

# Shaolin Style (feat. Squig)

## Shyheim

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah, yeah  
Where my Shaolin peoples at?  
Stapleton, the craziest, y'all know what time it is  
Wild wild West  
Now born, Killa Hill, poor to the rich man  
Jungle Nilz, let's get money y'allIt be the Scotch and Hennesee 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 fortWho 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 areaChildren 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 SharonI live the glamorous life, girl  
And go from limos to Dom Perignon, rich hotelsWild, the Shaolin Style is all in me  
Child, the whole damn isle is callin' me  
Method ManWild, the Shaolin Style is all in me  
Child, the whole damn isle is callin' me  
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Method ManWild, the Shaolin Style is all in me  
Child, the whole damn isle is callin' me  
Method ManFacin' 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 commissary revealI feel it's time, for me to let this sparkle in wine  
Wet my throat rockin' the trenchcoat, flashin' to get mine  
Not hesitant, 'cuz the Henny keeps me bent  
Just tryin' to make a cent, diggin' pockets down to the lintRegardless 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 surpriseWild, the Shaolin Style is all in me

Child, the whole damn isle is callin' me

Method ManI'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 modellI'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 usFly crims and gats, mainly black cops, them fagots love us

And my district attorneys wanna send me to jail

I told em, "People wanna 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 centerWild, the Shaolin Style is all in me

Child, the whole damn isle is callin' me

Method Man

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