

## **Die Tollen 4ia**

### **"Move On 'Em Stomp"**

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[Chorus 4X]

Shaolin What! Move on 'em, stomp!

[King Just]

Hama-hama ley! As I fly through the air  
Appear, rip and tear just like a spear  
Freakin it, wit that ol' crazy ol' flow  
(There I go, there I go, there I go)  
Yo, see what I mean, I'm fuckin sick  
Light the bomb, tick-tick-tick-tick, boom  
All I smell is terror, doom  
I be the nigga that escape from the patted room  
Goo-goo retarded, sickness, the shit  
Who put the "Hey ya" shit, on that first shit, yeah that  
shit  
Who spits words like you never heard, I'm absurd  
Ahh, gettin on ya nerves  
Crazy, who could amaze me  
Brain stay cessted, I stay lazy  
Drivin Miss Daisy, dukes  
Shaolin stomps like boots, and we get deep just like  
roots  
And culture, I leave the style for the vultures  
I told ya, you never in your life should of fucked wit the  
Soldiers  
Of Shaolin, a/k/a Staten Island  
I heard the fuckin kids be wildin

[Profes]

Shaolin Zoo, who, Wu, Wu  
I deserve a medal for the clicks I be runnin through  
Chumps that front, catch lumps  
I'm runnin down clowns, my shit is comin down like a  
dump  
Black chumps, sunk into the shit that I flip  
I bump, pumps, resultin in my triumph  
Chumps who front get dissed  
I burn like syphilis, and you be that dick that try and  
piss  
Pa Baby, you already saw  
While I be on some new shit, that I ain't even ready for

I'm sick, but what you want me to do  
I come through, and you couldn't win if it was three of  
you  
If you're concerned, I yearn to burn  
And if you're fakin, I straighten niggas out like perms  
Every rhyme you wrote before  
Because the Shaolin moves on more niggas than U-  
Haul  
These niggas ain't no calm  
So run for you gats, but until then the Shaolin stomps

[Chorus 4X]

[Baby Pa]

Do you know me? The Obiwan Kenobi  
Claustrophobic sick, bigger than Moby Dick, bastard  
bitch  
Yeah right, save it for the judge  
But it wasn't me, send us to the sumptuous slash ya  
M.C.  
Severe in the worst form, here comes the Swarm  
Sound the alarm, now Pa drops the bomb  
While you're in the hall, look out below  
Pa burnin, fuckin wit my sick ass flow  
Ping-ping like Ricochet Rabbit  
Or Quickdraw McGraw, cuz this is the last straw  
Alakazam, I be the magician master  
There she blows, and it Fall like Niagara  
M.C.'s be swearin they could flip the script  
But ya best pour like Malky and don't be ridiculous

[Leatha Face]

A soldier, straight from the battlegrounds of Hell  
Lyrically, I'm killin M.C.'s like brain cells  
Til we, are precede to commit bad deeds  
A roughneck from the projects, live like New Year's Eve  
Chicks on my dick, like my hand when I'm pissin  
In fact, I got more tricks than a magician  
To be, or not to be, a real M.C.  
Deal wit me, I stay black like B.E.T.  
Shaolin, oh my lord, niggas is tryin to front  
They want beef, so give them craps what they want  
Rhymes be down like members of the enterprise  
You can't defeat me, so when will you realize  
You guys get black eyes, when I smoke chocolate cha  
My styles massive fly, like plains in the sky  
The baddest brother in the Shaolin hemisphere  
It's a nice place to visit, but you wouldn't wanna live  
here

[Star]

Release, masterpiece constructed  
If nigga is pussy, I leave 'em cherry busted  
Dusted, who can fuck wit  
Or master absent minded bastard, burns crowds like  
acid  
Yeah, I'm blowin the spot wit a loaded glock  
Niggas get popped like a condom  
And tight twat, blaow, my Shaolin style causes death  
My brainstormers are more deformed than birth defects  
A sick individual, rips more material  
Ill type subliminal, calm the street criminal  
Disrespect, you'll get rekked, kid, I'm serious  
Thou shall burn like an infected clitoris  
None can match me, technique's too nasty  
Pussy punk chumps bleed without a maxi  
Bring ya, who dare play me on the trigga  
I love guns so much, I bust nuts when I kill a nigga  
Out you end, the rugged top contender, surrender  
You're style, I Bone like Linda  
Yo, pass the gat, kid, so I could blast those  
And let off more shit than that split between ya asshole  
I maintain, to pull my frame, out the corn  
Shaolin What! Move on 'em stomp

[Chorus 4X]

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