

# 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)