

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?
Dressed in all black, perfect vision,
And that movement is in silence, ah
What are the true keys to being a ninja?
Dressed in all black, perfect vision,
And that movement is in silence
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, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooooooh