Chop Chop Ninja

Raekwon

What are the true keys to be in the ninja?
Just an all black perfect vision and their movement is in silence
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Just an all black perfect vision and their movement is in silence
This is Shaolin, Shaolin, this is Shaolin, Shaolin
This is Shaolin, Shaolin, Shaolin
This is Shaolin, this is Shaolin, this is Shaolin
Shaolin, Shaolin
Get away from there, shit
Yeah, oh shit, fresh from the lands of Shaolin, nigga
Check this shit out man, yo
He 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 stacks
See 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 kid
I'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 buckwild
I'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 disappeared
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Now 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 pair
He 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 stair
Do 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 you
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The 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 down
This is Grand Mao, I'm sweating still, rubbed my square
Probably under a chair
Black hood on and sporting a gray beard
Respect 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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