

King Just, Escape From The Zoo

(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