

## Shaolin Vs Lama

Wu-Tang Clan

How dare you challenge me?  
Come here, tiger!

I think it's time we went deep into the archives  
No one is allowed to enter the sacred foe

This Alaskan nigga approached me  
He had suede on  
Caesar had half moon, had his grain on  
Five, six, drop  
Pressing Barbados, stacked potatoes  
Rockin' rich shit, had Play-Doh  
What's your name? Louis Rich the third  
Bet you heard rap for that kid  
Follow your burn  
Now we speak  
Took off my hat, waves leakin'  
Beat that nigga, actin' like he know about Reef  
Still unsure other than that  
Feel more than safe, let money fade  
I got three, more than Zayn  
Rolled up  
Bought a nigga with front, rolled up  
Threw the medallion out  
Rocks all rolled up  
Who should beat this?  
Money grabbin' his drink  
Bumpin' the Leafs  
That's Chico, yo, what up with Rico?  
He's chillin'  
Lanced at his nigga with the Rams at  
Check the stands then check where his hands at  
Truth is gorgeous  
Priceless shit, that's foolish  
Fifteen thousand in the trunk  
He asked for Louis' cat  
Beat trapped his burner  
Shots released like a new single  
Except one touch to guard  
He's emotional  
Throwin' them shots like they promotional  
Shorty run from the door  
Hit the floor commotion, won't stop playin'  
Bangin' on the door, something crazy  
He had an 80 and a cat hand

Stay still kid  
The niggas over there want drama  
Hold your head, sorta like Wu versus llama  
Grab the Ether  
Salute them niggas, you got shit  
Calico pop shit  
Rap burglar rock shit

You're being watched like you're new on the block  
From rooftop  
Get your blues on

It's hot, shots pop, the music stop  
Party's over, roll soldier  
Move focus closer  
Shot the lights out  
Struck the bouncer in the soda  
Hard times to roll nine  
They can't control the matches  
Scream for Wu  
Backstage we slingin' V.I.P. passes  
Lions be takin' place with the clans  
So they face the fans  
Slow they pace  
Get your blood roll, fuck the 5-0  
They want it done though  
Bitches gettin' trampled  
Niggas wildin' in the front row  
Fire marshal catchin' beat down  
Tryin' to cut my sound  
Radio dispatchin' backup  
Bustin' 'round without intermission  
From a crowd's position  
Bullets ricocheted off the strobe light  
Strikin' Christian  
A nigga slipped in the fam' munition  
To bust back, knock that  
Them out of town cats to take the rack  
It's war on the dance floor, quarter to four  
Before we build off, they tried to seal off the back door  
Cats wore the beach  
Hopped my suit down the side streets  
Signed off my getaway jeep  
Grabbed the front glass and flew the headrest off the passenger seat  
I grabbed the heat, ditched the whip and then escaped on feet  
While the locals interrogated for names and photos  
Worked with five foes, swappin' info for dough

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