

King Just, Shaolin Soldiers

(Intro)

That's all we got, we gonna need
Choose, you ready
Yeah, let's do this shit
Yeah, yeah, yo who be that?
Yo that's the God?
Yeah, word up, niggas gotta learn to fuckin answer me dude
I want 'em all, fuck that
Shaolin, Shao!!!

(King Just)

What, what, my Gods is raced up
The thought that I throw is like a blow to your gut
Word up, what the fuck, the God creates drama
Two-Six horror, terrorize the nigga mama
I smell marce in the air, yeah
Where, all my Gods standin right here
In the rear, tryin to sneak me from behind
Shaolin, rush 'em, nah nah he's mines
Die Earth scum, die, die
It's just like a needle goin straight to my eye
Oh why, does it have to be this way
I don't know, but I flip the shit everyday
So come on, where you at, where you at
Pass me my gat, I'ma kill a cat, if they ever fuck wit the rats
And that be the shit in my life
The God ain't trife, yikes, yikes
Fool strikes, kung fu, killa comin through
Ooh, that be that nigga from the Zoo
But yet ya wanna ask me, how I slam a jam
It's simple, all I do is gram on a gram in a cracker
Hit ya like a linebacker, I'mma gat ya
When I get ya, I'mma blast ya
Blaow, like Kool Moe Dee, how ya like me know
When my style is ill, raow raow

(Chorus 6X)

Shaolin Soldiers! (Hey!)

(King Just)

Enough is enough, wit this corn ball stuff
About who can get rough and tough, or who can get snuffed
Please, if you came to battle, then rap
Cuz your name ain't Scarface, and you don't own no gat
You ain't hurtin nothin, ain't no future in frontin
You probably ain't even sayin nuthin
Yo you're bluffin, puttin like your styles is phat
But your rhymes are wack and you sound like you on plaque
New Jack, you're a wanna be, down to be, soon to be
Whatever you want, let it be
And I'mma hit ya wit a safer rap
To make you shut ya trap, and get the God hand clap, smack
Hit across your lips wit some shit
That make ya wanna spit and do two back flips
Blue top, I clear through the air
You against me? Well I don't think that's fair
You need more people to match my equal
And even if then, there won't be no sequel
Yo, let's get straight to the matter
How my thoughts get phatter and phatter and phatter
Ask Betty Crocker, yo it's in the batter
And I'mma climb the charts and splatter

(Chorus 5X)

(King Just)

Why would you wanna write my shit like that?

Why must the God chase the cat?

Why would you even wanna front like that?

Smile in my face, and talk shit behind my back

Damn nigga, you must of wasted ya time

If you wanted to be rapper, I done wrote you a rhyme

Yo, you don't get no props, for bitin my shit

You only get props, for bein on my dick

But when you hear this, don't be mad

Just be glad, that I ain't whip on ya monkey ass

You got a lotta balls bitin my style

Soon we gonna be on it like aow, aow

Put your shit on the court

Cuz this one here takes to take 'em, yo I'm brake

Lord forgiveness sake, for they do not know what they do

When they bent the Zoo, I should of brought it to they whole crew

Badoop a doo, oh my God nigga, let's be real

The eight commandment, says thou shall not steal

Help police, I'm being robbed

By some corns on the car, that need to get a fuckin real job

The Mob rocks more shit than boulders

I told ya, everybody can't be a soldier

(Chorus 9X)