

## The National Anthem of the Federal Republic of Ger "Shaolin Worldwide"

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"Who's the knucklehead wantin respect?" -- Ghostface  
{sample repeats in background of Street's intro}

Intro: Street Life, (Method Man)

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)

[Street Life]  
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

Chorus: Method Man

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!

[Inspectah Deck]

Yo, thoughts sharper than a Japanese Kitana  
Ninja coma, pirahnas crack teeth on my armor  
Scandalous, 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?  
Monster truck crush you imposters

Chorus: Method Man

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  
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[Method Man]

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

Chorus: Method Man

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

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