

# Shyheim, Shaolin Style

Yeah yeah!!

Where my shaolin peoples at?

Stapleton, the craziest, y'all know what time it is

Wild wild west

Now born, killa hill, poor to the rich man

Jungle nilz, let's get money y'all

Verse one:

It be the scotch and henessee that make me act like this  
I'm wild hit em up project style never plead the fifth  
Regardless, to the charges, chickenheads will be at court  
Fightin and slicin each other to see who lies at my fort  
Who woulda thought, little shy big willie  
Ninety-six we rollin dutches, nine-tray it was phillies  
First of the month be like christmas to dealers  
Hundred dollar seals come through the school zone area  
Children at play keep the heat on the low  
Little kids gettin hit, projects flooded with po'  
Now shorty's rockin, versace and donna karan  
Playin the miss mob queen role knowin hon the cousin sharon  
I live the glamarous life, girl  
And go from limos to dom perignon, rich hotels

Chorus: repeat 4x

"wild, the shaolin style is all in me  
Child, the whole damn isle is callin me" -- method man

Verse two: squig

Facing two-five to life incarcerated activated  
Stressed behind a cell with no way to escape it

Holdin on, true to ock steel tryin to appeal  
Be landed without a bail so let the commisary reveal  
I feel it's time, for me to let this sparkle in wine  
Wet my throat rockin the trenchcoat, flashin to get mine  
Not hesitant, 'cause the henny keeps me bent  
Just tryin to make a cent, diggin pockets down to the lint  
Regardless of all the charges the d's want me for  
Warrant after warrant, so I avoid the law  
Stapleton on the rise, twenty-seven wearin lives  
From day one until they none don't take it as no suprise

Chorus

Verse three: shyheim

I'm havin suicidal thoughts cause I'm screwed up in the game  
But today's thang, is to hold it down and maintain  
I got thirty days until I get remanded for this gun charge  
Still I'm livin large, joint hard up in the mode and  
Long sexin, fishin for pre-model  
I'm young black rich and dangerous, livin like I won the lotto  
So nuff of wine sex and dutches  
Them kids know who us is  
Gp rule, hundred-twenty-seven hustlers  
Runnin from d's when they try to bust us  
Fly crims and gats, mainly black cops, them faggots love us  
And my district attorneys wanna send me to jail  
I told em, "people wanna kill me", that's why I had the nine milli  
I'm bustin dead and not to injure

Remember what I quote  
Before you, enter my center

Chorus