

# Iron Maiden

## Ghostface Killah

{ What you doin' on our turf, punk? Got a message for Smokey  
Give it, you Smokey, man? Give it  
If you ain't Smokey, it ain't yo' motherfuckin' message  
Motherfucker, I said gimme the message } { It's from Willie, in the slam, nigga, you been busted?  
Yeah, the man picked me up  
Well, I ain't got no fuckin' time to play witchu  
Now gimme the message } { Willie's in Warwick, doin' 1 to 3, told me to tell y'all motherfuckers  
To keep cool, he be out one way or another, quick  
Maybe I could stick around for awhile, naw, that's out, man  
You know? What can we, The Lords, do with a punk like you? } { Kiss my ass, motherfucker, burn 'em  
Just me and you, motherfucker, just me and you  
I put trademarks around your fuckin' eye } Portrayin', won't be payin', uh huh, uh huh  
Yeah, no doubt, no doubt, this Wally champ cat  
Yeah, it's on this one Yo, Gambino niggas, who swipe theirs  
Deluxe rap cavaliers, midgets who steal beers, give 'em theirs  
Sit back jollyin', my team be gamin'  
Like three card Rolly an' drug Somalians pollyin' Many raps they crochetin', ay yo, Iron  
These niggas portrayin' but haven't been payin'  
For real, slide on these niggas, like flesh fear  
Caesar fade style, usually tough grenade Throw a blade, fuck gettin' laid  
Guzzle this shit like Gatorade  
Big-dick Wallies have, never half-suede  
Connectin' with the hot style is done Light up a challis  
I run with nuttin' but the wildest, foulest  
Come on now, long dick style  
Niggas on the hit out, ay yo, Iron, bite my shit out Eventually, bust a rap gun mentally  
Been doin' this century kid, just meant to be  
Get on your knees an' bless me with a gem in the Caribbean  
Skiin' off by P.M. Snatch Canadian cream with Scandinavians  
Fellatium style, play it like thirty-two Arabians  
The greatest lesson is 'Don't owe, you might get stole on'  
When I go bury me wit Valow on { They come to me and understand just let me get mines first  
Then after I get mines, y'all can do what y'all wanna do  
Fuck 'em up bad } 'Sho 'nuff, hit the bank an' thrust  
Cool Nauticas, Jamie Summer got trained on the tour bus  
We upgrade, swallow raw eggs, read the label  
Hittin' white label, left the Winnebago unstable Smooth sailin', walked in, my earth started kneelin'  
Started stealin', I'm too ill, see, we're bellin' at the parlay  
Kicked up, mack, max motion

Michael Bolton magazine call, I'm too potent  
 Louisville mix pain kill rap, fuck Benadryl  
 The violin in 'Knowledge God' sounded ill  
 Tremendously obnoxious, no blotches  
 My telephone watch'll leave bartenders topless  
 Dead on the prosecutor, smacked a juror  
 Me an' my girl'll run like Luke an' Laura  
 We sit back on Malayan Islands  
 Sippin' mix drinks out of boat, coconut bowls, we whylin'  
 Sit back jollyin', uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh  
 Sit back jollyin', uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh  
 Sit back jollyin', my team be gamin'  
 Like three card Rolly an' drug Somalians pollyin'  
 Sit back jollyin', my team be gamin'  
 Like three card Rolly an' drug Somalians pollyin'  
 Sit back Deep meditation, sound orientated, war the blizzard  
 Rap para-medical, the wizard  
 Cappadonna, never caterin' to none  
 My microphone an' three verse weigh a ton of slaughter  
 You oughta, five thousand, back across the water  
 My laboratory story keep me flowin' with the glory  
 Acapella or deep dirty instrumental  
 I could blow the sky like the stormy wind blew  
 One gallon of whylin', Park Hill profilin'  
 I cut your face up, rough fifty, sure while you're smilin'  
 For violatin' my position  
 I leave you smoked like a crack head on a mission  
 Two tokes of mic dope, one stroke of elegance  
 Rated like the movie graphic told intelligence  
 Person to person, it'd be hard for you to take a trophy  
 You better off to get somebody out to try to smoke me  
 'Cause I'm P L O T K O every day  
 Dance hall General, party fanatic colonel  
 Cappadonna, son'a old school just go infernal  
 Veteran for rappin' with the new set of rule of hard rappin'  
 Ninety-six jive, I keep the live crowd clappin'  
 When I bow, all praises due to Staten Isle  
 I spark the mic an' Shaolin spark the methtical  
 Every evenin' I have a by myself meetin'  
 Thinkin' who's gonna be the next to catch a beatin'  
 From my mental slangin', bitchin', rap twist the point of warfare  
 I brutalize, all competition catch ill hair  
 Chance him, that's what they said, threw up a ransom  
 I jacked it, stripped the beat naked an' packed it, gimme my rewards  
 {The way I, the way I wanna get 'em, I  
 want 'em gotten  
 I want 'em layin' out, I want 'em gotten  
 'Cause niggas need to be gotten, he need to be taken off of here  
 That's straight}

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