

Shyheim "Shaolin Style"

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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'all

It be the Scotch and Henessee 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 fort

Who 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
area

Children 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
Sharon

I live the glamorous life, girl
And go from limos to Dom Perignon, rich hotels

Wild, the Shaolin Style is all in me
Child, the whole damn isle is callin' me
Method Man

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Facin' 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 reveal

I 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
lint

Regardless 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
surprise

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I'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 model

I'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 us

Fly 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 center

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