From The Hills

Raekwon

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
(From the hills of the Shaolin)
Ever since went from ninjas to gem stars, sing Ra
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
(From the hills of the Shaolin)
And when they do, you give the jewelry up
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
South Beach, nigga
Yeah, muthafucka, let's go

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