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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