

## **Dr. Doolittle**

### **"Escape From the Zoo"**

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[King Just]

Tiger uppercut, yo, what the fuck?  
A lotta you rappers, adapt me, so you better duck down  
Check out the sound that pound  
Rugged raw rap is back, from Shaolin's underground  
Who's in town? You guessed it, you guessed it  
It's the Drunken Monk, and I came to get cessted  
Infested, wit deep thoughts that's insane  
Whether the pen or steel, you gonna feel the pain  
I reign, just like a storm droppin bombs  
If you wanna get it on, let's get it on  
Words is bond, cuz I ain't got no time for you suckas  
When the pen hits the pad, I blow past ya muthafuckas  
Ain't nothin funny, stop smilin, I'm wildin  
Funky freestylin, straight from the Shaolin  
Island, but you already know the half  
Caught in between the world of science and math  
Feel the wrath, as I feel the fire down your back  
I attack the track like contacts in Cow Stack  
Bring it back, press rewind, on each swine  
And my mind intertwines wit rhymes, here's the bottom  
line  
You niggas can't get wit it, forget it  
Lookin so sweet, that you make me wanna hit it  
Ah shit it, the mentals is lost  
But of course, my style is always comin off

[Chorus 4X]

Escape from the (Shaolin Zoo, Zoo, Zoo)

[King Just]

Ain't no stoppin me now, I'm gonna blow  
In a way I go, wit another ill flow  
Yo, who really started this rap shit, I'm addicted  
And I can't stop sayin shit, like Sega  
I'm Street Fightin niggas like Vega  
Black Fist, I like to give a finger to ya majors  
Fuck you, and all ya groups and ya phony ass troops  
Niggas think they rough cuz they trees on they boots  
That'll make ya, plus talk is cheap  
I roll wit a Mob, that rather take it to street

And smoke got me open, I'm chokin  
They say I'm brain dead, but how the hell I keep on  
flowin  
On, they wonderin how I've lastin long  
It's the bong that I smoke, by the palm wit don  
Aow, that make ya wanna sing  
I knock ya ass, just like Legends of the Ring  
Ding-ding, nigga let's get ready to rumble  
You stumble, if this was football, you fuckin fumble  
What the bumba, I sleep around ya shit like slumber  
Party, organize crime like John Gotti

[Chorus 4X]

[King Just]

And the way we go, blast off I'm on the next level  
Maybe it's because I dance wit the devil  
A rebel, without a pause, go four yours  
I'm droppin drawers, my metaphor scores on the  
billboard  
Raw, my hardcore sound, uh, touchdown  
I'm Shaolin bound, for my brother's who ain't fuckin  
down  
I pose a threat, don't forget, I expect that ass  
To try and front, and talk all that cheap trash  
Smash, hits and shit, I done flip  
If my mouth was a automatic, my brain'll be the fuckin  
clip  
Slip, into another case of bass  
I face the race, and then be ghost without a fuckin  
trace  
Place the winner, I might eat that ass for dinner  
The head spinner, when ya just a beginner  
Sinner, I wanna be wit you boo  
But I gotta do, what I gotta do, and represent the Zoo  
Two-Six Mob is you wit me, Special D you in my head  
And in all my memories, 2 Cent, Rauf and Hect  
Rest in peace from the ill rock vet, time to get right

[Chorus 4X]

[Break]

(Shaolin Zoo) '94  
(Shaolin Zoo) Shaolin Soldiers goin to war  
(Shaolin Zoo) King Just  
(Shaolin Zoo) What nigga?

[Chorus 4X]

[Outro]

You should of let us out, muthafuckas (Shaolin Zoo)

Aaah

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