

Feel the heat from the streets, I got to eat
Talk what I walk, I stalk with bronze feet
Ancient spells, yell durag sheet
She rags sheet, jump on the jame with with 36 peak
Beat up the beat, overload rap treat mix
Cape in the wind like the John Wu flix
Now, take the spirit, crash more clearer
The spreadin of body, covers the man in the mirror
Kick down the door, unleash the Terror Fam
Cracklin, screamin, crime who I am
Who else could cut, well budge, eye on the tiger rap
Rule the rough mind stap, cryin, his eyes strapped
Beneath clothin, prehaps speed glowin
The golden wise domes, blizzard unknown
The unforbidden, got to live, wildstyle begun
So uplift the mind, boy I'll bring out the sun

You trapped in this rap in this world bizarre
And ya hit pretty hard in the city of frauds
But uplift the mind and I heal ya scars
'Cause risk pullers small, we all shinin' stars
(2x)

Now, first of all, yo, we ain't no saints
Can we lay in the trench and rock the war paint?
The same feelin' scheme, temper made the rhythm mean
My self-esteem, my ninety-eight blade hit 'em
Link spot blast, even though I shot last
The underdog stranger, super freak hot blast
The hard drop rip is a hostile swing
Kiss my Redemption with a fist full of sting
Swift with the gifts, it's the God Body Squad
It's not a myth, we defy all laws
Now, reach for the stars, now top to the limit
But, all in the all be grateful to be livin
While we work the muscle, we meditate the hustle
Serious the world, experience this struggle
The razor voice, flavor choice steam, redeem
We feelin' calmly now to dominate the scene
The grass more green, attack speed dem (on)
The cliffhanger vaccine, man in machine
Now from round one, mayor style sum
I won't stop the war till y'all drown in my drum

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Now, here come the rhythm, style that's moist
Now, it's up from the Hell with the olive oil voice
Now hurry my hurt, bury dirt deep within
Against witty rap war startin', robbin' in the wind
Great blue skies and the great red birds
>From the pitch black city with the long link verbs
Golden Arms song truly to restore the Earth's beauty

Grant me a beast, stamp kill me with the jury
When I tone a capell, Hell has beauty
A force has awakened, breath-taking vengeance
Midnight power plant, seekin the menace
My wrestling vest, lyric fresh, dry bone
My appetite destruction is official cyclones
Thai poems, my throne
One shot fill, bigger homes, bigger stones
It's on now!!!

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We're the best, I assure you.
That's not what I've heard.
There's a lot of Shaolin men around here.
They're not important.
Are you trying to deceive me?
Those damn Shaolin students. They're just a bunch of rebels.
Time and again in the past, the court has given orders,
To wipe them out!
Be the Shaolin, and a good teacher.
Who is this man?
The God of War!