

Shaolin Worldwide

Wu-Tang Clan

"Who's the knucklehead wantin respect?"

Yo, yo
Never doubt the Life
(EHHHH! YO!) Yo
Who the fuck are you to criticize me?
Yo, I slap, yo, I slap dick ta ya wifey
Yo (respect, that's my word)

Another Wu tradition, Street vision, listen
All my life I've been poverty stricken
Always took what's mines, never was given
a second chance just to rap sheet a bad decision
You can't knock the hustle or the life that I'm livin
Quick to stick the clip in, blow you out position
Street jurisdictions, nigga, no restriction
Concrete composition for emcee's in submission
Special edition crash course mission
Push through like the task force and crush all competition
See you from a distance, dry snitchin, whisperin
Greet your man posted up like two little bitches
When you get the heart, step live or catch stitches
Or find yourself with Del, sleepin with the fishes
I got no love for fans that's fake ass niggas
I can't stand the bid when it's all in my business
Wu-Tang Forever and a day, don't get it twisted
I get lifted, I just shoot somethin from hot buscuit
These street kids, we can't lost, we terrorize you district
Leave no finger prints and no survivin witness

Nowhere to run to, nowhere to hide
(Yo, yo Math!)
It's them kids from the otherside "Shaolin" Worldwide
Street Life, Homocide, nowhere to run to
Nowhere to hide, boo, we P.L.O.
Fo' sho', if it don't flow, gotta go
Fo' sho', if it don't blow, gotta go
Fo' sho', if it ain't dough, gotta go
Some didn't listen 'til my gun went BLOW!

Yo, thoughts sharper than a Japanese Kitana
Ninja coma, pirahnas crack teeth on my armor
Scadalous, I ran contra-bomber, stalker like rebels of Rwanda
Death before dishonor, snake charmer, persona of one who makes drama
Godfather 4 type saga, tuckin a revolver in my Parker
Bombin unprepared for departure, might talk but strike harder
Fear the bow of the silent archer
Sure shotter, pass the rock to your starter
Poison darter, news photographers document the horror
While I bounce Shaunda with Tiwana and I from blue Honda
Honorable scholar, rockwilder, rip mic's for top dollar
Your highnes, the crowd hollar
Got your head rock, feel the brain trauma
Crowd sponser, hotter than Bahama steam saunas
The Rebel of opera, popped off the choclate and the ?gosha? Garcia
Monster truck crush you imposters

Nowhere to run to, nowhere to hide
It's them kids from the otherside "Shaolin" Worldwide
I.N.S., Homocide, nowhere to run to
Nowhere to hide, boo, we P.L.O.
Fo' sho', if it don't flow, gotta go
Fo' sho', if it don't blow, gotta go
Fo' sho', if it ain't dough, gotta go
Some didn't listen 'til my gun went BLOW!

I'm the four mic emcee with five mic potential
Overlooked cuz y'all can't understand what I been thru
You ain't got to love me, or even pretend to
Actin like the street, they ain't got no street credentials
Crack villians, raps be killin instrumentals
The caps pealin and slap a feelin out ya dental
Underground, sound, for ghetto residentials
Up shit's creek lookin for some more shit to get into
Got the Clan jewels as I continue
to serve you everythin on that's on the menu
with Chef John Jacob, remember Sunz Of Man told you Wake Up?
My nigga smell the coffee, I'm too hardcore to kill softly
Come to free the mind and get the bullshit up off me
The Jedi, only use The Force if ya force me
Shaolin What? Don't get it fucked up and cross me
Rappers gettin stuck for actin stuck up and flossy
Say it ain't so! Bust the callico
Rap from the Island called Stat', here we go

Nowhere to run to, nowhere to hide
It's them kids from the otherside "Shaolin" Worldwide
Method Man, Homocide, nowhere to run to
Nowhere to hide, boo, we P.L.O.
Fo' sho', if it don't flow, gotta go
Fo' sho', if it don't blow, gotta go
Fo' sho', if it ain't dough, gotta go
Some didn't listen 'til my gun went BLOW!

("wantin respect--wantin respect")
("Who's the knucklehead wantin respect?")
("wantin respect--wantin respect")
("wantin respect, sharpest niggas in the...")