

# Chop Chop Ninja (feat. Inspectah & Estelle)

## Raekwon, Estelle & Inspectah Deck

What are the true keys to be in the ninja?  
Just an all black perfect vision and their movement is in silence  
What are the true keys to be in the ninja?  
Just an all black perfect vision and their 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  
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, [Incomprehensible]  
Yo, a place where you niggas get it on  
And I think it evolved around three hundred racks and thirty stacks  
See I black on yell, I was dusted with all my bangles on  
Shoe rings clusted, shorty Black, he was there, this is my nigga  
Check the bullshitty, Jap' China man  
He threw a sword right through his Wu-shit  
Now he's throwing stars at the kid  
I'm jumpin' over my car, yo, tryin' to get to my glove box  
And Sheik got the door open, gash in my Ceasar  
My sneakers got red on it, know that's blood  
We threw a piece of a chain, with a long blade on it  
And the nigga was buckwild  
I'm dunking and dodging, tryin' to stick him with my little blade  
Bringing some trouble  
I got to the glove box, I threw two shots  
He disappeared  
What are the true keys to be in the ninja?  
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Just an all black perfect vision and their 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  
Now stay there like it ain't nothing to face fear  
Flowers by the grave of the niggas who say where  
Straight chair, 'cause I don't play fear  
Feel retaliation, I'ma shake him just to scrape from my suede pair  
He told me yo wait right here,  
son I've been there  
Rip your pockets of, plus nothing your damn hair  
Broad day even with Jake there  
Serious, last time you saw me I was rocking the same stair  
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 called me the slaving fool, rather than play the fool  
I resort to the way they gaze at you  
What are the true keys to be in the ninja?

Just an all black perfect vision and their movement is in silence  
What are the true keys to be in the ninja?  
Just an all black perfect vision and their 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 The year of the bullshit  
Why me, the nigga had A-6 on a three hundred dollar bill  
But you don't scare me, white and blood hear me  
You laugh with a sinister grin, the sun went down This is Grand Mao, I'm sweating still, rubbed  
my square  
Probably under a chair  
Black hood on and sporting a gray beard Respect mine, I'll take on your head blind  
The nigger got caught up and left niggas sporting a necktie  
Skip town, slide to Westside  
See as I ridin' on my hides to a mountainous tide  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>