

# Shyheim "Young Godz"

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Intro: RZA, Raekwon

Yo \*echoes\*

Older cats \*echoes\*

Yo \*echoes\*

Whassup Rae? What's going on Son?

Whattup dude?

Yeah, I ain't see y'all cats in a long time

Check it, yo

Y'all better be on that shit too

Older cats max with young godz who got the guns

Knowhat!msayin son?

Out of town Big Willie niggaz best to run

Y'all the little y'all the youth coming up

Or get stung by the killer bee stinga from the slums

Knowhat!msayin son?

Yo son

Of the young Shaolin Monks, chickenheads will get done

You the first man, you go first son

Verse One: Shyheim

I'm mobb deep, in cherry Cherokees I forever be  
on some thug shit, runnin wild through New York City

Bustin guns rockin jew-els that shine like sun

Stapleton is where I'm from

And been down for years stayed on point like stairs

(yeah, word up)

'cause the jealous motherfuckers want to end my  
career

I never feared, the ghetto is hell, but I learned ta

Keep my mouth shut and pack a nickel-plated burner

And squeeze, if I get front on my nine millimi

will have my enemies, behind trees

Niggaz that think they live 'cause they puff a little lye

Pack a bullshit, twenty-five, nah don't think they'll kill us

Chorus: RZA, with Rae

Older cats mack, roll with young godz that got the guns

You right about that kid

Out of town Big Willie niggaz best to run  
Now yo y'all just keep everything moving you know  
Or get stung by the killer bee stinga from the slums  
The beat is sounding like Star Trek  
Of the young Shaolin Monks, taking heads, with the  
tongue  
So yo, youknowwhat!msayin Son?

Verse Two: Madman

Yo, deep in the ocean of the Atlantic, here comes the  
killa falcon  
I meditate then swing with the force of mountains  
Brain cells is able to be bi-debatable  
When I think it's hazardous to your ozone layer  
A pre-meditated killer plan so kill the Mayor, my  
silencer  
causes niggaz to hush, then I rush, like Manchus  
who guard jewels and collect, Cash Rules with heavy  
jewels  
I live by name and cut veins  
Burning bodies into flames  
Between my anger, I lock down every chamber  
Hillside strangeler, a nigga with a mask like Lone  
Ranger  
Rap poetic is injected into the brain athletic  
Build off of rhymin calisthetics  
I'm determined, I raise a army like Hitler done  
Germans  
and become the Allied commander, my enemies is  
catching on camera  
They seek death, I begin to torture them (calm down  
kid take your time)  
By giving butterfly stitches, bear witness  
as I hang with Jehovah's Witnesses

Chorus: RZA

Older cats max with young godz that got the guns  
Out of town Big Willie niggaz best to run  
Or get stung, by the killa bee stinga from the slums  
From the young Shaolin Monks, taking heads with the  
tongue

Verse Three: Rubbabandz

Yo, yo, this is manslaughter, so what you wanna do  
Last year, you ran for the border with your crew  
I flip, stacks, all the, time when I rhyme  
Libra is my sign, and can't stand swine  
When I dine, the automatic weapon

Got niggaz steppin, in the opposite direction  
My jurisdiction, is off grounds to you clowns  
My proposition, meaning you go round for round  
Straight up and down, I broke the sound barrier  
Scarier, than a tight skirt wrapped around a  
transvestite  
The grammar, hype, nigga check your stacks  
Or you'll be rhyming with a broke back  
Niggaz talk about they rollin deep up in here  
The only way you roll is if you in a wheelchair

Chorus: Raekwon, RZA

Older...  
Yo, y'all calm down man calm down calm down  
Yeah, and yo  
Now yo, youknowwhatl'msayin?  
I wanna tell y'all  
Y'all up under the restrictions of the Wu camp  
Aiyyo Rae, you got Killa Sin  
Youknowwhatl'msayin?  
Madman, Shyheim the Rugged Child  
So just take your time and handle life as it comes  
Motherfuckin Rubbabandz, the young godz comin  
through  
Cause the real nigga gonna know what they gotta do  
Showin and provin youknowwhatl'msayin? Shaolin  
forever

Verse Four: Killa Sin

Yo, may all the bullshit cease, increase the war fuck the  
peace  
Make shit hot like rockin tube socks at Jones Beach  
in the summer, number one gunner run for cover  
Keep em steppin with more Lethal Weapons than Danny  
Gloves  
I cock back, action packed raps and gats  
niggaz trade mats for prats people react, to RZA sharp  
tracks  
Another day nother body dropped you better keep your  
shottie cocked  
for actin snotty Hobbes catch karate chops  
'cause Wu-Tang live, forever and a day  
you better pray for better ways to get away when my  
Beretta spray  
We never play with commercialism  
The hardcore rhythm give em more hell than an  
exorcism  
My terrordome be a clever poem let it be known  
I'm packin chrome and rollin phatter than eleven bones

My crew's sicker than that AIDS shit  
While others get played quick, cause we be making hits  
through the grave sift  
My right hand man, myself and the Clan  
Gun and mic stands reverses help me see my first a  
hundred grand  
And to my Physical one love power crazy real  
for all them carbon copy niggaz lurkin in the rap deal

Chorus: RZA

Older cats max, the young godz yo they got the guns  
Out of town Big Willie niggaz best to run  
Or get stung by the killa bee stinga from the slum  
Come the young Shaolin Monks, taking heads with the  
tongue

Older cats max, young godz got the guns  
Out of town niggaz best to run  
Yo, older cats mack, the young godz, check it out  
Yo, older cats mack, the young godz, they got the guns  
Out of town Big Willie niggaz best to run  
Or get stung by the killa bee stinga from the slum  
From the young Shaolin Monks, takin heads with the  
tongue  
From the slum comes the young Shaolin Monks, takin  
heads with the tongue  
Older cats mack, but young godz got the guns  
Out of town Big Willie niggaz best to run  
Or get stung  
Killa bee stinga from the slum, come the young  
Shaolin Monks taking heads with the tongue  
Older cats max, but young godz they got the guns  
Out of town Big Willie niggaz best to run  
Aiyyo stop it  
Older cats max but young godz they got the guns  
Out of town Big Willie niggaz best to run  
Or get stung by the killa bee stinga from the slum  
From the young Shaolin Monks taking heads with the  
tongue  
Young Shaolin Monks taking heads with the tongue  
Older cats max but young godz got the guns  
Out of town Big Willie niggaz best to run  
Or get stung...

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