

## Die Jungen Klostertaler

### "Dancing With Wolves"

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{\*eerie winds blowing\*}

{\*howling wolves\*}

[Beretta 9]

Aiyyo

Summer ride show down, it's about to go down  
Beretta 9 creapin through the fold, nigga, one round  
Bloodhound, no sound, check out how I get down  
One knee aimin for yo' headpiece, lay down  
This is not a playground, did you in, a tre-pound  
I'm so loud that y'all niggaz throw a pound  
So it's a must that I explain her  
Don't want no dog's retainer  
Forever will I shine and remain a.. a.. a..  
Champ without a warnin, I cherish every moment  
I shoot like if I'm on my last  
Yo check it out how I blast  
My subjects went out and got bought  
Take a circle breast shot, took us to the rooftop.. top..  
Don't play my next onslaught, this is how a wolf fought  
You could get a get-got, Gods watched the hill top  
Nigga check the red dot, fakin off yo' Dodge parked  
All you heard was yo' heart stop, my nigga

[Islord]

Yo, check the topic to this essay  
It's murder in the first, ese?  
As I bust a slug through yo' fragile statue  
But that's actual, precise timed and on point like a  
marksman  
Four-four, rubber grip, Summer of Sam specialist  
Take this four-hundred grain thought that'll pierce ya  
cranium  
From the rear, I don't give a fuck, this is my year  
I'm takin this rap shit back from the wack  
Fuck who you are kid, fuck where you representin  
And after, basically my mentality is on some '93 shit  
When you had to Protect Ya Neck in this shit  
To be an MC, now it's al about the tight clothes  
Crossover flows, platinum jewelery to get a plaque in  
the industry

But never the I-S-L-O-R-D, I keep my shit muddy  
Stay gummy, ya fake ass gangstas

[Chorus: Prodigal]

Aiyyo

We still comin, stay gunnin, stay sunnin  
Shine top of the 4th hit, we run shit  
Classic black matches, Killarm', ice charm  
In the black Yukon, you fuckin bastard  
Still comin, stay gunnin, stay sunnin  
Shine top of the 4th hit, we run shit  
Classic black matches, Killarm', ice charm  
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[P.R. Terrorist]

Call me the rebel, bust thirty-three shots at the Devil  
Tell 'im I love 'im just because I made 'im  
Plus there ain't no way to escape him  
On the fire escape with the narocotic from the one-two-  
oh  
Station, I'm impatient, my firearm driftin with starvation  
Divine mind, I Power Rule, United Nation  
My DJ's spinnin the latest from the out the crates and  
Killarm's rockin the stage like a brigade and  
My own congress, government rocket launchers shit  
Strikin on ya Five Consciouses  
NARCEs men didn't know I put the toxic in  
Til they got burnt by the scorpion (Uh-huh)  
I spit lyrics that's like bad for ya health  
I'd blow gun powder right off of he shelf  
My brain power cause a rain shower  
Restrain cowards, pull out to the heat and flame at ours

[9th Prince]

Aiyyo

A Soviet deep in Paris, Playboy rabbits want carrots  
Luxury marriage, life, ain't havin it  
I keep the forty-five automatic like Mathematics  
Start terminatin savages, I'm raw like 'caine to easy  
addicts  
Street tactics, layin down the caskets  
On biblical war, perform Michael Jackson Thriller but  
way iller  
A slave killer, protected by Shaolin and Brooklyn Zu  
guerillas  
Under my pillow, I sleep with grenades, untraceable  
heaters  
Stay deeper than scientific readers  
My cipher sounds will ding pound, I blast you on ya  
nightgown  
Kidnap ya child, might give him to the crowd

On my way Uptown in my '95 Millenium  
Seen Killa Sin and 'em, that nigga sound feminine  
Remember 9th Prince, I'll forever get up in 'em

[Killa Sin]

Killa loco, vocals hold you hostage  
Gothic, size out live shit, catch a wise quick, focus  
We stone fist explosive, load 'em like fo'-fifths  
To roast clicks, ferocious as ro-bitch, with no cinch  
My thoughts so dense they form mist  
I swarm quicker than norm, my Bee stingers stay  
dipped in corn liquor  
Warn niggaz from the last time, my past time hobby be  
Robbin niggaz in they lobby, G, come out ya Wallabees  
Fifty-six penny-weight chain limit the policy  
Modernize crime comodity, now let us get what?

[Chorus 2X]

[Unknown Singer]

We got fire.. hot.. burnin hot  
We got fire... from The Sun  
Still gon' win from the streets cuz there's no smoke with  
no heat  
Still gon' win from the streets cuz we ain't go no heat  
We got fire... from The Sun

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