

# Chop Chop Ninja

Raekwon

I want them to fight!  
Sister... sister, get out of there!  
If you kill them, we'll never know who's the best

What are the true keys to being a ninja?  
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And that movement is in silence, ah  
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This is Shaolin (Shaolin) this is Shaolin (Shaolin)  
This is Shaolin, Shaolin, Shaolin  
This is Shaolin, this is Shaolin  
This is Shaolin, Shaolin, Shaolin

Get away from there... shit  
Want to believe it...  
Yeah... oh shit  
Fresh from the lands of Shaolin, nigga  
Check this shit out, man, yo

He threw a kick at me, I back-slapped him, I pulled out the mack  
He kicked it out of my hand, how real that?  
Yo, a place where niggas get it on at  
I think it evolved around three hundred raps, thirty stacks  
He had black on, yup, I was dusted, with all of my bengals on  
Two rings clustered, shorty black  
He was there, this my nigga, check the bullshit, he jabbed China Man  
He threw a sword right through his wool shit  
Now he throwing stars at the kid, I'm jumping over my car, yo  
Trying to get to my glove box and shit  
Got the door open, gash in my Caesar, my sneakers got red on it  
Know that's blood, he threw a piece of a chain with a long blade on it  
And a nigga was buckwild, I'm ducking and dodging  
Trying to stick 'em with my little blade, Rae in some trouble  
I got to the glove box, I threw two shots, he disappeared

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I stay there like it ain't nothing to face fear  
Flowers by the grave of the niggas who say where  
I'm straight tear, tell them don't play fair  
Then retaliation, I'm a shake 'em just for scraping my suede pair  
He told me "Yo, wait right here, son, I been there"  
Rip your pockets off plus nut in your dame hair  
Broad day, even with Jake there, serious  
Last time you saw me I was rocking the same stare  
Do or die, you or I, cousin, I pray for you

Forgive me for my sins, father, this is what they made me do  
Nonsense cause me to slay the fool, rather than play the fool  
I resort to waving the gauge at you

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The year of the bullshit, why me? The nigga had Asics on  
A three hundred dollar pair, B  
You don't scare me, wiping blood, hear me?  
He laugh with a sinister grin, the sun went down, this is grim  
Now I'm sweating, still repping my square, you probably under a chair  
Black hood on and sporting a gray beard

Respect mine, or there go your head line  
A nigga got caught up, and left naked sporting a necktie  
Skip town slide to west side, CSI riding on my hides  
So I'm out til next time

Ha-ah, ha-ha-ah  
Ha-ah, oooh-oooh-oooh-oooooooooh