave no finger prints and no survivin' witness Nowhere to run to, nowhere to hide
It's them kids from the other side Shaolin worldwide
Street Life, Homicide, nowhere to run to [Chorus:]
Nowhere to hide, boo, we P.L.O.
Fo' sho', if it don't flow, gotta go
Fo' sho', if it don't blow, gotta go
Fo' sho', if it ain't dough, gotta go
Some didn't listen 'til my gun went BLOW! Yo, thoughts sharper than a Japanese kitana
Ninja coma, piranhas crack teeth on my armor
Scandalous, I ran contra-bomber, stalker like rebels of Rwanda
Death before dishonor, snake charmer, persona of one who makes drama
Godfather 4 type saga, tuckin' a revolver in my parker
Bombin' unprepared for departure, might talk but strike harder
Fear the bow of the silent archer
Sure shotter, pass the rock to your starter

Poison darter, news photographers document the horror
While I bounce Shaunda with Tiwana and I from blue Honda
Honorable scholar, rockwilder, rip mic's for top dollar
Your highness, the crowd holla
Got your head rock, feel the brain trauma
Crowd sponsor, hotter than Bahama steam saunas
The Rebel of opera, popped off the chocolate and the gosha
Monster truck crush you impostors Nowhere to run to, nowhere to hide
It's them kids from the other side Shaolin worldwide
I.N.S., Homicide, nowhere to run to [Chorus] I'm the four mic emcee with five mic potential
Overlooked cuz y'all can't understand what I been thru
You ain't got to love me, or even pretend to
Actin' like the street, they ain't got no street credentials
Crack villains, raps be killin' instrumentals
The caps pealin' and slap a feelin' out ya dental
Underground, sound, for ghetto residenceals
Up shits creek lookin' for some more shit to get into
Got the clan jewels as I continue
To serve you everythin' on that's on the menu
With chef John Jacob, remember sons Of man told you wake up
My nigga smell the coffee, I'm too hardcore to kill softly
Come to free the mind and get the bullshit up off me
The jedi, only use the force if ya force me
Shaolin what
Don't get it fucked up and cross me
Rappers gettin' stuck for actin' stuck up and flossy
Say it ain't so! Bust the callico
Rap from the island called Stat', here we go Nowhere to run to, nowhere to hide
It's them kids from the other side Shaolin worldwide
Method Man, Homicide, nowhere to run to [Chorus] Wantin' respect, wantin' respect
Who's the knucklehead wantin respect
Wantin' respect, wantin' respect
Wantin respect, sharpest niggas in the ...

Songwriters

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