

## Shaolin vs. Wu-Tang

Raekwon

Master!

Toad style... hmmph

The Shaolin deliberately tried to use the Lord

To learn our Wu-Tang sword fighting!

The Shaolin would never do that!

Wouldn't you? The Shaolin have always looked down at us

Are you afraid the Wu-Tang would become more famous than you?

You?

So you used your Shaolin poison to set up my master and deliberately frame me!

That's nonsense!

It's not nonsense! I saw it myself!

Nonsense! The Shaolin have nothing to fear from the Wu-Tang but our swordfight

Aiyo! Come on! Let go of the ratchet, son, come on, let's go! Come on!

Villagers, gangstas, pillagers, paintbrush

New whips, blue fifths, Louis Shallah, bitch

Ostrich turtlenecks, the Chef, already reps

Lean off the petty jets, we buy the very best

Outfits, powerful rich, pouncers, camel clips

One bump, two lumps, the shotgun, the new jumps

With flying bird, buying herb, new kick, designer birds

She on, and we up, let's re-up, and free'd up

Jakes hate it, Rae made it, Clientele, we gon' sell

You gon' starve, he gon' jail, night boots, swim with whales

Better snub, surgical leather gloves, never loved

We gon' kill, take it to the Hill, we forever real

Old records, old luggage, you I'll with no rugged

You shoot and we spray, kill off them old buzzards

We love it, can't stand it, you read, the Wu Manual

We found it, stay grounded, we will, we still scrambling

Hold your fire!

You two traitors!

You've mixed the Shaolin and Wu-Tang

No, we have not, it's just that they're the same

That's right, my Lord

You misunderstand our kung-fu work

It doesn't belong to anybody, IT EVOLVES!

Kill 'em!

The wrist lifter, the grave sitter, baby sitter

The jobless, to open the vault, call your sister

The Pyrex, the up in the five, live as Twister

Blunt rolling, only a robe on, some whiskers

Knee slapper, the gat packer, blackjacker

Extortionist, friendly as shit, Bob and Back-lur

Ones folder over the stove, gold rover

The gear dresser, the chop bagger, Marvin Haggler

Rap stabber, eat you alive, gold tarantula

Sixteen paces and shit, hold the heckler

Pimp style, Axel Foley, stolen Rolly

All ya niggas that know me, ya'll owe me

I don't give a damn! Listen

Hahaha, And I'll kill anyone, who dares to go against...