Shaolin Style (Featuring Squig)

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]

Songwriters
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