

# Wu-Tang Clan, Shaolin Worldwide

["Who's the knucklehead wantin respect?" -- Ghostface]

[sample repeats in background of Street's intro]

[Intro: Street Life, (Method Man)]

Yo, yo

Never doubt the Life

(EHHHH! YO!) Yo

Who the fuck are you to criticize me?

Yo, I slap, yo, I slap dick ta ya wifey

Yo (respect, that's my word)

[Street Life]

Another Wu tradition, Street vision, listen

All my life I've been poverty stricken

Always took what's mines, never was given

a second chance just to rap sheet a bad decision

You can't knock the hustle or the life that I'm livin

Quick to stick the clip in, blow you out position

Street jurisdictions, nigga, no restriction

Concrete composition for emcee's in submission

Special edition crash course mission

Push through like the task force and crush all competition

See you from a distance, dry snitchin, whisperin

Greet your man posted up like two little bitches

When you get the heart, step live or catch stitches

Or find yourself with Del, sleepin with the fishes

I got no love for fans that's fake ass niggas

I can't stand the bid when it's all in my business

Wu-Tang Forever and a day, don't get it twisted

I get lifted, I just shoot somethin from hot buscuit

These street kids, we can't lost, we terrorize you district

Leave no finger prints and no survivin witness

[Chorus: Method Man]

Nowhere to run to, nowhere to hide

(Yo, yo Math!)

It's them kids from the otherside "Shaolin" Worldwide

Street Life, Homocide, nowhere to run to

Nowhere to hide, boo, we P.L.O.

Fo' sho', if it don't flow, gotta go

Fo' sho', if it don't blow, gotta go

Fo' sho', if it ain't dough, gotta go

Some didn't listen 'til my gun went BLOW!

[Inspectah Deck]

Yo, thoughts sharper than a Japanese Kitana

Ninja coma, pirahnas crack teeth on my armor

Scandalous, I ran contra-bomber, stalker like rebels of Rwanda

Death before dishonor, snake charmer, persona of one who makes drama

Godfather 4 type saga, tuckin a revolver in my Parker

Bombin unprepared for departure, might talk but strike harder

Fear the bow of the silent archer

Sure shotter, pass the rock to your starter

Poison darter, news photographers document the horror

While I bounce Shaunda with Tiwana and I from blue Honda

Honorable scholar, rockwilder, rip mic's for top dollar

Your highnes, the crowd hollar

Got your head rock, feel the brain trauma

Crowd sponser, hotter than Bahama steam saunas

The Rebel of opera, popped off the chocolate and the ?gosha?

Monster truck crush you imposters

[Chorus: Method Man]

Nowhere to run to, nowhere to hide

It's them kids from the otherside "Shaolin" Worldwide

I.N.S., Homocide, nowhere to run to

Nowhere to hide, boo, we P.L.O.

Fo' sho', if it don't flow, gotta go

Fo' sho', if it don't blow, gotta go

Fo' sho', if it ain't dough, gotta go  
Some didn't listen 'til my gun went BLOW!  
[Method Man]  
I'm the four mic emcee with five mic potential  
Overlooked cuz y'all can't understand what I been thru  
You ain't got to love me, or even pretend to  
Actin like the street, they ain't got no street credentials  
Crack villians, raps be killin instrumentals  
The caps pealin and slap a feelin out ya dental  
Underground, sound, for ghetto residentials  
Up shit's creek lookin for some more shit to get into  
Got the Clan jewels as I continue  
to serve you everythin on that's on the menu  
with Chef John Jacob, remember Sunz Of Man told you Wake Up?  
My nigga smell the coffee, I'm too hardcore to kill softly  
Come to free the mind and get the bullshit up off me  
The Jedi, only use The Force if ya force me  
Shaolin What? Don't get it fucked up and cross me  
Rappers gettin stuck for actin stuck up and flossy  
Say it ain't so! Bust the callico  
Rap from the Island called Stat', here we go  
[Chorus: Method Man]  
Nowhere to run to, nowhere to hide  
It's them kids from the otherside "Shaolin" Worldwide  
Method Man, Homocide, nowhere to run to  
Nowhere to hide, boo, we P.L.O.  
Fo' sho', if it don't flow, gotta go  
Fo' sho', if it don't blow, gotta go  
Fo' sho', if it ain't dough, gotta go  
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[&quot;wantin respect--wantin respect&quot; -- Ghostface]  
[&quot;wantin respect, sharpest niggas in the...&quot; -- Ghostface]